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THE
CLASSIC
AND THE
BEAUTIFUL
FROM THE
LITERATURE
OF
THREE THOUSAND YEARS.
BY THE
AUTHORS AND ORATORS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

HENRY COPPEÉ, LL.D.,
EDITOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

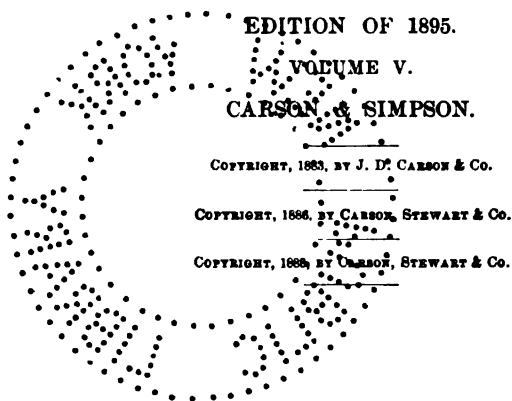
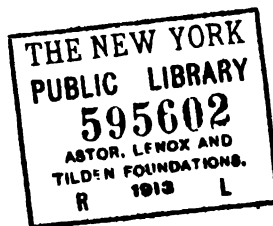
VOLUME V.

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

GARRICK.



O a homeless man who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go on as it may, let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill he is for the time being the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor of some twelve feet square his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so, abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the *Stratford Guide-Book* under my arm as a pillow-companion, I went to bed and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp, and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a

small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster—a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of Nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady in a frosty red face lighted up by a cold blue, anxious eye and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer on his poaching exploit. There, too, was his tobacco-box—which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh—the sword, also, with which he played Hamlet, and the identical lanthorn with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly-revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin, or of an evening listening to the crones and gossips of Strat-

ford dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom for every one that visits the house to sit. Whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say. I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice, also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for, though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney-corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends and local anecdotes of goblins and great men, and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute, good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birthplace of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church—a

large and venerable pile mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones—some of them nearly sunk into the earth—are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls and keep up a continual flutter and chirping, and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed old sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows, and was a picture of that neatness, order and comfort which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low whitewashed room with a stone floor carefully scrubbed served for parlor, kitchen and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table well rubbed and polished lay the family Bible and Prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a

score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock—that important article of cottage furniture—ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip-knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing—a pretty blue-eyed girl—and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers, but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakespeare's writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over his history, and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the *fête*, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling."

John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale—no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye as a rival to the poet's tomb, the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels even at the fountain-head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they

show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease, fifty-three years—an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor?

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since, also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and, lest any of the idle or the curious or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He

told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones—nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to his grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe of usurious memory, on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement there was something intense and thrilling in the idea that in very truth the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys, at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir

Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot. The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon:

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an *asse*,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscall it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great;
Yet an *asse* in his state,
We allow, by his ears, but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Then sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it."

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakespeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade, wandered away to London, became a hanger-on to the theatres, then an actor, and finally wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time a sense of the harsh treatment of the lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings, but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original of Justice Shallow, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the knight, had white *luces** in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his

* The *luce* is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon about Charlecot.

biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet, but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakespeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself, it runs loosely and wildly and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn up of a die, in the gambling freaks of Fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and, had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that in early life, when running like an unbroken colt about the neighborhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd anomalous characters—that he associated with all the madcaps of the place and was one of those unlucky urchins at mention of whom old men shake their heads and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and as yet untamed, imagination as something delightfully adventurous.

A proof of Shakespeare's random habits and associates in his youthful days may be found in a traditionary anecdote picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his *Picturesque Views on the Avon*.

About seven miles from Stratford lies the thirsty little market-town of Bedford, famous for its ale. Two societies of the village

yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of "the Bedford toppers," and to challenge the lovers of good ale of the neighboring villages to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads; and in the number of the champions was Shakespeare, who, in spite of the proverb, that "they who drink beer will think beer," was as true to his ale as Falstaff to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset, and sounded a retreat while they had yet legs to carry them off the field. They had scarcely marched a mile when, their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing, and goes by the name of Shakespeare's Tree.

In the morning his companions awakened the bard, and proposed returning to Bedford, but he declined, saying he had had enough, having drank with

"Piping Peabworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillbro', Hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bedford."

"The villages here alluded to," says Ireland, "still bear the epithets thus given them. The people of Peabworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor; Hillborough is now called Haunted Hillborough; and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil."

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house

stood at little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring—to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses, to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade, and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snowdrop—that little borderer on the skirts of winter—was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges, the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain, and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster mounting up higher and higher until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in "Cymbeline:"

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

"And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!"

Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground; everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins and friars." *

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley, sometimes glittering from among willows which fringed its borders, sometimes disappearing among groves or beneath green banks, and sometimes rambling out into full view and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow-land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a man-

* Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, enumerates a host of these fireside fancies: "And they have so fraid us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, syrens, kit with the can'sticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, gigantes, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, incubus, Robin-good-fellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell-waine, the fier drake, the buckle, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadowes."

ner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles I turned off into a foot-path which led along the borders of fields and under hedge-rows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian, there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which every one has a kind of property—at least, as far as the foot-path is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot—and, what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor—thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely and lolls as luxuriously under the shade as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree-tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but some distant statue or a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a

worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven! there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As You Like It." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of Nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it, and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary:

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her

reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of courtyard in front of the house ornamented with a grassplot, shrubs and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican, being a kind of outpost and flanked by towers, though evidently for mere ornament instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style, with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone work and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower surmounted by a gilt ball and weather-cock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently-sloping bank which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders, and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

Falstaff. You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shallow. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good sir!

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the courtyard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer

gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only signs of domestic life that I met with was a white cat stealing with wary look and stealthy pace toward the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcase of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who with the civility and communicativeness of her order showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living. There is a fine old oaken staircase, and the great hall—that noble feature in an ancient manor-house—still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty, and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman have made way for family portraits. There is a wide, hospitable fireplace calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood-fire, formerly the rallying-place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window with stone shafts which looks out upon the courtyard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in

1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three *white lucas* by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where the justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shallow. Ay, Cousin Slender, and *custalorum*.

Slender. Ay, and *ratalorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quit-tance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him have done't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen *white lucas* in their coat.

Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles

II. The old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakespeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost had not been entirely regained by the family even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakespeare's lifetime. I at first thought it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son, the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot.* The picture gives a lively

* This effigy is in white marble, and represents the knight in complete armor. Near him lies the effigy of his wife, and on her tomb is the following inscription, which, if really composed by her husband, places him quite above the intellectual level of Master Shallow:

"Here lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy, wife of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot in ye county of Warwick, Knight, Daughter and heir of Thomas Acton of Sutton in ye county of Worcester Esquire who departed out of this wretched world to her heavenly kingdom ye 10 day of February in ye yeare of our Lord God 1595 and of her age 60 and three. All the time of her lyfe a true and faythful servant of her good God, never detected of any cryme or vice. In religion most sounde, in love to her husband most faythful and true. In friendship most constant; to what in trust was committed unto her most secret. In wisdom excelling. In governing of her house, bringing up of youth in ye fear of God that did converse with her most rare and singular. A great maintayner of hospitality. Greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless of the envyous. When all is spoken that can be saide a woman so garnished with virtue as not to be bettered and

idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet, white shoes with roses in them, and has a peaked yellow—or, as Master Slender would say, “a cane-colored”—beard. His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow, all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking and archery, so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.*

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to find the stately elbow-chair of carved oak in which the country squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains, and in which, it might be presumed, the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures

hardly to be equalled by any. As shee lived most virtuously so shee died most Godly. Set down by him yt best did knowe what hath byn written to be true.

“Thomas Lucy.”

* Bishop Earle, speaking of the country gentleman of his time, observes: “His housekeeping is seen much in the different families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels; and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted with the sport and have his fist gloved with his jesses.” And Gilpin, in his description of a Mr. Hastings, remarks: “He kept all sorts of hounds that run buck, fox, hare, otter and badger, and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrowbones and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. On a broad hearth paved with brick lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds and spaniels.”

for my entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages and blue-coated serving-men with their badges, while the luckless culprit was brought in, bedroofed and chapfallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors, while from the gallery the fair daughters of the knight leaned gracefully forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity “that dwells in womanhood.” Who would have thought that this poor varlet thus trembling before the brief authority of a country squire and the sport of rustic boors was soon to become the delight of princes, the theme of all tongues and ages, the dictator to the human mind, and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon?

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbor where the justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence “to a last year's pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of caraways;” but I had already spent so much of the day in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler that I would take some refreshment—an instance of good old hospitality which I grieve to say we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which

the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakespeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff:

By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. . . . I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. . . . Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William Cook.

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes, and as the door of the dining-room opened I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty:

" 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide!"

On returning to my inn I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet, to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature, to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairy-land. He is indeed the true necromancer whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been

surrounded with fancied beings—with mere airy nothings conjured up by poetic power, yet which to me had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jacques soliloquize beneath his oak, had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands, and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions, who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been compared with this reverend pile which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum? The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility, but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices, and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no

admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in its native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that before many years he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon towering amidst the gentle landscape to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

NOTE.

THE visitor to Stratford-on-Avon is both pleased and amused to see a memento of Irving exhibited there. The poker with which he stirred the fire as he sat in his "arm-chair" in the little parlor of the Red Horse Inn—or some other poker to represent it—has been ornamented with a silver plate in the handle, on which this fact is recorded, and, while it gives pride and comfort to the many Americans who make their pilgrimage to Stratford, is a good investment for mine host. How little Irving thought, while describing the relics of Shakespeare, that

he himself would be remembered at the poet's birthplace!

GEORGE BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, one of the most distinguished statesmen and historians of the United States, was born at Worcester, in Massachusetts, on the 3d of October, 1800. He was educated at Exeter Academy and Harvard University, and afterward made careful studies in Europe, having been two years at the University of Göttingen, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In order to introduce and to test his views of education, he established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts. In 1838 he was appointed collector of Boston, and held the office for three years. An ardent and versatile student, and a writer of miscellanies, especially on historical subjects, he boldly chose for his life-work *The History of the United States*, from the discovery to the present time. The first volumes appeared in 1834, and he has been industriously adding to them ever since, having reached, in his last volume, the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which went into operation in 1789. This work has placed him in the first rank of modern historians. In 1844 he was appointed Secretary of the Navy, and in 1846 United States minister to England, where he remained until 1849. Among his many orations, the most famous is that delivered before Congress in 1865 in memory of Abraham Lincoln. In 1867 he was sent as ambassador to Prussia and the North-German Confederation. He died at Washington, D. C., January 17, 1891, continuing his historic labors to near the time of his death.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

MY life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die.
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall drop a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its state is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away.
But when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Their track will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none shall thus lament for me.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

YOUNG land of hope—fair Western star
Whose light I've hailed from climes
afar—
I leave thee now, but twine for thee
One parting wreath of melody;

Oh, take this offering from the heart
Of one who feels 'tis sad to part.

And if it be that strains of mine
Have glided from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit-chords that in thee slept
The music was not all my own:
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

Farewell! When, parted from thy shore,
Long-absent scenes return once more,
Still, still shall memory cling to thee.
Bright Freedom's clime, I feel thy spell,
But I must say farewell, farewell!

JENNY LIND
(Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt).

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

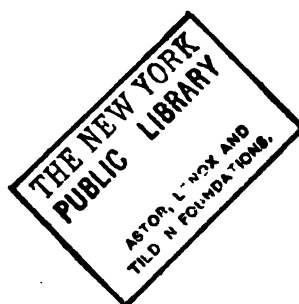
WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be,
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet
Where disappointment cannot come,
And Time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

ANNE HUNTER.



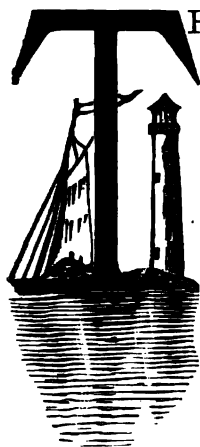


Engraved by J. H. Smith & Son, New York, N.Y.

Geo. Bancroft

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

TO CONCORD, AND BACK TO BOSTON. APRIL 19, 1775.



HE British troops drew up on the village green, fired a volley, huzzaed thrice by way of triumph, and after a halt of less than thirty minutes marched on for Concord. There, in the morning hours, children and women fled for shelter to the hills and the woods, and men were hiding what was left of cannon and military stores.

The minute companies and militia formed on the usual parade over which the congregation of the town for near a century and a half had passed on every day of public worship; the freemen to every town-meeting; and lately the patriot members of the provincial Congress twice a day to their little senate-house. Near that spot Winthrop, the father of Massachusetts, had given counsel, and Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, had spoken words of benignity and wisdom. The people of Concord, of whom about two hundred appeared in arms on that day, were unpretending men, content in their humility; their energy was derived from their sense of the divine power. This looking to God as their Sovereign brought the fathers to their pleasant valley; this controlled the loyalty of the sons; and this has made the name of Concord venerable throughout the world.

The alarm company of the place rallied

near the liberty-pole on the hill, to the right of the Lexington road, in the rear of the meeting-house. They went to the perilous duties of the day "with seriousness and acknowledgment of God," as though they were to be engaged in acts of worship. The minute company of Lincoln and a few from Acton pressed in at an early hour; but the British, as they approached, were seen to be four times as numerous as the Americans. The latter, therefore, retreated, first to an eminence eighty rods farther north, then across the Concord River by the North bridge, till just beyond it by a back road they gained high ground, about a mile from the centre of the town. There they waited for aid.

About seven o'clock the British marched with rapid step under the brilliant sunshine into Concord, the light infantry along the hills and the grenadiers in the lower road. Left in undisputed possession of the hamlet, they made search for stores. To this end, one small party was sent to the South bridge over Concord River; and, of six companies under Captain Laurie, three, comprising a hundred soldiers or more, were stationed as a guard at the North bridge, while three others advanced two miles farther, to the residence of Barrett, the highest military officer of the neighborhood, where arms were thought to have been concealed. But they found there nothing to destroy except some carriages for cannon. His wife at their demand gave them refreshment, but

refused pay, saying, "We are commanded to feed our enemy if he hunger."

At daybreak the minute-men of Acton crowded at the drumbeat to the house of Isaac Davis, their captain, who "made haste to be ready." Just thirty years old, the father of four little ones, stately in his person, a man of few words, earnest even to solemnity, he parted from his wife saying, "Take good care of the children," as though he had foreseen that his own death was near; and while she gazed after him with resignation he led off his company to the scene of danger.

Between nine and ten the number of Americans on the rising ground above Concord bridge had increased to more than four hundred. Of these there were twenty-five minute-men from Bedford, with Jonathan Wilson for their captain; others were from Westford, among them Thaxter, a preacher; others from Littleton, from Carlisle and from Chelmsford. The Acton company came last, and formed on the right. The whole was a gathering not so much of officers and soldiers as of brothers and equals, of whom every one was a man well known in his village, observed in the meeting-house on Sundays, familiar at town-meetings, and respected as a freeholder or a freeholder's son.

Near the base of the hill Concord River flows languidly in a winding channel, and was approached by a causeway over the wet ground of its left bank. The by-road from the hill on which the Americans had rallied ran southerly till it met the causeway at right angles. The Americans saw before them, within gunshot, British troops holding possession of the bridge, and in the distance a still larger number occupying their town,

which, from the rising smoke, seemed to have been set on fire.

In Concord itself Pitcairn had fretted and fumed with oaths and curses at the tavern-keeper for shutting against him the doors of the inn, and exulted over the discovery of two twenty-four pounders in the tavern-yard as though they reimbursed the expedition. These were spiked; sixty barrels of flour were broken in pieces, but so imperfectly that afterward half the flour was saved; five hundred pounds of ball were thrown into a mill-pond. The liberty-pole and several carriages for artillery were burned, and the court-house took fire, though the fire was put out. Private dwellings were rifled, but this slight waste of public stores was all the advantage for which Gage precipitated a civil war.

The Americans had as yet received only uncertain rumors of the morning's events at Lexington. At the sight of fire in the village the impulse seized them "to march into the town for its defence." But were they not subjects of the British king? Had not the troops come out in obedience to constituted and acknowledged authorities? Was resistance practicable? Was it justifiable? By whom could it be authorized? No union had been formed, no independence proclaimed, no war declared. The husbandmen and mechanics who then stood on the hillock by Concord River were called on to act, and their action would be war or peace, submission or independence. Had they doubted, they must have despaired.

But duty is bolder than theory, more confident than the understanding, older and more imperative than speculative science, existing from eternity and recognized in its

binding force from the first morning of creation. Prudent statesmanship would have asked anxiously for time to ponder, and would have missed the moment for decision by delay. Wise philosophy would have compared the systems of government, and would have lost, from hesitation, the glory of opening a new era on mankind. The humble train-bands at Concord acted, and God was with them.

"I never heard from any person the least expression of a wish for a separation," Franklin not long before had said to Chatham. In October, 1774, Washington wrote, "No such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man in America." "Before the nineteenth of April, 1775," relates Jefferson, "I never had heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain." Just thirty-seven days had passed since John Adams in Boston published to the world: "That there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander on the province."

The American revolution did not proceed from precarious intentions: it grew out of the soul of the people, and was an inevitable result of a living affection for freedom which actuated harmonious effort as certainly as the beating of the heart sends warmth and color and beauty to the system. The rustic heroes of that hour obeyed the simplest, the highest and the surest instincts, of which the seminal principle existed in all their countrymen. From necessity, they were impelled by a strong endeavor toward independence and self-direction; this day revealed the plastic will which was to attract the elements of a nation to a centre and by an innate force to shape its constitution.

The officers, meeting in front of their men,

E 24

spoke a few words with one another and went back to their places. Barrett, the colonel, on horseback in the rear, then gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Isaac Davis of Acton became changed; the town-school-master, who was present, could never afterward find words strong enough to express how his face reddened at the word of command. "I have not a man that is afraid to go," said Davis, looking at the men of Acton; and, drawing his sword, he cried, "March!" His company, being on the right, led the way toward the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick of Concord, with John Robinson of Westford, lieutenant-colonel in Prescott's regiment, but on this day a volunteer without command.

Thus these three men walked together in front, followed by minute-men and militia in double file, trailing arms. They went down the hillock, entered the by-road, came to its angle with the main road, and there turned into the causeway that led straight to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks; the Americans, to prevent it, quickened their step. At this the British fired one or two shots up the river; then another, by which Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown were wounded. A volley followed, and Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer—the latter a son of the deacon of the Acton church—fell dead. Three hours before, Davis had bid his wife and children farewell; that afternoon he was carried home and laid in her bedroom. His countenance was little altered and pleasant in death. The bodies of two others of his company who were slain that day were brought also to her

house, and the three were followed to the village graveyard by a concourse of the neighbors from miles around. God gave her length of days in the land which his generous self-devotion assisted to redeem. She lived to see her country touch the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific; and when it was grown great in numbers, wealth and power, the United States, in Congress, paid honors to her husband's martyrdom and comforted her under the double burden of sorrow and more than ninety years.

As the British fired, Emerson, who was looking on from his chamber-window near the bridge, was for one moment uneasy lest the fire should not be returned. It was only for a moment. Buttrick, leaping into the air, and at the same time partially turning round, cried aloud, as if with his country's voice, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake fire!" and the cry, "Fire, fire, fire!" ran from lip to lip. Two of the British fell; several were wounded. In two minutes all was hushed. The British retreated in disorder toward their main body; the countrymen were left in possession of the bridge. This is the world-renowned BATTLE OF CONCORD, more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim.

The Americans had acted from impulse, and stood astonished at what they had done. They made no pursuit and did no further harm, except that one wounded soldier, attempting to rise as if to escape, was struck on the head by a young man with a hatchet. The party at Barrett's might have been cut off, but was not molested. As the Sudbury company, commanded by the brave Nixon, passed near the South bridge, Josiah Haynes, then eighty years of age, deacon of the Sud-

bury church, urged an attack on the British party stationed there: his advice was rejected by his fellow-soldiers as premature, but the company in which he served proved among the most alert during the rest of the day.

In the town of Concord, Smith, for half an hour, showed by marches and counter-marches his uncertainty of purpose. At last, about noon, he left the town to retreat the way he came along the crooked and hilly road that wound through forests and thickets. The minute-men and militia who had taken part in the fight ran over the hills opposite the battle-field into the east quarter of the town, crossed the pasture known as the "Great Fields," and, acting each from his own impulse, placed themselves in ambush a little to the eastward of the village, near the junction of the Bedford road. There they were reinforced by men who were coming in from all around, and at that point the chase of the English began.

Among the foremost were the minute-men of Reading, led by John Brooks and accompanied by Foster, the minister of Littleton, as a volunteer. The company of Billerica—whose inhabitants, in their just indignation at Nesbit and his soldiers, had openly resolved to "use a different style from that of petition and complaint"—came down from the north, while the East Sudbury company appeared on the south. A little below the Bedford road, at Merriam's corner, the British faced about; but after a sharp encounter, in which several of them were killed, they were compelled to resume their retreat.

At the high land in Lincoln the old road bent toward the north just where great trees on the west, thickets on the east and stone walls in every direction offered cover to the

pursuers. The men from Woburn came up in great numbers and well armed. Along these defiles eight of the British were left. Here Pitcairn was forced to quit his horse, which was taken with his pistols in their holsters. A little farther on, Jonathan Wilson, captain of the Bedford minute-men, too zealous to keep on his guard, was killed by a flanking-party. At another defile in Lincoln the minute-men of Lexington, commanded by John Parker, renewed the fight. Every piece of wood, every rock by the wayside, served as a lurking-place. Scarce ten of the Americans were at any time seen together; yet the hills on each side seemed to the British to swarm with "rebels," as if they had dropped from the clouds, and "the road was lined" by an unintermitted fire from behind stone walls and trees.

At first the invaders moved in order. As they drew near Lexington their flanking-parties became ineffective from weariness; the wounded were scarce able to get forward. In the west of Lexington, as the British were rising Fiske's hill, a sharp contest ensued. It was at the eastern foot of the same hill that James Hayward, son of the deacon of Acton church, encountered a regular, and both at the same moment fired. The regular was instantly killed; James Hayward was mortally wounded. A little farther on fell the octogenarian Josiah Haynes of Sudbury, who had kept pace by the side of the swiftest in the pursuit with a rugged valor which age had not tempered.

The British troops, "greatly exhausted and fatigued, and having expended almost all their ammunition," began to run rather than retreat in order. The officers vainly attempted to stop their flight. "They were driven before the

Americans like sheep." At last, about two in the afternoon, after they had hurried with shameful haste through the middle of the town, about a mile below the field of the morning's murder, the officers got to the front, and by menaces of death began to form them under a very heavy fire.

At that moment Lord Percy came in sight with the First Brigade, consisting of Welsh fusiliers, the Fourth, the Forty-seventh and the Thirty-eighth Regiments, in all about twelve hundred men, with two field-pieces. Insolent as usual, they marched out of Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle; but they grew alarmed at finding every house on the road deserted. They met not one person to give them tidings of the party whom they were sent to rescue; and, now that they had made the junction, they could think only of their own safety.

While the cannon kept the Americans at bay, Percy formed his detachment into a square, enclosing the fugitives, who lay down for rest on the ground, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

From this time the Americans had to contend against nearly the whole of the British army in Boston. Its best troops—fully two-thirds of its whole number, and more than that proportion of its strength—were now with Percy. And yet delay was sure to prove ruinous. The British must fly speedily and fleetly or be overwhelmed. Two wagons sent out to them with supplies were waylaid and captured by Payson, the minister of Chelsea. From far and wide minute-men were gathering. The men of Dedham—even the old men—received their minister's blessing and went forth in such numbers that

scarce one male between sixteen and seventy was left at home. That morning William Prescott mustered his regiment, and, though Pepperell was so remote that he could not be in season for the pursuit, he hastened down with five companies of guards. Before noon a messenger rode at full speed into Worcester crying "To arms!" A fresh horse was brought, and the tidings went on; while the minute-men of that town, after joining hurriedly on the common in a fervent prayer from their minister, kept on the march till they reached Cambridge.

Aware of his perilous position, Percy, after resting but half an hour, renewed the retreat. The light infantry marched in front, the grenadiers next, while the First Brigade, which now furnished the very strong flanking-parties, brought up the rear. They were exposed to a fire on each flank, in front and from behind. The Americans, who were good marksmen, would lie down concealed to load their guns at one place, and discharge them at another, running from front to flank, and from flank to rear. Rage and revenge and shame at their flight led the regulars to plunder houses by the wayside, to destroy in wantonness windows and furniture, to set fire to barns and houses.

Beyond Lexington the troops were attacked by men chiefly from Essex and the lower towns. The fire from the rebels slackened till they approached West Cambridge, where Joseph Warren and William Heath—both of the Committee of Safety; the latter a provincial general officer—gave for a moment some little appearance of organization to the resistance, and the fight grew sharper and more determined. Here the company from Danvers, which made a breast-work of a pile

of shingles, lost eight men, caught between the enemy's flank guard and main body. Here, too, a musket-ball grazed the hair of Warren, whose heart beat to arms, so that he was ever in the place of greatest danger. The British became more and more "exasperated" and indulged themselves in savage cruelty. In one house they found two aged, helpless, unarmed men and butchered them both without mercy, stabbing them, breaking their skulls and dashing out their brains. Hannah Adams, wife of Deacon Joseph Adams of Cambridge, lay in child-bed with a babe of a week old, but was forced to crawl, with her infant in her arms and almost naked, to a corn-shed, while the soldiers set her house on fire. At Cambridge an idiot perched on a fence to gaze at the regular army was wantonly shot at and killed. Of the Americans there were never more than four hundred together at any one time; but as some grew tired or used up their ammunition others took their places, and, though there was not much concert or discipline, the pursuit never flagged.

Below West Cambridge the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury and Brookline came up. Of these, Isaac Gardner of the latter place—one on whom the colony rested many hopes—fell, about a mile west of the Harvard College. The field-pieces began to lose their terror; so that the Americans pressed upon the rear of the fugitives, whose retreat could not become more precipitate. Had it been delayed a half hour longer, or had Pickering with his fine regiment from Salem and Marblehead been alert enough to have intercepted them in front, it was thought that, worn down as they were by fatigue and

exhausted of ammunition, they must have surrendered. But a little after sunset the survivors escaped across Charlestown Neck.

The troops of Percy had marched thirty miles in ten hours; the party of Smith, in six hours, had retreated twenty miles; the guns of the ships-of-war and a menace to burn the town of Charlestown saved them from annoyance during their rest on Bunker Hill and while they were ferried across Charles River.

During the day forty-nine Americans were killed, thirty-four wounded and five missing. The loss of the British in killed, wounded and missing was two hundred and seventy-three. Among the wounded were many officers; Smith himself was hurt severely.

All the night long the men of Massachusetts streamed in from scores of miles around—old men as well as young. They had scarce a semblance of artillery or warlike stores, no powder nor organization nor provisions; but there they were, thousands with brave hearts, determined to rescue the liberties of their country. "The night preceding the outrages at Lexington there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest;" the night after, the king's governor and the king's army found themselves closely beleaguered in Boston.

"The next news from England must be conciliatory, or the connection between us ends," said Warren. "This month"—so William Emerson of Concord, who had been chaplain to the Provincial Congress, chronicled in a blank leaf of his almanac—"is remarkable for the greatest events of the present age." "From the nineteenth of April, 1775," said Clark of Lexington on its

first anniversary, "will be dated the liberty of the American world."

THE ALARM.

Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north and south and east and west throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal and descended the ocean-river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south it was one day at New York; in one more, at Philadelphia; the next, it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day!" wrote Cornelius Harnett by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live-oaks still farther to the south, till it

resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg District of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the Valley of Virginia. The Alleghenies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment LEXINGTON.

With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or death!"

The first measure of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety after the dawn of the twentieth of April was a circular to the several towns in Massachusetts. "We conjure you," they wrote, "by all that is dear, by all that is sacred; we beg and entreat, as you will answer it to your country, to your conscience, and, above all, to God himself,—that you will hasten and encourage by all possible means the enlistment of men to form the army; and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demands."

The people of Massachusetts had not waited for the call. The country people, as

soon as they heard the cry of innocent blood from the ground, snatched their firelocks from the walls, and wives and mothers and sisters took part in preparing the men of their households to go forth to the war. The farmers rushed to "the camp of liberty," often with nothing but the clothes on their backs, without a day's provisions, and many without a farthing in their pockets. Their country was in danger; their brethren were slaughtered; their arms alone employed their attention. On their way the inhabitants gladly opened their hospitable doors, and all things were in common. For the first night of the siege Prescott of Pepperell with his Middlesex minute-men kept the watch over the entrance to Boston, and, while Gage was driven for safety to fortify the town at all points, the Americans already talked of nothing but driving him and his regiments into the sea.

At the same time the Committee by letter gave the story of the preceding day to New Hampshire and Connecticut, whose assistance they entreated. "We shall be glad," they wrote, "that our brethren who come to our aid may be supplied with military stores and provisions, as we have none of either, more than is absolutely necessary for ourselves." And, without stores or cannon, or supplies even of powder or of money, Massachusetts by its Congress, on the twenty-second of April, resolved unanimously that a New England army of thirty thousand men should be raised, and established its own proportion at thirteen thousand six hundred. The term of enlistment was fixed for the last day of December.

Long before this summons the ferries over the Merrimack were crowded by men from

New Hampshire. "We go," said they, "to the assistance of our brethren." By one o'clock of the twentieth upward of sixty men of Nottingham assembled at the meeting-house with arms and equipments, under Cilley and Dearborn; before two they were joined by bands from Deerfield and Epsom; and they set out together for Cambridge. At dusk they reached Haverhill ferry, a distance of twenty-seven miles, having run rather than marched; they halted in Andover only for refreshments, and, traversing fifty-five miles in less than twenty hours, by sunrise of the twenty-first paraded on Cambridge common.

The veteran John Stark, skilled in the ways of the Indian, the English and his countrymen, able to take his rest on a bearskin with a roll of snow for a pillow, frank and humane, eccentric but true, famed for coolness and courage and integrity, had no rival in the confidence of his neighbors, and was chosen colonel of their regiment by their unanimous vote. He rode in haste to the scene of action, on the way encouraging the volunteers to rendezvous at Medford. So many followed that on the morning of the twenty-second he was detached with three hundred to take post at Chelsea, where his battalion—which was one of the fullest in the besieging army—became a model for its discipline.

By the twenty-third there were already about two thousand men from the interior parts of New Hampshire desirous "not to return before the work was done." Many who remained near the upper Connecticut threw up the civil and military commissions held from the king; for said they, "The king has forfeited his crown, and all com-

missions from him are therefore vacated, of course."

In Connecticut, Trumbull, the governor, sent out writs to convene the legislature of the colony at Hartford on the Wednesday following the battle. Meantime, the people could not be restrained. On the morning of the twentieth, Israel Putnam of Pomfret, in leather frock and apron, was assisting hired men to build a stone wall on his farm when he heard the cry from Lexington. Leaving them to continue their task, he set off instantly to rouse the militia-officers of the nearest towns. On his return he found hundreds who had mustered and chosen him their leader. Issuing orders for them to follow, he himself pushed forward without changing the checked shirt he had worn in the field, and reached Cambridge at sunrise the next morning, having rode the same horse a hundred miles within eighteen hours. He brought to the service of his country courage which during the war was never questioned and a heart than which none throbbed more honestly or warmly for American freedom.

From Weathersfield a hundred young volunteers marched for Boston on the twenty-second, well armed and in high spirits. From the neighboring towns men of the largest estates, and the most esteemed for character, seized their firelocks and followed. By the second night several thousands from the colony were on their way. Some fixed on their standards and drums the colony arms, and round it, in letters of gold, the motto that God who brought over their fathers would sustain the sons.

In New Haven, Benedict Arnold, captain of a volunteer company, agreed with his men

to march the next morning for Boston. "Wait for proper orders," was the advice of Wooster; but the self-willed commander, brooking no delay, extorted supplies from the Committee of the town, and on the twenty-ninth reached the American headquarters with his company. There was scarcely a town in Connecticut that was not represented among the besiegers.

The nearest towns of Rhode Island were in motion before the British had finished their retreat. At the instance of Hopkins and others, Wanton, the governor, though himself inclined to the royal side, called an assembly. Its members were all of one mind; and when Wanton, with several of the council, showed hesitation, they resolved, if necessary, to proceed alone. The council yielded and confirmed the unanimous vote of the assembly, which authorized raising an army of fifteen hundred men. "The colony of Rhode Island," wrote Bowler, the Speaker, to the Massachusetts Congress, "is firm and determined, and a greater unanimity in the lower House scarce ever prevailed." Companies of the men of Rhode Island preceded this early message.

The conviction of Massachusetts gained the cheering confidence that springs from sympathy now that New Hampshire and Connecticut and Rhode Island had come to its support. The New England volunteers were men of substantial worth, of whom almost every one represented a household. The members of the several companies were well known to each other as to brothers, kindred and townsmen—known to the old men who remained at home and to all the matrons and maidens. They were sure to be remembered weekly in the exercises of the congregations, and morning and evening in the usual family

devotions they were commended with fervent piety to the protection of Heaven. Every young soldier lived and acted, as it were, under the keen observation of all those among whom he had grown up, and was sure that his conduct would occupy the tongues of his village companions while he was in the field, and perhaps be remembered his life long. The camp of liberty was a gathering in arms of schoolmates, neighbors and friends, and Boston was beleaguered round from Roxbury to Chelsea by an unorganized, fluctuating mass of men, each with his own musket and his little store of cartridges, and such provisions as he brought with him or as were sent after him or were contributed by the people round about.

The British officers, from the sense of their own weakness and from fear of the American marksmen, dared not order a sally. Their confinement was the more irksome, for it came of a sudden before their magazines had been filled, and was followed by "an immediate stop to supplies of every kind." The troops, in consequence, suffered severely from unwholesome diet, and their commanders fretted with bitter mortification. They had scoffed at the Americans as cowards who would run at their sight, and they had saved themselves from destruction only by the rapidity of their retreat. Reinforcements and three new general officers were already on the Atlantic, and these would have to be received into straitened quarters by a defeated army. They knew that England, and even the ministers, would condemn the inglorious expedition which had brought about so sudden and so fatal a change. As if to brand in their shame, the officers shrunk from avowing their own acts; and, though

no one would say that he had seen the Americans fire first, they tried to make it pass current that a handful of countrymen at Lexington had begun a fight with a detachment that outnumbered them as twelve to one. "They did not make one gallant attempt during so long an action," wrote Smith, who was smarting under his wound and escaped captivity only by the opportune arrival of Percy.

Men are prone to fail in equity toward those whom their pride regards as their inferiors. The Americans, slowly provoked and long suffering, treated the prisoners with tenderness and nursed the wounded as though they had been members of their own families. They even invited Gage to send out British surgeons for their relief. Yet Percy could degrade himself so far as to calumniate the countrymen who gave him chase, and officially lend himself to the falsehood that "the rebels scalped and cut off the ears of some of the wounded who fell into their hands." He should have respected the name which he bore, famed as it is in history and in song, and he should have respected the men before whom he fled. The falsehood brings dishonor on its voucher: the people whom he reviled were among the mildest and most compassionate of their race.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring, for ornament is in discourse, and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars one by one, but the general counsels, and

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the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted; others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

FRANCIS BACON.

LORD RONALD'S WIFE.

LAST night I tossed upon my bed,
 Because I knew that she was dead :
 The curtains were white, the pane was blue,
 The moon peeped through,
 And its eye was red.
 "I would that my love were awake!" I
 said.

Then I rose and the silver censer lit,
 And over the rushes lightly stept,
 Crept to the door and opened it,
 And entered the room where my lady
 slept;
 And the censer threw a glamour gray
 Over the bed on which she lay,
 And sparkled on her golden hair,
 Smiled on her lip and melted there,
 And I shuddered because she looked so fair;
 For the curtains were white, and the pane
 was blue,
 And the moon looked through,
 And its eye was red.
 "I will hold her hand, and think," I said.

And at first I could not think at all,
 Because her hand was so thin and cold ;
 The gray light flickered along the wall,
 And I seemed to be growing old ;
 I looked in her face and could not weep,
 I hated the sound of mine own deep breath,
 Lest it should startle her from the sleep
 That seemed too sweet and mild for
 death.
 I heard the far-off clock intone
 So slowly, so slowly !

Afar across the courts of stone
 The black hound shook his chain with a moan,
 As the village clock chimed slowly,
 slowly, slowly.
 I prayed that she might rise in bed,
 And smile and say one little word.
 "I long to see her eyes!" I said :
 I should have shrieked if she had stirred.

I never sinned against thee, Sweet !
 And yet last night, when none could see,
 I know not, but from head to feet,
 I seemed one scar of infamy :
 Perhaps because the fingers light
 I held had grown so worn and white,
 Perhaps because you looked so fair,
 With the thin gray light on your golden
 hair.

You were warm, and I was cold,
 Yet you loved me, little one, I knew ;
 I could not trifle, I was old :
 I was wiser, carefuller, than you.
 I liked my horse, I liked my hound,
 I liked to hear the trumpet sound,
 Over my wine I liked to chat,
 But soberly, for I had mind :
 You wanted that, and only that ;
 You were as light as is the wind.
 At times, I know, it fretted me ;
 I chid thee mildly now and then ;
 No fault of mine, no blame to thee :
 Women are women, men are men.
 At first you smiled to see me frown,
 And laughing leapt upon my knee,

And kissed the chiding shadow down,
 And smoothed my great beard merrily;
 But then a change came o'er you, Sweet!
 You walked about with pensive head;
 You tried to read, and as you read
 Patted your small impatient feet.
 "She is wiser now," I smiling said;
 And ere I doubted—you were dead.

All this came back upon my brain
 While I sat alone at your white bedside,
 And I remembered in my pain
 Those words you spoke before you died;
 For around my neck your arms you flung,
 And smiled so sweet though death was near:
 "I was so foolish and so young!
 And yet I loved thee! Kiss me, dear!"
 I put aside your golden hair,
 And kissed you, and you went to sleep;
 And when I saw that death was there,
 My grief was cold, I could not weep;
 And late last night, when you were dead,
 I did not weep beside your bed,
 For the curtains were white, and the pane
 was blue,
 And the moon looked through,
 And its eye was red.
 "How coldly she lies!" I said.

Then loud, so loud, before I knew,
 The gray and black cock screamed and crew,
 And I heard the far-off bells intone
 So slowly, so slowly!
 The black hound barked, and I rose with a
 groan,
 As the village bells chimed slowly,
 slowly, slowly.
 I dropped the hand so cold and thin;
 I gazed, and your face seemed still and wise,
 And I saw the damp dull dawn stare in
 Like a dim drowned face with oozy eyes;

And I opened the lattice quietly,
 And the cold wet air came in on me,
 And I plucked two roses with fingers chill;
 From the roses that grew at your window-sill—
 I plucked two roses, a white and a red—
 Stole again to the side of your bed,
 Raised the edge of your winding-fold,
 Dropped the roses upon your breast,
 Covered them up in the balmy cold,
 That none might know—and there they rest!
 And out at the castle gate I crept
 Into the woods, and then I wept!
 But to-day they carried you from here,
 And I followed your coffin with tearless
 cheek;
 They knew not about the roses, dear!
 I would not have them think me weak.

And I am weary on my bed
 Because I know you are cold and dead;
 And I see you lie in darkness, Sweet!
 With the roses under your winding-sheet;
 The days and nights are dreary and cold,
 And I am foolish, and weak, and old.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE BABY'S DÉBUT.

MY brother Jack was nine in May,
 And I was eight on New Year's Day;
 So in Kate Wilson's shop
 Papa (he's my papa, and Jack's)
 Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
 And Brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is:
 He thinks mine came to more than his;
 So to my drawer he goes,
 Takes out the doll, and—oh my stars!—
 He pokes her head between the bars,
 And melts off half her nose.

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
 And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
 And bang, with might and main,
 Its head against the parlor door :
 Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
 And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite ;
 Well, let him cry : it serves him right.
 A pretty thing, forsooth !
 If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
 Half my doll's nose, and I am not
 To draw his peg-top's tooth.

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
 And cried, "Oh, naughty Nancy Lake,
 Thus to distress your aunt!
 No Drury Lane for you to-day."
 And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
 Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
 They got into a hackney-coach,
 And trotted down the street.
 I saw them go : one horse was blind ;
 The tails of both hung down behind ;
 Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor Brother Bill
 Used to be drawn to Pentonville
 Stood in the lumber-room ;
 I wiped the dust from off the top,
 While Molly mopp'd it with a mop
 And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
 Came in at six to black the shoes
 (I always talk to Sam) ;
 So what does he but takes and drags
 Me in the chaise along the flags,
 And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
 But not so tall, and not so thick
 As these ; and, goodness me !
 My father's beams are made of wood,
 But never, never half so good
 As these that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'Tis like a town !
 The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound.
 And there's a row of lamps. My eye !
 How they do blaze ! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground ?

At first I caught hold of the wing,
 And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-
 umbob, the prompter-man,
 Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
 And said, "Go on, my pretty love ;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsy, whisp-
 er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take :
 I've known the day when brats not quite
 Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
 Then why not Nancy Lake ?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
 And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
 Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !
 They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
 And order round poor Billy's chaise,
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
 To join mamma, and see the show ;
 So, bidding you adieu,
 I curtsy, like a pretty miss,
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

JAMES and HORACE SMITH.—About 1812.

COLUMBUS.

FAME, love, ambition! What are ye,
 With all your wasting passions' war,
 To the great strife that, like a sea,
 O'erswept his soul tumultuously.

Whose face gleams on me like a star—
 A star that gleams through murky clouds—
 As here, begirt by struggling crowds,
 A spell-bound loiterer, I stand
 Before a print-shop in the Strand?
 What are your eager hopes and fears
 Whose minutes wither men like years,
 Your schemes defeated or fulfilled,
 To the emotions dread that thrilled
His frame on that October night,

When, watching by the lonely mast,
 He saw on shore the moving light,
 And felt, though darkness veiled the sight,
 The long-sought world was his at last?

How Fancy's boldest glances fail,
 Contemplating each hurrying mood
 Of thought that to that aspect pale
 Sent up the heart's o'erboiling flood
 Through that vast vigil, while his eyes
 Watched till the slow reluctant skies
 Should kindle, and the vision dread
 Of all his livelong years be read!—
 In youth, his faith-led spirit doomed
 Still to be baffled and betrayed;
 His manhood's vigorous noon consumed
 Ere Power bestowed its niggard aid;
 That morn of summer, dawning gray,
 When, from Huelva's humble bay,
 He, full of hope, before the gale
 Turned on the hopeless world his sail,
 And steered for seas untracked, unknown,
 And westward still sailed on—sailed on;
 Sailed on till ocean seemed to be
 All shoreless as eternity,

Till, from its long-loved star estranged,
 At last the constant needle changed,
 And fierce amid his murmuring crew
 Prone terror into treason grew;
 While on his tortured spirit rose,
 More dire than portents, toils or foes,
 The awaiting world's loud jeers and scorn,
 Yelled o'er his profitless return.

No! none through that dark watch may trace
 The feelings wild beneath whose swell,
 As heaves the bark the billows' race,
 His being rose and fell!

Yet over doubt and pride and pain,
 O'er all that flashed through breast and brain,
 As with those grand, immortal eyes

He stood, his heart on fire to know,
 When morning next illumed the skies,

What wonders in its light should glow,—
 O'er all one thought must, in that hour,
 Have swayed supreme—power, conscious
 power;

The lofty sense that truths conceived
 And born of his own starry mind,
 And fostered into might, achieved
 A new creation for mankind!
 And when from off that ocean calm
 The tropic's dusky curtain cleared,
 And those green shores and banks of balm
 And rosy-tinted hills appeared,
 Silent and bright as Eden ere
 Earth's breezes shook one blossom there,—
 Against that hour's proud tumult weighed,
 Love, fame, ambition, how ye fade!

O hero of my boyish heart!
 Ere from thy pictured looks I part,
 My mind's maturer reverence now
 In thoughts of thankfulness would bow
 To the omniscient Will that sent
 Thee forth, its chosen instrument,

To teach us hope when sin and care,
 And the vile soilings that degrade
 Our dust, would bid us most despair—
 Hope, from each varied deed displayed
 Along thy bold and wondrous story,
 'That shows how far one steadfast mind,
 Serene in suffering as in glory,
 May go to deify our kind.

B. SIMMONS.

OH! IF THOU LOVEST.

OH! if thou lovest,
 And art a woman, hide thy love from him
 Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
 How dear he is; flit like a bird before him—
 Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to
 flower—
 But be not won, or thou mayest, like that bird,
 When caught and caged be left to pine neg-
 lected,
 And perish in forgetfulness.

L. E. LONDON.

SONG OF THE UNENFRANCHISED.

WE plough and sow: we're so very, very
 low
 That we delve in the dirty clay
 Till we bless the plain with golden grain,
 And the vale with the fragrant hay.
 Our place we know, we're so very low:
 'Tis down at the landlord's feet.
 We're not too low the grain to grow,
 But too low the bread to eat.
 Down, down we go—we're so very, very low—
 To the hell of the deep-sunken mines;
 But we gather the proudest gems that glow
 When the crown of a despot shines.
 And whene'er he lacks, upon our backs
 Fresh loads he deigns to lay:
 We're far too low to vote the tax,
 But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we
 know—

But at our plastic power
 The mould at the landlord's feet will grow
 Into palace, church and tower.
 Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
 And cringe at the rich man's door;
 We're not too low to build the wall,
 But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—
 Yet from our fingers glide
 The silken flow and the robes that glow
 Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
 And what we get, and what we give,
 We know, and we know our share;
 We're not too low the cloth to weave,
 But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—
 And yet, when the trumpets ring,
 The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
 Through the heart of the proudest king.
 We're low, we're low; our place we know:
 We're only the rank and file;
 We're not too low to fight the foe,
 But too low to touch the spoil.

ANON.

TO THE WEST.

TO the West, to the West, to the land of
 the free,
 Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the
 sea;
 Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil,
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of
 the soil;
 Where children are blessings, and he who
 hath most
 Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast;

Where the young may exult and the aged
may rest.

Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West, to the West, where the rivers
that flow

Run thousands of miles, spreading out as
they go;

Where the green waving forest shall echo our
call,

As wide as old England and free to us all;

Where the prairies, like seas where the bil-
lows have rolled,

Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old,
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in
rest.

Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West, to the West! There is wealth
to be won:

The forest to clear is the work to be done;

We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,

While there's light in the sunshine or breath
in the air;

The bold independence that labor shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to
sigh.

Away, far away! Let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ARABY MAID.

AWAY on the wings of the wind she
flies

Like a thing of life and light,

And she bounds beneath the Eastern skies

And the beauty of Eastern night.

Why so fast flies the bark through the
ocean's foam,

Why wings it so speedy a flight?

'Tis an Araby maid who hath left her
home

To fly with her Christian knight.

She hath left her sire and her native land,

The land which from childhood she trode,

And hath sworn, by the pledge of her beau-
tiful hand,

To worship the Christian's God.

Then away, away! oh, swift be thy flight!

It were death, one moment's delay;

For behind there is many a blade glancing
bright.

Then away, away, away!

They are safe in the land where love is
divine,

In the land of the free and the brave;

They have knelt at the foot of the holy
shrine:

Naught can sever them now but the
grave.

T. G. T. ANDERSON.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

NEWs of battle! news of battle!

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;

And the archways and the pavement

Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?

News of triumph! Who should bring

Tidings from our noble army,

Greetings from our gallant king?

All last night we watched the beacons

Blazing on the hills afar,

Each one bearing, as it kindled,

Message of the opened war;

All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky—
 Fearful lights, that never beckon
 Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
 All are thronging to the gate:
 "Warder, warder! open quickly!
 Man! is this a time to wait?"
 And the heavy gates are opened;
 Then a murmur long and loud
 And a cry of fear and wonder
 Bursts from out the bending crowd,
 For they see in battered harness
 Only one hard-stricken man,
 And his weary steed is wounded,
 And his cheek is pale and wan;
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner
 In his weak and drooping hand:
 Oh! can that be Randolph Murray,
 Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
 "Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
 Where are they who went to battle,
 Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
 Where are they, our brothers, children?
 Have they met the English foe?
 Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
 Is it weal or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel,
 But no word he speaks in answer,
 Only with his armed heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward
 Up the city streets they ride,
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying, by his side:
 "By the God that made thee, Randolph!
 Tell us what mischance hath come."

Then he lifts his riven banner,
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—
 The men whom good King James had
 charged

To watch the tower and wall.
 "Your hands are weak with age," he said,
 "Your hearts are stout and true;
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
 While others fight for you.
 My trumpet from the Border-side
 Shall send a blast so clear
 That all who wait within the gate
 That stirring sound may hear.

"Or if it be the will of Heaven
 That back I never come,
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
 Ye hear the English drum,
 Then let the warning bells ring out,
 Then gird you to the fray,
 Then man the walls like burghers stout,
 And fight while fight you may.
 'Twere better that in fiery flame
 The roof should thunder down
 Than that the foot of foreign foe
 Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray;
 His step was slow and weak,
 And as he doffed his dinted helm
 The tears ran down his cheek;
 They fell upon his corselet
 And on his mailed hand
 As he gazed around him wistfully,
 Leaning sorely on his brand.

And none who then beheld him
 But straight were smote with fear,

For a bolder and a sterner man
 Had never couched a spear.
 They knew so sad a messenger
 Some ghastly news must bring,
 And all of them were fathers,
 And their sons were with the king.

And up then rose the provost :
 A brave old man was he,
 Of ancient name and knightly fame
 And chivalrous degree.
 Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
 And he spake right heavily :
 " Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
 However sharp they be !
 Woe is written on thy visage,
 Death is looking from thy face :
 Speak ! Though it be of overthrow,
 It cannot be disgrace ! "

Right bitter was the agony
 That wrung that soldier proud ;
 Thrice did he strive to answer,
 And thrice he groaned aloud.
 Then he gave the riven banner
 To the old man's shaking hand,
 Saying, " That is all I bring ye
 From the bravest of the land !
 Ay ! ye may look upon it :
 It was guarded well and long
 By your brothers and your children,
 By the valiant and the strong.
 One by one they fell around it
 As the archers laid them low,
 Grimly dying, still unconquered,
 With their faces to the foe.

" Ay ! ye may well look upon it :
 There is more than honor there,
 Else be sure I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.

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Never yet was royal banner
 Steeped in such a costly dye :
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy—
 Keep it as a sacred thing—
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your king ! "

Woe, woe and lamentation !
 What a piteous cry was there !
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing, in despair :

" Oh, the blackest day for Scotland
 That she ever knew before !
 Oh, our king ! the good, the noble—
 Shall we see him nevermore ?
 Woe to us, and woe to Scotland !
 Oh, our sons, our sons and men—
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
 Surely some will come again ? "
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem,
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin,
 Ye may look in vain for them !

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUM.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, an English poet and dramatist, was born in Scotland, August 18, 1841. He first published, in 1865, *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*, and on his removal to London his *London Poems*, in 1866. His principal tragedy is *The Witch-Finder*, and his best comedy *A Madcap Prince*. His collected poems were published, in three volumes, in 1874.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.



THAT very singular man old Dr. Heidegger once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen—Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew and Mr. Gascoigne—and a withered gentlewoman whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that all these three old gentlemen—Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew and Mr. Gascoigne—were

early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding farther I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not unfrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-leather quartos, and the upper with little parchment duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the

spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge and could stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear!" Such was Dr. Heidegger's study.

On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains and fell directly across this vase; so that a wild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne-glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in

performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables—to my shame be it spoken—might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates; but without waiting for a reply Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh—"this same withered and crumbling flower—blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly,

with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalks and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends—carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the Fountain of Youth," asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful

water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story. "And what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne-glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once.

But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh, so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing; "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party—not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine—together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magical power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!"

cried they, eagerly. "We are younger, but we are still too old! Quick! Give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it a delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew of old that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities—unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a light-

some dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper—so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass?"

"Certainly, my dear madam—certainly,"

replied the complaisant doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved oaken arm-chair with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But the next moment the exhilarating gush of youth life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life and assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters almost maddened with the exuberant foolishness of their years. The most singular effect of their

gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire—the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!"

And then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing-days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no! I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp; another threw his arm about her waist; the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her

warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grand-dam.

But they were young; their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—Come, Madam Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their

seats—the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

“My poor Sylvia’s rose!” ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. “It appears to be fading again.”

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

“I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness,” observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor’s snowy head and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chilliness—whether of the body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into a brief space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

“Are we grown old again so soon?” cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue as transient as that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes, they were old again. With a shuddering impulse that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

“Yes, friends, ye are old again,” said Dr. Heidegger; “and, lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me.”

But the doctor’s four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida and quaff at morning, noon and night from the Fountain of Youth.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE DIFFIDENCE OF LOVE.

WHY should I blush to own I love?
 ’Tis love that rules the realms above.
 Why should I blush to say to all
 That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
 Lest Love’s dear secret be betrayed?
 Why the stern brow deceitful move,
 When I am languishing with love?

Is it a weakness thus to dwell
 On passion that I dare not tell?
 Such weakness I would ever prove:
 ’Tis PAINFUL, but ’tis SWEET, to love!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

WISDOM AND PASSION.

WE all are wise when passion’s dead,
 And many faults with others find;
 Like sages, how we shake the head,
 And say the world is surely blind!
 For in our youth— Ah, well-a-day!
 I never went but right—astray.

ANDREW GLASS.

THE PARTHENON.



FOR their temples the Greeks sought a sun-bright eminence like the Acropolis at Athens or Corinth. On these they erected fanes surrounded with columns, usually hypæthral, or open at the roof, with a simple but imposing façade, or an entire peristyle, a low gable resting upon a row of pillars and presenting above the entablature that long-based triangle, called the pediment, which was enriched with statues and sculptured ornaments descriptive or symbolical of the gods and heroes of their brilliant mythology of nature.

The climax of architectural effect was reached in Athens when the Doric temple of Phidias was perched upon the Acropolis. I suppose no inscription does justice to the Parthenon and its circumjacent structures: history must be summoned to our aid if we would duly appreciate them; and when we remember that Pericles, who has given his name to a halcyon age in the world's history, ordered the erection of the temple as we now restore it in fancy; that the immortal Phidias directed the work and designed the ornaments; that Callicrates and Ictinus built it of white marble;—we obtain a glimpse of the reciprocal bearings of history and art—the glories of the age of Pericles, the creative genius of Phidias, the consummate skill of the master-builders, the splendid capabilities

of Pentelican marble and the ready intelligence of the Athenian people. It has been justly said that "Athens could not have built a Parthenon without Pentelicus near at hand."

The Parthenon was in full view from the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where the wise men of Athens held their sessions: the famous speeches of world-renowned orators, pronounced from the Pnyx, re-echoed among its columns; it is replete with the history of pagan Greece, and yet we chiefly like to think of it in another historic connection. It is when the great apostle to the Gentiles stood on Mars' Hill and his splendid eloquence thundered through its peristyle and was illustrated by the features and ornaments of the temple itself.

Turning to his right as he spoke, he pointed to the Parthenon when he told them that God, who created the world and all that it contained, "dwelt not in temples made with hands." He had in view the beautiful columns of the peristyle, the exuberant sculptures of the tympanum and the colossal figure of Pallas Athena, in ivory and gold, the work of Phidias, rising more than forty feet from the floor, with the surrounding statues of deities and demigods, when he said, "Forasmuch as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think (as you in your blind devotion do) that the God-head is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." The conclusion was not flattering, but startling,

that if God had winked at the times of ignorance—considered by his audience as the period of greatest light and glory—during which that temple was built and an altar erected to the Unknown God, He now, by the voice of his humble, persecuted apostle, called on men everywhere to repent. Such is the Christian lesson drawn from the Parthenon.

One word more. We find an epitome of Grecian architecture and of Grecian history in the Parthenon and its surrounding structures. It was columnar, it was low, it was massive and yet graceful, it was open, it was full of chaste decoration. Founded on correct principles which have challenged the criticism of succeeding ages, and planned with great mathematical exactitude, it combined beauty, fitness and strength; and the Grecian type, notwithstanding the decline of Grecian power and the rise of other systems, is still accepted as a model for splendid structures in all parts of the world.

It does not need the reconstructive finger of a Cuvier or an Agassiz in art to restore on paper the wonders of the Acropolis as they clustered there in uninjured completeness in the days of Pericles and long after.

Thus restored, it is almost a synopsis of the Grecian annals. The Western view would present, on the left, at the foot, those Pelasgian walls which take us far beyond the domain of authentic history, to an ante-Hellenic period which is full of fable and conjecture. In the precipitous side is the cave of Pan, above which is the temple of Poseidon Erectheus. Upon the steep front are the Propylæa and the Temple of Victory, which mark the pride of Grecian conquests; and crowning the whole is the Parthenon

itself, a model of original beauty, with its eight columns in front telling forth to all ages the glories of the best goddess, the protectrix of Athens—the goddess of purity and wisdom—who had sprung from the brain of Zeus sheathed in invincible and immortal armor.

HENRY COPPÉE.

HENRY CLAY TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

These were the last political utterances of Henry Clay. The sympathy of our people and, we may well believe, the compassionate interest of Mr. Clay himself were with the cause of bleeding Hungary, but the duty of our government was clear—non-intervention in European affairs. It had been announced as a principle by Washington.

LOUIS KOSSUTH visited Washington in compliance with an official invitation, and in due time paid his respects personally to Mr. Clay, still confined to his sick-chamber, when, after the mutual interchange of civilities, Mr. Clay said:

"I owe you, sir, an apology for not having acceded before to the desire you were kind enough to intimate more than once to see me; but, really, my health has been so feeble that I did not dare to hazard the excitement of so interesting an interview. Besides, sir," he added, with some pleasantry, "your wonderful and fascinating eloquence has mesmerized so large a portion of our people wherever you have gone, and even some of our members of Congress," waving his hand toward the two or three gentlemen who were present, "that I feared to come under its influence, lest you might shake my faith in some principles in regard to the foreign policy of this government which I have long and constantly cherished.



HENRY CLAY.



"And in regard to this matter you will allow me, I hope, to speak with that sincerity and candor which becomes the interest the subject has for you and for myself, and which is due to us both as the votaries of freedom.

"I trust you will believe me, too, when I tell you that I entertain the liveliest sympathies in every struggle for liberty in Hungary and in every country, and in this I believe I express the universal sentiment of my countrymen. But, sir, for the sake of my country, you must allow me to protest against the policy you propose to her. Waiving the grave and momentous question of the right of one nation to assume the executive power among nations for the enforcement of international law, or of the right of the United States to dictate to Russia the character of her relations with the nations around her, let us come at once to the practical consideration of the matter.

"You tell us yourself, with great truth and propriety, that mere sympathy, or the expression of sympathy, cannot advance your purposes. You require 'material aid.' And indeed it is manifest that the mere declarations of the sympathy of Congress or of the President or of the public would be of little avail, unless we were prepared to enforce those declarations by a resort to arms, and unless other nations could see that preparation and determination upon our part.

"Well, sir, suppose that war should be the issue of the course you propose to us. Could we then effect anything for you, ourselves or the cause of liberty? To transport men and arms across the ocean in sufficient numbers and quantities to be effective against

Russia and Austria would be impossible. It is a fact which perhaps may not be generally known that the most imperative reason with Great Britain for the close of her last war with us was the immense cost of the transportation and maintenance of forces and munitions of war in such a distant theatre, and yet she had not perhaps more than thirty thousand men upon this continent at any time. Upon land Russia is invulnerable to us, as we are to her; upon the ocean a war between Russia and this country would result in mutual annoyance to commerce, but probably in little else. I learn recently that her war marine is superior to that of any nation in Europe, except, perhaps, Great Britain. Her ports are few, her commerce limited, while we, on our part, would offer as a prey to her cruisers a rich and extensive commerce.

"Thus, sir, after effecting nothing in such a war, after abandoning our ancient policy of amity and non-intervention in the affairs of other nations, and thus justifying them in abandoning the terms of forbearance and non-interference which they have hitherto preserved toward us—after the downfall, perhaps, of the friends of liberal institutions in Europe—her despots, imitating and provoked by our fatal example, may turn upon us in the hour of our weakness and exhaustion, and with an almost equally irresistible force of reason and of arms they may say to us, 'You have set us the example. You have quit your own to stand on foreign ground; you have abandoned the policy you professed in the day of your weakness to interfere in the affairs of the people upon this continent in behalf of those principles the supremacy of which you say is necessary to your pros-

perity, to your existence. We, in our own turn, believing that your anarchical doctrines are destructive of, and that monarchical principles are essential to, the peace, security and happiness of our subjects, will obliterate the bed which has nourished such noxious weeds: we will crush you as the propagandists of doctrines so destructive of the peace and good order of the world.'

"The indomitable spirit of our people might, and would, be equal to the emergency, and we might remain unsubdued even by so tremendous a combination; but the consequences to us would be terrible enough. You must allow me, sir, to speak thus freely, as I feel deeply, though my opinion may be of but little import, as the expression of a dying man. Sir, the recent melancholy subversion of the republican government of France, and that enlightened nation voluntarily placing its neck under the yoke of despotism, teach us to despair of any present success for liberal institutions in Europe. They give us an impressive warning not to rely upon others for the vindication of our principles, but to look to ourselves, and to cherish with more care than ever the security of our institutions and the preservation of our policy and principles.

"By the policy to which we have adhered since the days of Washington we have prospered beyond precedent; we have done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect; we have showed to other nations the way to greatness and happiness; and if we but continue united as one people, and persevere in the policy which our experience has so clearly and triumphantly vindicated, we may in another quarter of a century furnish an example which the rea-

son of the world cannot resist. But if we should involve ourselves in the tangled web of European politics, in a war in which we could effect nothing, and if in that struggle Hungary should go down and we should go down with her, where then would be the last hope of the friends of freedom throughout the world? Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary and for the cause of liberty that, adhering to our wise, pacific system and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this Western shore as a light to all nations than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

HENRY CLAY.

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING.

I HAVE often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a "knack;" it does not so much subsist upon wit as upon humor; and I will add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I

know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule, for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet farther, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body and the formation of the features of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once, and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly introduced provided they be only hinted at and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should

never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because by that means you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of sets his image before the hearer if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time and end smartly, so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, "That's all!"

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humor principally consists, so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing

happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no, it was William—started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed, and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency, likewise, to digressions, insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off and gave us his history; and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the North of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged by their bargain to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath by this benefit enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this till I told him, "Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine."

But, of all evils in story-telling, the humor of telling tales one after another in great numbers is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there we are constantly after supper

entertained with the "Glastonbury Thorn." When we have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but, father," saith the son, "let us have the 'Spirit in the Wood.'" After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but, father," cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the robber."—"Alack-a-day!" saith Sir Harry with a smile and rubbing his forehead; "I have almost forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure." Accordingly, he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he says, with a feigned concern in his countenance, "Madam, I have lost by you to-day."—"How so, Sir Harry?" replies my lady.—"Madam," says he, "I have lost an excellent appetite." At this his son and heir laughs immoderately and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them if they are pertinent and innocent, in opposition to those gloomy mortals who disdain everything but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion who sift everything with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humor pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance and cock their hats and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, "Well, and what then?" Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will

lay it down as a maxim that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

RICHARD STEELE was a native of Dublin; he was born 1671. His father, who was secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, had influence enough to get his son placed in the Charterhouse School, London. Here he first met Addison, with whom he was subsequently associated in the *Spectator*, and they were again together at Oxford. At the end of three years Steele left the university without taking a degree, and enlisted as a private in the Horse-Guards. In consequence of taking this step he was disinherited by a rich relative, but he became a favorite in the army, and, being made secretary to his colonel, Lord Cutts, he rose to the rank of captain. He then plunged into all the gayeties of the town, and became "familiar with duns and bailiffs, misery, folly and repentance." To obtain funds he commenced authorship, and published in 1701 a treatise called *The Christian Hero*. He next produced a comedy, "The Funeral; or, Grief à-la-mode," which was performed at Drury Lane, 1704, with great success. He was now a popular man, and was appointed gazetteer and gentleman-usher to Prince George. He married and inherited from his wife—who soon died—a fortune derived from an estate in Barbadoes; a second marriage added to his income, but he was always extravagant and always in debt. His connection with the *Tatler*, *Spectator* (in which Steele wrote two hundred and forty of the papers) and

Guardian, extending from 1709 to 1714, is too well known to require repetition. He started some other periodicals on the same plan, but the famous "essays" had had their day, and they slept for a while, but only to be revived and incorporated with all that is imperishable in English literature.

At the death of Queen Anne, Steele was made a magistrate, surveyor of the royal stables, and was knighted by George I. He also entered Parliament as member for Boroughbridge, and made some show as an orator and debater; but amid all his honors and literary successes his pecuniary difficulties increased, and he ultimately retired to his country-seat in Wales, where he lived almost forgotten by his contemporaries, and died September 21, 1729.

J. E. CARPENTER.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"NOT yet; the flowers are in my path.
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet; my heart is full of hope:
I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet; I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love, O Death!
I cannot come with thee."

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die." L. E. LONDON.

ARISTOCRACY.

To thee be all men heroes; every race
Noble; all women virgins; and each place
A temple: know thou nothing that is base.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

THE MANIAC.

MANY a year hath passed away—
 Many a dark and dismal year—
 Since last I roamed in the light of day
 Or mingled my own with another's tear.
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all—when I roam again!

Here have I watched in this dungeon-cell
 Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;
 Here have I shrieked in my wild despair
 When the cruel fiends from their prison
 came,
 Sported and gamboled and mocked me here
 With their eyes of fire and tongues of
 flame,
 Shouting for ever and aye my name;
 And I strive in vain
 To burst my chain,
 And long to be free as the wind again,
 That I might spring
 In the wizard ring
 And scatter them back to their hellish
 den.
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all—when I roam again!

How long I have lain in this dungeon here
 Little I know, and nothing I care:
 What to me is the day or night,
 Summer's heat or autumn's sere,
 Spring-tide flowers or winter's blight,
 Pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear?
 Time! what care I for thy flight?
 Joy! I spurn thee with disdain!
 Nothing love I but this clanking chain.
 Once I broke from its iron hold:
 Nothing I said; but silent and bold,
 Like the shepherd that watches his gentle
 fold,

Like the tiger that crouches in mountain
 lair
 Hours upon hours, so watched I there,
 Till one of the fiends that had come to
 bring
 Herbs from the vales and drink from the
 spring

Stalked through my dungeon entrance in,
 Ha! how he shrieked to see me free!
 Ha! how he trembled and knelt to me!
 He who had mocked me many a day,
 Had barred me out from the cheerful ray,
 Oh how I shouted to see him pray!
 I wreathed my hand in the demon's hair,
 And choked his breath in his muttered prayer;
 And danced I then in wild delight
 To see the trembling wretch's fright!
 Oh how I crushed his hated bones
 'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon-
 stones,

And plunged my arm adown his throat
 And dragged to light his beating heart
 And held it up that I might gloat
 To see its quivering fibres start!
 Ho! how I drank of the purple flood—
 Quaffed and quaffed again of blood—
 Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no
 more
 Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
 Fettered and held by this iron chain!
 Ha! when I break its links again,
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all—when I roam again!

My frame is shrunk and my soul is sad,
 And devils mock me and call me mad;
 Many a dark and fearful sight
 Haunts me here in the gloom of night;
 Mortal smile or human tear
 Never cheers or soothes me here;

The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
 Though he's known my form for many a day;
 The slimy toad with his diamond eye
 Watches afar, but comes not nigh;
 The craven rat, with her filthy brood,
 Pilfers and gnaws my scanty food,
 But when I strive to make her play
 Snaps at my hand and flies away:
 Light of day or ray of sun,
 Friend or hope, I've none—I've none!

Yet 'tis not always thus: sweet slumber
 steals

Across my haggard mind and weary sight;
 No more my brain the iron pressure feels,
 Nor frightful devils howl the livelong
 night!

Visions of hope and beauty seem
 To mingle with my darker dream:
 They bear me back to a long-lost day,
 To hours and joys of my boyhood's play;
 To the merry green
 And the sportive scene,

And the valley the verdant hills between;
 And a lovely form with a beaming look
 Sits by the side of the babbling brook.
 A tear starts up to my withering eye:

Ah! how I love to feel that tear
 Trickle my haggard visage o'er!

The beauty of manhood is not yet sear,
 The fountain of hope is not yet dry.
 I feel as I felt in days of yore
 When I roamed at large in my native glen,
 Honored and loved by the sons of men,
 Till, maddened to find my home defiled,
 I grasped the knife in my anguish wild
 And plunged the blade in my sleeping child.
 They called me mad; they left me here
 To my burning thoughts and the fiend's
 despair,

E 44

Never—ah! never—to see again
 Earth or sky or sea or plain,
 Never to hear soft pity's sigh,
 Never to gaze on mortal eye,
 Doomed thro' life—if life it be—
 To helpless, hopeless misery.
 Oh, if a single ray of light
 Had pierced the gloom of this endless
 night,

If the cheerful tones of a single voice
 Had made the depths of my heart rejoice,
 If a single thing had loved me here,—
 I never had crouched to the fiend's despair.

They come again!

They tear my brain!

They tremble and dart through my every vein.

Ho! could I burst this clanking chain,

Then might I spring

In the hellish ring,

And scatter them back to their den again!

They seize my heart! they choke my breath!

Death! death! Ah, welcome death!

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was—at the opera there—
 And she looked like a queen in a
 book, that night,

With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,

The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*,
 And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest
 way

As we heard him sing, while the gas burned
low,

"Non ti scordar di me" ?

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye :
You'd have said that her fancy had gone
back again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride-betrothed and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by ;

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white
arm,

With that regal, indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm.

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord—good soul that he
was!—

Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass :
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for
years,

Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees to-
gether

In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden
chain,

And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again ;

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-
flower !),

And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my
ring ;

And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands
over ;

And I thought, " Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her ! "

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in
that hour,

And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold,
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling
sheet

Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. She was sitting
there

In a dim box over the stage, and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe curved be-
tween:

From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast
And over her primrose face the shade—
In short, from the future back to the past—
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to
the door;
I traversed the passage; and down at her
side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me
then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips
said
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness, there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome
still,
And but for her— Well, we'll let that pass:
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are
best;
And the flower in her bosom—I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and
men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth
and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmin-flower!
And oh that music! and oh the way
That voice rang out from the donjon-tower:
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

OWEN MEREDITH
(Robert, Lord Lytton).

THE LORDS OF LABOR.

THEY come, they come, in a glorious
march:

You can hear their steam-steeds neigh
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
 Through the mists of commerce shine,
 And souls flash out like stars of God
 From the midnight of the mine.
 No palace is theirs, no castle great,
 No princely pillared hall,
 But they well may laugh at the roofs of
 state

'Neath the heaven which is over all.
 Ho ! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
 The heroes who wield no sabre ;
 But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
 Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
 That marshals the sons of the soil,
 And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of
 life

Are gems in the crown of toil.
 And better their well-won wreaths, I trow,
 Than laurels with life-blood wet,
 And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow
 Than the clasp of a coronet.

Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
 Be unknown by the trump or tabor ;
 For holier, happier far is the meed
 That crowneth the Lords of Labor !

JAMES MACFARLAN.

THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.

TWAS on the battlefield, and the cold
 pale moon

Looked down on the dead and dying,
 And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a
 wail

Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right
 hand

And the hostile dead around him,

Lay a youthful chief ; but his bed was the
 ground,
 And the grave's icy sleep had bound
 him.

A reckless rover 'mid death and doom,
 Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking ;
 Careless he stepped where friend and foe
 Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's
 sword,

The soldier paused beside it :
 He wrenched the hand with a giant's
 strength,
 But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
 Took part with the dead before him ;
 And he honored the brave who died sword
 in hand,
 As with softened brow he leant o'er him :

" A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
 A soldier's grave won by it :
 Before I would take that sword from thine
 hand,
 My own life's blood should dye it.

" Thou shalt not be left for the carrion-crow
 Or the wolf to batten o'er thee,
 Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
 Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
 Where his warrior-foe was sleeping ;
 And he laid him there in honor and rest,
 With his sword in his own brave keep-
 ing.

L. E. LONDON.

THE INDIAN CHIEFS' COMBAT.*



WE left the adverse bands watching each other on the opposite banks of the stream, each endeavoring to excite its enemy to some act of indiscretion by the most reproachful taunts and revilings. But the Pawnee chief was not slow to discover that his crafty antagonist had no objection to waste the time so idly and, as they mutually proved, in expedients that were so entirely useless. He changed his plans, accordingly, and withdrew from the bank, in order to invite the more numerous host of the Sioux to cross. The challenge was not accepted, and the Loups were compelled to frame some other method to attain their end.

Instead of any longer throwing away the precious moments in fruitless endeavors to induce his foe to cross the stream, the young partisan of the Pawnees led his troops at a swift gallop along its margin, in quest of some favorable spot where by a sudden push he might throw his own band without loss to the opposite shore. The instant his object was discovered each mounted Teton received

a footman behind him, and Mahtoree was still enabled to concentrate his whole force against the effort. Perceiving that his design was anticipated, and unwilling to blow his horses by a race that would disqualify them for service even after they had succeeded in outstripping the more heavily-burdened cattle of the Sioux, Hard-Heart drew up and came to a dead halt on the very margin of the watercourse.

As the country was too open for any of the usual devices of savage warfare, and time was so pressing, the chivalrous Pawnee resolved to bring on the result by one of those acts of personal daring for which the Indian braves are so remarkable, and by which they so often purchase their highest and dearest renown. The spot he had selected was favorable to such a project. The river, which throughout most of its course was deep and rapid, had expanded there to more than twice its customary width, and the rippling of its waters proved that it flowed over a shallow bottom. In the centre of the current there was an extensive and naked bed of sand but a little raised above the level of the stream and of a color and consistency which warranted, to a practised eye, that it afforded a firm and safe foundation for the foot. To this spot the partisan now turned his wistful gaze, nor was he long in making his decision. First speaking to his warriors and apprising them of his intentions, he dashed into the current, and partly by swimming, and more by the

* At the beginning of this narrative two bands of hostile Indian warriors occupy opposite banks of a river on the prairie; Mahtoree and his tribe of Sioux, with the old trapper and other white prisoners, on one side; Hard-Heart, the young chief of the Pawnees and friend of the prisoners, with a band of his warriors, on the other side. Near by, Ishmael Bush, a white squatter who commands twelve rifles, is encamped.

use of his horse's feet, he quickly reached the island in safety.

The experience of Hard-Heart had not deceived him. When his snorting steed issued from the water, he found himself on a tremendous but damp and compact bed of sand that was admirably adapted to the exhibition of the finest powers of the animal. The horse seemed conscious of the advantage, and bore his warlike rider with an elasticity of step and a loftiness of air that would have done no discredit to the highest-trained and most generous charger. The blood of the chief himself quickened with the excitement of his striking situation. He sat the beast as though he was conscious that the eyes of two tribes were on his movements, and, as nothing could be more acceptable and grateful to his own band than this display of native grace and courage, so nothing could be more taunting and humiliating to their enemies.

The sudden appearance of the Pawnee on the sands was announced among the Tetons by a general yell of savage anger. A rush was made to the shore, followed by a discharge of fifty arrows and a few fusees, and on the part of several braves there was a plain manifestation of a desire to plunge into the water, in order to punish the temerity of their insolent foe. But a call and a mandate from Mahtoree checked the rising and nearly ungovernable temper of his band. So far from allowing a single foot to be wet or a repetition of the fruitless efforts of his people to drive away their foe with missiles, the whole of the party was commanded to retire from the shore, while he himself communicated his intentions to one or two of his most favored followers.

When the Pawnees had observed the rush of their enemies, twenty warriors rode into the stream; but so soon as they perceived that the Tetons had withdrawn they fell back to a man, leaving the young chief to the support of his own often-tried skill and well-established courage. The instructions of Hard-Heart on quitting his band had been worthy of the self-devotion and daring of his character. So long as single warriors came against him he was to be left to the keeping of the Wahcondah and his own arm, but, should the Sioux attack him in numbers, he was to be sustained man for man, even to the extent of his whole force. These generous orders were strictly obeyed; and, though so many hearts in the troop panted to share in the glory and danger of their partisan, not a warrior was found among them all who did not know how to conceal his impatience under the usual mask of Indian self-restraint. They watched the issue with quick and jealous eyes, nor did a single exclamation of surprise escape them when they saw, as will soon be apparent, that the experiment of their chief was as likely to conduce to peace as to war.

Mahtoree was not long in communicating his plans to his confidants, whom he as quickly dismissed to join their fellows in the rear. The Teton entered a short distance into the stream and halted. Here he raised his hand several times with the palm outward, and made several of those other signs which are construed into a pledge of amicable intentions among the inhabitants of those regions. Then, as if to confirm the sincerity of his faith, he cast his fusee to the shore and entered deeper into the water, where he again came to a stand, in

order to see in what manner the Pawnee would receive his pledges of peace.

The crafty Sioux had not made his calculations on the noble and honest nature of his more youthful rival in vain. Hard-Heart had continued galloping across the sands during the discharge of missiles and the appearance of a general onset with the same proud and confident mien as that with which he had first braved the danger. When he saw the well-known person of the Teton partisan enter the river, he waved his hand in triumph, and, flourishing his lance, he raised the thrilling war-cry of his people as a challenge for him to come on. But when he saw the signs of a truce, though deeply practised in the treachery of savage combats, he disdained to show a less manly reliance on himself than that which his enemy had seen fit to exhibit. Riding to the farthest extremity of the sands, he cast his own fusee from him and returned to the point whence he had started.

The two chiefs were now armed alike. Each had his spear, his bow, his quiver, his little battle-axe and his knife, and each had also a shield of hides, which might serve as a means of defence against a surprise from any of these weapons. The Sioux no longer hesitated, but advanced deeper into the stream, and soon landed on a point of the island which his courteous adversary had left free for that purpose. Had one been there to watch the countenance of Mahtoree as he crossed the water that separated him from the most formidable and the most hated of all his rivals, he might have fancied that he could trace the gleamings of a secret joy breaking through the cloud which deep cunning and heartless

treachery had drawn before his swarthy visage; and yet there would have been moments when he might have believed that the flashings of the Teton's eye and the expansion of his nostrils had their origin in a nobler sentiment, and one far more worthy of an Indian chief.

The Pawnee had withdrawn to his own side of the sands, where he awaited the time of his enemy with calmness and dignity. The Teton made a short turn or two to curb the impatience of his steed and to recover his seat after the effort of crossing, and then he rode into the centre of the place and invited the other by a courteous gesture to approach. Hard-Heart drew nigh until he found himself at a distance equally suited to advance or to retreat, and in his turn he came to a stand, keeping his glowing eye riveted on that of his enemy. A long and grave pause succeeded this movement, during which these two distinguished braves, who were now for the first time confronted with arms in their hands, sat regarding each other like warriors who knew how to value the merits of a gallant foe, however hated. But the mien of Mahtoree was far less stern and warlike than that of the partisan of the Loups. Throwing his shield over his shoulder, as if to invite the confidence of the other, he made a gesture of salutation and was the first to speak.

"Let the Pawnees go upon the hills," he said, "and look from the morning to the evening sun, from the country of snows to the land of many flowers, and they will see that the earth is very large. Why cannot the red men find room on it for all their villages?"

"Has the Teton ever known a warrior of

the Loups come to his towns to beg a place for his lodge?" returned the young brave, with a look in which pride and contempt were not attempted to be concealed. "When the Pawnees hunt, do they send runners to ask Mahtoree if there are no Sioux on the prairies?"

"When there is hunger in the lodge of a warrior, he looks for the buffalo, which is given him for food," the Teton continued, struggling to keep down the ire which was excited by the other's scorn. "The Wahcondah has made more of them than he has made Indians. He has not said, 'This buffalo shall be for a Pawnee, and that for a Dahcotah; this beaver for a Konza, and that for an Omahaw.' No; he said, 'There are enough. I love my red children, and I have given them great riches. The swiftest horse shall not go from the village of the Tetons to the village of the Loups in many suns. It is far from the towns of the Pawnees to the river of the Osages. There is room for all that I love.' Why, then, should a red man strike his brother?"

Hard-Heart dropped one end of his lance to the earth; and, having also cast his shield across his shoulder, he sat leaning lightly on the weapon as he answered with a smile of no doubtful expression:

"Are the Tetons weary of the hunts and of the war-path? Do they wish to cook the venison, and not to kill it? Do they intend to let the hair cover their heads, that their enemies shall not know where to find their scalps? Go! A Pawnee warrior will never come among such Sioux squaws for a wife."

A frightful gleam of ferocity broke out of the restraint of the Dahcotah's counte-

nance as he listened to this biting insult, but he was quick in subduing the tell-tale sentiment in an expression much better suited to his present purpose.

"This is the way a young chief should talk of war," he answered, with singular composure, "but Mahtoree has seen the misery of more winters than his brother. When the nights have been long and darkness has been in his lodge, while the young men slept, he has thought of the hardships of his people. He has said to himself, 'Teton, count the scalps in your smoke. They are all red but two. Does the wolf destroy the wolf or the rattler strike his brother? You know they do not; therefore, Teton, are you wrong to go on a path that leads to the village of a redskin with the tomahawk in your hand.'"

"The Sioux would rob the warrior of his fame. He would say to his young men, 'Go dig roots in the prairies, and find holes to bury your tomahawks in; you are no longer braves.'"

"If the tongue of Mahtoree ever says thus," returned the crafty chief, with an appearance of strong indignation, "let his women cut it out and burn it with the offals of the buffalo. No," he added, advancing a few feet nigher to the immovable Hard-Heart, as if in the sincerity of his confidence; "the red man can never want an enemy: they are plentier than the leaves on the trees, the birds in the heavens or the buffaloes on the prairies. Let my brother open his eyes wide; does he nowhere see an enemy he would strike?"

"How long is it since the Teton counted the scalps of his warriors that were drying in the smoke of a Pawnee lodge? The

hand that took them is here, and ready to make eighteen twenty."

"Now let not the mind of my brother go on a crooked path. If a redskin strikes a redskin for ever, who will be masters of the prairies when no warriors are left to say, 'They are mine'? Hear the voices of the old men. They tell us that in their days many Indians have come out of the woods under the rising sun, and that they have filled the prairies with their complaints of the robberies of the Long-knives. Where a paleface comes, a red man cannot stay; the land is too small. They are always hungry. See! they are here already." As the Teton spoke he pointed toward the tents of Ishmael, which were in plain sight, and then he paused to await the effect of his words on the mind of his ingenuous foe.

Hard-Heart listened like one in whom a train of novel ideas had been excited by the reasoning of the other. He mused for near a minute before he demanded,

"What do the wise chiefs of the Sioux say must be done?"

"They think that the moccasin of every paleface should be followed like the track of the bear; that the Long-knife who comes upon the prairie should never go back; that the path shall be open to those who come, and shut to those who go. Yonder are many. They have horses and guns. They are rich, but we are poor. Will the Pawnees meet the Tetons in council? and when the sun is gone behind the Rocky Mountains, they will say, 'This is for a Loup, and this for a Sioux.'"

"Teton, no! Hard-Heart has never struck the stranger. They come into his lodge and eat, and they go out in safety. A mighty

chief is their friend. When my people call the young men to go on the war-path, the moccasin of Hard-Heart is the last. But his village is no sooner hid by the trees than it is the first. No, Teton; his arm will never be lifted against the stranger."

"Fool! Then die with empty hands!" Mahtoree exclaimed, setting an arrow to his bow and sending it with a sudden and deadly aim full at the naked bosom of his generous and confiding enemy.

The action of the treacherous Teton was too quick and too well matured to admit of any of the ordinary means of defence on the part of the Pawnee. His shield was hanging from his shoulder, and even the arrow had been suffered to fall from its place and lay in the hollow of the hand which grasped his bow. But the quick eye of the brave had time to see the movement, and his ready thoughts did not desert him. Pulling hard and with a jerk upon the rein, his steed reared his forward legs into the air, and, as the rider bent his body low, the horse itself served for a shield against the danger. So true, however, was the aim, and so powerful the force by which it was sent, that the arrow entered the neck of the animal and broke the skin on the opposite side.

Quicker than thought Hard-Heart sent back an answering arrow. The shield of the Teton was transfixed, but his person was untouched. For a few moments the twang of the bow and the glancing of arrows were incessant, notwithstanding the combatants were compelled to give so large a portion of their care to the means of defence. The quivers were soon exhausted, and, though blood had been drawn, it was not in sufficient quantities to impair the energy of the combat.

A series of masterly and rapid evolutions with the horses now commenced. The wheelings, the charges, the advances and the circuitous retreats were like the flights of circling swallows. Blows were struck with the lance, the sand was scattered in the air and the shocks often seemed to be unavoidably fatal, but still each party kept his seat and still each rein was managed with a steady hand. At length the Teton was driven to the necessity of throwing himself from his horse to escape a thrust that would otherwise have proved fatal. The Pawnee passed his lance through the beast, uttering a shout of triumph as he galloped by. Turning in his track, he was about to push the advantage, when his own mettled steed staggered and fell under a burden that he could no longer sustain. Mahtoree answered his premature cry of victory, and rushed upon the entangled youth with knife and tomahawk. The utmost agility of Hard-Heart had not sufficed to extricate himself in season from the fallen beast. He saw that his case was desperate. Feeling for his knife, he took the blade between a finger and thumb and cast it, with admirable coolness, at his advancing foe. The keen weapon whirled a few times in the air, and, its point meeting the naked breast of the impetuous Sioux, the blade was buried to the buckhorn haft.

Mahtoree laid his hand on the weapon and seemed to hesitate whether to withdraw it or not. For a moment his countenance darkened with the most inextinguishable hatred and ferocity, and then, as if inwardly admonished how little time he had to lose, he staggered to the edge of the sands and halted with his feet in the water. The cunning and duplicity which had so long obscured the

brighter and nobler traits of his character were lost in the never-dying sentiment of pride which he had imbibed in youth.

"Boy of the Loups," he said, with a smile of grim satisfaction, "the scalp of a mighty Dahcotah shall never dry in Pawnee smoke!"

Drawing the knife from the wound, he hurled it toward the enemy in disdain. Then, shaking his arm at his successful foe, his swarthy countenance appearing to struggle with volumes of scorn and hatred that he could not utter with the tongue, he cast himself headlong into one of the most rapid veins of the current, his hand still waving in triumph above the fluid even after his body had sunk into the tide for ever. Hard-Heart was by this time free.

The silence which had hitherto reigned in the bands was suddenly broken by general and tumultuous shouts. Fifty of the adverse warriors were already in the river, hastening to destroy or to defend the conqueror, and the combat was rather on the eve of its commencement than near its termination. But to all these signs of danger and need the young victor was insensible. He sprang for the knife, and bounded with the foot of an antelope along the sands, looking for the receding fluid which concealed his prize. A dark, bloody spot indicated the place, and, armed with the knife, he plunged into the stream, resolute to die in the flood or to return with his trophy.

In the mean time, the sands became a scene of bloodshed and violence. Better mounted, and perhaps more ardent, the Pawnees had, however, reached the spot in sufficient numbers to force their enemies to retire. The victors pushed their success to the opposite shore and gained the solid

ground in the *mêlée* of the fight. Here they were met by all the unmounted Tetons, and in their turn they were forced to give way.

The combat now became more characteristic and circumspect. As the hot impulses which had driven both parties to mingle in so deadly a struggle began to cool, the chiefs were enabled to exercise their influence and to temper the assaults with prudence. In consequence of the admonitions of their leaders, the Sioux sought such covers as the grass afforded, or here and there some bush or slight inequality of the ground, and the charges of the Pawnee warriors necessarily became more wary, and of course less fatal.

In this manner the contest continued with a varied success and without much loss. The Sioux had succeeded in forcing themselves into a thick growth of rank grass where the horses of their enemies could not enter, or where, when entered, they were worse than useless. It became necessary to dislodge the Tetons from this cover, or the object of the combat must be abandoned. Several desperate efforts had been repulsed and the disheartened Pawnees were beginning to think of a retreat, when the well-known war-cry of Hard-Heart was heard at hand, and at the next instant the chief appeared in their centre flourishing the scalp of the great Sioux as a banner that would lead to victory. He was greeted by a shout of delight and followed into the cover with an impetuosity that for the moment drove all before it.

But the bloody trophy in the hand of the partisan served as an incentive to the attacked as well as to the assailants. Mahtoree had left many a daring brave behind him in his band, and the orator who in the

debates of that day had manifested such pacific thoughts now exhibited the most generous self-devotion in order to wrest the memorial of a man he had never loved from the hands of the avowed enemies of his people.

The result was in favor of numbers. After a severe struggle, in which the finest displays of personal intrepidity were exhibited by all the chiefs, the Pawnees were compelled to retire upon the open bottom, closely pressed by the Sioux, who failed not to seize each foot of ground that was ceded by their enemies. Had the Tetons stayed their efforts on the margin of the grass, it is probable that the honor of the day would have been theirs, notwithstanding the irretrievable loss they had sustained in the death of Mahtoree; but the more reckless braves of the band were guilty of an indiscretion that entirely changed the fortunes of the fight and suddenly stripped them of all their hard-earned advantages.

A Pawnee chief had sunk under the numerous wounds he had received, and he fell, a target for a dozen arrows, in the very last group of his retiring party. Regardless alike of inflicting further injury on their foes and of the temerity of the act, every Sioux brave bounded forward with a whoop, each man burning with the wish to reap the high renown of striking the body of the dead. They were met by Hard-Heart and a chosen knot of warriors, all of whom were just as stoutly bent on saving the honor of their nation from so foul a stain. The struggle was now hand to hand, and blood began to flow more freely. As the Pawnees retired with the body the Sioux pressed upon their footsteps, and at length the whole of the

latter broke out of the cover with a common yell and threatened to bear down all opposition by sheer physical superiority.

The fate of Hard-Heart and his companions, all of whom would have died rather than relinquish their object, would now have been quickly sealed but for a powerful and unlooked-for interposition in their favor. A shout was heard from a little brake on the left, and a volley from the fatal Western rifle immediately succeeded. Some five or six Sioux leaped forward and fell in the death-agony at the reports, and every arm among them was as suddenly suspended as though the lightning had flashed from the clouds to aid the cause of the Loups. Then came Ishmael and his stout sons in open view, bearing down upon their late treacherous allies with looks and voices that proclaimed the character of their succor.

The shock was too much for the fortitude of the Tetons. Several of their bravest chiefs had already fallen, and those that remained were instantly abandoned by the whole of the inferior herd. A few of the most desperate braves still lingered nigh the fatal symbol of their honor, and there nobly met their deaths under the blows of the re-encouraged Pawnees. A second discharge from the rifles of the squatter and his party, however, completed the victory.

The Sioux were now to be seen flying to more distant covers with the same eagerness and desperation as a few moments before they had been plunging into the fight. The triumphant Pawnees bounded forward in chase like so many high-blooded and well-trained hounds. On every side were heard the cries of victory or the yell of revenge. A few of the fugitives endeavored to bear

away the bodies of their fallen warriors, but the hot pursuit quickly compelled them to abandon the slain in order to preserve the living. Among all the struggles which were made on that occasion to guard the honor of the Sioux from the stain which their peculiar opinions attached to the possession of the scalp of a fallen brave, but one solitary instance of success occurred.

The opposition of a particular chief to the hostile proceedings in the councils of that morning has been already seen; but after having raised his voice in vain in support of peace his arm was not backward in doing its duty in the war. His prowess has been mentioned, and it was chiefly by his courage and example that the Tetons sustained themselves in the heroic manner they did when the death of Mahtoree was known. This warrior—who was called in the figurative language of his people “the Swooping Eagle”—had been the last to abandon the hopes of victory. When he found that the support of the dreaded rifle had robbed his band of their hard-earned advantages, he sullenly retired amid a shower of missiles to the secret spot where he had hid his horse in the mazes of the highest grass. Here he found a new and an entirely unexpected competitor ready to dispute with him for the possession of the beast: it was Boreecheena, the aged friend of Mahtoree—he whose voice had been given in opposition to his own wiser opinions—transfixed with an arrow and evidently suffering under the pangs of approaching death.

“I have been on my last war-path,” said the grim old warrior when he found that the real owner of the animal had come to claim his property. “Shall a Pawnee carry the

white hairs of a Sioux into his village to be a scorn to his women and children?"

The other grasped his hand, answering to the appeal with the stern look of inflexible resolution. With this silent pledge, he assisted the wounded man to mount. So soon as he had led the horse to the margin of the cover he threw himself also on its back, and, securing his companion to his belt, he issued on the open plain, trusting entirely to the well-known speed of the beast for their mutual safety. The Pawnees were not long in catching a view of these new objects, and several turned their steeds to pursue. The race continued for a mile without a murmur from the sufferer, though, in addition to the agony of his body, he had the pain of seeing his enemies approach at every leap of their horses.

"Stop!" he said, raising a feeble arm to check the speed of his companion; "the Eagle of my tribe must spread his wings wider. Let him carry the white hairs of an old warrior into the burnt-wood village."

Few words were necessary between men who were governed by the same feelings of glory, and who were so well trained in the principles of their romantic honor. The Swooping Eagle threw himself from the back of the horse and assisted the other to alight. The old man raised his tottering frame to its knees, and, first casting a glance upward at the countenance of his countryman, as if to bid him adieu, he stretched out his neck to the blow he himself invited. A few strokes of the tomahawk, with a circling gash from the knife, sufficed to sever the head from the less valued trunk. The Teton mounted again just in season to escape a flight of arrows which came from his eager

and disappointed pursuers. Flourishing the grim and bloody visage, he darted away from the spot with a shout of triumph, and was seen scouring the plains as though he were actually borne along on the wings of the powerful bird from whose qualities he had received his flattering name.

The Swooping Eagle reached his village in safety. He was one of the few Sioux who escaped from the massacre of that fatal day, and for a long time he alone of the saved was able to lift his voice again in the councils of his nation with undiminished confidence.

The knife and the lance cut short the retreat of the larger portion of the vanquished. Even the retiring party of the women and children were scattered by the conquerors, and the sun had long sunk behind the rolling outline of the western horizon before the fell business of that disastrous defeat was entirely ended.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, one of the earliest and the most distinguished among American novelists, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. His father, Judge Cooper, had in 1785 received a large grant of land near Otsego Lake, in New York, where he laid the foundation of Cooperstown, to which, later, he moved his family.

Young Cooper entered Yale College; at the age of thirteen, in 1802. He left, after a residence of three years, in order to enter the navy as a midshipman; in 1805, after six years' service, he resigned his commission and returned to live at Cooperstown. His first

effort—a novel called *Precaution*—appeared in 1812, two years before Scott had begun his Waverley series. Although not successful, it gave token of powers which he was soon to display. He was a patriotic American of good education, “holding the pen of a ready writer,” acquainted with the sea, in daily contact with the Indian tribes—so soon to fade away—who still encamped around his father’s domains, and surrounded by the scenes and the heroes of the Revolutionary war. All these capabilities and conditions were to be employed in his works. In 1821 he published *The Spy: A Tale of the Neutral Ground during the Revolution*, in which Washington appears under the name of “Harper;” this was followed, in 1823, by *The Pioneers*, in which Leather-stocking makes his first appearance, and *The Pilot*, with its hero, Long Tom Coffin, a Leather-stocking in tarpaulin. Referring to his sea-novels and the remarkable power he displays in depicting marine incidents and characters, the *Edinburgh Review* declared: “The empire of the sea has been conceded to him by acclamation.” He continued to produce new novels with great rapidity to the end of his life. He wrote a history of the United States navy, and gained, by all his works, a great reputation—abroad as well as at home. Popular among all classes on account of the interest in his subjects, his principal readers are, and will continue to be, among the young, who delight in his adventures, connected as they are with the real history of this country. In these historical representations he holds, in American literature, a position similar to that of Scott in English, to whom, however, in literary execution, he is not equal. He died on the 14th of September, 1851.

THE STREAMS.

THE streams, the streams, the beautiful streams,

That sparkle among the trees,
How sweet their song as they dance along
To the deep unbounded seas!
Where violets grow on shady banks
They may a moment stay,
Then swift they rush past brake and bush,
Impatient of delay.
Then sing the streams, the beautiful streams,
So brilliant, pure and free,
That seek to rest where the glowing west
Lights up the azure sea.

The streams, the streams, the bountiful streams,

That enrich this land of ours,
They kiss the grass as they onward pass,
And smile on the wildwood flowers:
The lily would pine and the seggan fade,
The bulrush droop and die,
Were it not the brooks that water the
nooks
Where they hide from the sun’s bright
eye.
Then sing the streams, the bonny clear
streams,
Whose beauties are free to all,
That flash as pure past the cottage door
As they do by the lordly hall.

The streams, the streams, the bewitching streams!

Who has not felt their power
To recall the past, too bright to last,
Of many a happy hour?
When far away, and the heart is sad,
We fly, in some sweet dream,

To the cottage door, where we gazed of yore,
 On the singing mountain stream.
 Then sing the streams, the silvery streams,
 Whose waters are ever fair;
 Time leaves no trace on their sunlit face
 That his fingers were ever there.

The streams, the streams, the enduring
 streams,
 That ever shall remain,
 To gladden the earth with their song of mirth
 And rejoice the verdant plain!
 Men come and go, but *they* ever flow,
 Undimmed by circling years,
 While we look back on their flowery track
 Oft through the mist of tears.
 Then sing the streams, the enduring streams,
 More priceless far than gold,
 That ever sweep through the valleys deep,
 Bearing blessings to all untold.

ANDREW GLASS.

KEPLER'S DISCOVERY OF THE THIRD LAW.

GUIDED by some kind angel or spirit whose sympathy had been touched by the unwearied zeal of the mortal, Kepler returned to his former computations, and with a heaving breast and throbbing heart he detects the numerical error in his work and commences anew. The square of Jupiter's period is to the square of Saturn's period as the cube of Jupiter's distance is to some fourth term, which Kepler hoped and prayed might prove to be the cube of Saturn's distance. With trembling hand he sweeps through the maze of figures; the fourth term is obtained. He compares it with the cube of Saturn's distance. They are the

same! He could scarcely believe his own senses; he feared some demon mocked him. He ran over the work again and again; he tried the proportion—the square of Jupiter's period to the square of Mars's period as the cube of Jupiter's distance to a fourth term, which he found to be the cube of the distance of Mars—till finally full conviction burst upon his mind. He had won the goal; the struggle of seventeen long years was ended; God was vindicated, and the philosopher, in the wild excitement of his glorious triumph, exclaims,

"Nothing holds me. I will indulge my sacred fury. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast. The book is written, to be read either now or by posterity—I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

More than two hundred years have rolled away since Kepler announced his great discoveries. Science has marched forward with swift and resistless energy. The secrets of the universe have been yielded up under the inquisitorial investigations of godlike intellect; the domain of the mind has been extended wider and wider; one planet after another has been added to our system; even the profound abyss which separates us from the fixed stars has been passed, and thousands of rolling suns have been descried swiftly flying or majestically sweeping through the thronged regions of space. But the laws of Kepler bind them all. Satellite and primary, planet and sun, sun and system,—all with one accord proclaim, in silent majesty, the triumph of the hero-philosopher.

O. M. MITCHEL.

WASHINGTON IRVING.



WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York on the third day of April, 1783—the year which closed the war of American independence. The locality of his birth is still pointed out; it is now covered with stores and is the scene of busy commerce. His father was a Scotchman, his mother an English woman—strong and good reasons for that partiality which he is said to have always manifested toward the old country. He loved England and the English, and they adopted him from the first. He entered early upon the career of an author, without having amassed those riches of classical scholarship which up to that period had been regarded in England and America as essential prerequisites, but which in this practical modern age seem to be no longer of necessary importance.

In 1802, when he was nineteen years old, he was a regular contributor to the *Morning Chronicle*, a newspaper edited by his elder brother. His assumed name was in keeping, as we shall see, with the character and style of his productions: it was “Jonathan Oldstyle.” These seem to have been the first fugitive efforts of an imaginative mind, by way of variety to the exact and solid realities of his special study, which at that time was the law. During this period he was a great walker, and wandered around

New York in every direction, but particularly out upon the banks of that most attractive river the Hudson. Here he could still gather the stories of the Revolution from those who had been the local actors in its scenes. He explored inlet and promontory, and was involuntarily putting away on the fly-leaf of Memory’s scrap-book such legends as that of Sleepy Hollow. On the opposite shore were Nyack and Haverstraw, with their undying memories, to be recalled in connection with the *Life of Washington*. He struck acquaintance with the old people, chimed in with the old customs, and listened with a double purpose to fireside legends and incidents.

In the year 1804 he was threatened with pulmonary disorder; and, abandoning for a time his legal studies, he set out to repair and confirm his health. He travelled in England, France, Spain and Italy, everywhere a man of acute and practical observation, laying up in memory many sketches and tales of travel for future use, and cultivating that taste for art which lends such a charm to his descriptions. He is eminently a picturesque writer.

In 1806 he returned to New York, and, having resumed the study of the law, was at the close of that year admitted to the bar. But, alas for the respectable profession of the law! to him the little taste of literature had given birth to greater desire. He was resolved to drink deep of the Pierian spring.

In 1807 appeared *Salmagundi: The Whim-*

Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and Others. The writers were Washington Irving, James K. Paulding and William Irving. Modelled upon the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* and their numerous progeny, the *Idler*, the *Rambler* and others—the last of which had been discontinued only fifty years before—this publication appeared in numbers, genially satirizing the whims and follies of the day and giving amusement and literary variety in a period of great literary dearth. The studied style and quiet humor might place some papers of *Salmagundi*, almost without detection, among the numbers of the *Spectator*.

In 1809 he again appeared before the world, and this time he took it by storm. In connection with his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, he had sketched the plan of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. He elaborated and finished it himself. To test its character and merits, we may refer to two results—antithetical, indeed, but equally significant. If it raised up troops of friends, it awakened the self-righteous indignation of all the Knickerbockers of New York, the family of Vans, from Van Brummel, the inventor of Suppaun, to the Van Kortlands and Van Winkles, who thus indicated its power, and its truth also, for it proved them the lineal descendants of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy and stout old Peter Stuyvesant, who hated the English and Swedes, and who believed nothing good but what was Dutch, and nothing Dutch but what was good. Sir Walter Scott laughed over it until his sides ached; and his laughter was contagious, for the whole party at Abbotsford was made merry by it as it was read aloud. Irving made a good-natured apology in print when

he found that he had hurt the feelings of the living representatives of the Dutch families, as was indicated, among other ways, by Mr. Verplanck's pained and sorrowful allusion to it in one of his historical discourses; the later generations of Knickerbockers, accepting the apology, now claim the work with pride as the first-fruits of New York genius.

From 1810 to 1817, Irving, having relinquished the law, was a merchant, partner with his two brothers in an establishment conducted in both New York and Liverpool. In this copartnership Washington Irving was, however, not a very active member. He was already the favorite of his brothers, on account of his great literary promise, and he was admitted to the mercantile house as a means of eventually securing to him a competency which would give him literary leisure. Success as a merchant, independence secured by invoices and commissions, might have paralyzed his pen; indeed, during the period just mentioned his right hand seemed in some degree to forget its cunning. He wrote a few sketches, principally naval biographies, in just four volumes of the *Analectic Magazine*, conducted in Philadelphia by Mr. Moses Thomas; of this he was for a few years the editor. The special interest connected with his contributions is due to their being published during the war of 1812, which made our navy and its worthy officers popular and famous. His own reviews and biographical sketches are without any distinguishing mark in that periodical, those of Verplanck and others being subscribed by certain letters. They are principally biographical sketches of Thomas Campbell, of Major Murray, of Robert Fulton, of Wertmüller, of Captain James Lawrence of the Chesa-

peake, of Lieutenant Burrows, of Commodore Perry, of Commodore Decatur before his death, and of George Frederick Cooke the actor. These are written in a popular style and are very interesting. For the convenience of Irving, who resided in New York, Mr. Thomas had the magazine printed there, instead of in Philadelphia. Irving, with characteristic modesty, refused to permit these magazine sketches to be collected in a volume.

Prosperity as a merchant might have led to no greater efforts of his genius, but that mysterious Providence which orders all things right withheld this success. In 1817 the mercantile house failed; Irving was thrown upon his own resources: his pen became his staff and support. Thus was lost to the metropolis one merchant-prince out of thousands of aldermanic tastes and proportions; one Irving, with no rival, was gained to American literature.

In 1819 he published the *Sketch-Book*. The pieces were written in London, but sent to America for publication. The pseudonym was "Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman." The book was received in both countries with unusual favor—in America because it was the work of an American in a time when there was no American literature; in England because it was in parts illustrative of English life and manners, and because it leaned genially and reverently to English customs and prejudices at a time when we were taught by even Christian example to love all our enemies except the English—a sort of qualification to the Sermon on the Mount yet existing in the creed of many. The *Sketch-Book* was essentially English; it was almost the first American book read in England; it

was praised—I had almost said *unduly*—by English reviews. No! it was worthy of all their praise; for does it not contain that noble notice of Roscoe, his fellow-merchant and author, his fellow-sufferer by the reverses of commerce? In it have we not the wonderful sleep of Rip Van Winkle and the fearful headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow? To an author avowedly seeking bread as well as fame it was particularly successful. For the copyright of his next work, *Bracebridge Hall*, he was offered one thousand guineas before Murray saw the manuscript.

I must pass over the *Tales of a Traveller*, published in 1824, and severely criticised by the *London Quarterly*, *Blackwood's* and the *Westminster Review*, to come to his greatest work, the *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. I have said his *greatest* work: I make no exception. It was an admirable choice of a subject. Columbus was the discoverer of America; it was scarcely a fond hyperbole which announced:

"A Castilla y Leon,
Nuevo mundo dió Colón."

He was, besides, a man whose history was full of romance, whose life was more stirring than that of fabled heroes in epic poem or prose fiction. Irving was conceded to be the originator and father of the literature which was to flourish upon the soil discovered by Columbus, and was therefore the fitting chronicler of such a life.

In 1825 there had been published in Madrid—a spasmodic flash of the dying flame of Spanish letters—a compilation of voyages and discoveries called *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos*, etc. At the suggestion of the American minister to Spain, Mr. Alexan-

der H. Everett, the equally gifted brother of Edward Everett, and Mr. O. Rich, American consul at Madrid, Mr. Irving, then in the first vigor of a new and increasing reputation, examined these with the intention of translating some of them; but afterward, becoming much interested in them and other records which were freely thrown open to him, he determined to accost his great subject in an original work.

The *Columbus* commenced thus under most favorable auspices was rapidly but carefully written; it appeared in 1828. Imbued with the spirit of the old chroniclers, gifted with an imagination equal to all the demands of his almost pictorial undertaking, he exhibits a regulated and calm historic judgment which resists the temptation and checks the tendency to romance. It is a beautiful modern restoration of old chronicle. He did not design it to be a philosophic history. He guards himself by calling it, not a *history*, but a *life*. With the magic power of an artist, he has more than compensated for the lack of philosophy by the apparent reality of his representations and the exquisite coloring of his descriptions; he brings the distant near, or rather he carries us, like some Arabian enchanter, into that far distance; he plants us upon the deck of the caravel; we stand beside that lonely admiral, that visionary viceroy of undiscovered realms, in his darkest moments; we share in

"the emotions dread that filled
His frame on that October night,
When, watching by the lonely mast,
He saw on shore the moving light,
And felt, though darkness veiled his sight,
The long-sought world was his at last."

The *Life of Columbus* was supplemented by the voyages and discoveries of his suc-

cessors. He then wrote the *Lives of Mohammed and his Successors, down to the Conquest of Spain by the Arab Moors*. On the hither confines of the Hispano-Moorish history stood Prescott in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and again in his masterly summary preceding the story of the Moriscoes in his *Philip II*.

In this same general field had wandered Irving in his *Alhambra* and his *Conquest of Granada*. These were but the well-told stories of a wanderer who sojourned there for a brief space in a desolate chamber of the Alhambra, which is still pointed out. His midnight roving through the haunted courts and spirit-peopled streets of that suburban fortress, within the precincts of the great city, his long interrogative gaze at the arabesques and fairy columns of the Moorish palace, were only answered by a voice as from the dying past: "Come and interpret our meaning; we are but the symbols of a hidden wisdom which the world should know." Through Mr. Irving's chronicles that voice has been heard, and to some extent heeded.

Irving's *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* is an easy, pleasant, unlabored effort. Many have supposed that Irving and Goldsmith were alike in many respects. Irving fosters the error by quoting some Italian verses apostrophizing Goldsmith as his master and exemplar. I pronounce the resemblance of the men incorrect. They are of the same literary school only; that is the likeness. Hazlitt, a severe but never an ignorant critic, calls the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* good American copies of British essayists and novelists. "Not only Mr. Irving's language," he says, "is with great taste and felicity modelled on that of Addison, Goldsmith, Sterne or Mc-

Kensie, but the thoughts and sentiments are taken at the rebound, and, as they are brought forward at the present period, want both freshness and probability." This is unjust, but it furnishes us with a clue to the determination of Irving's literary resemblance to Goldsmith. He is truly of that school, *par inter primos*. Mr. Bryant, in an affectionate spirit of generous eulogy, can scarcely find words to express his pleasure in perusing and reperusing the biography of Goldsmith. Charming as it really is, it is a work of supererogation. Goldsmith's beautiful poems are his best, and should be his only, eulogy; for Goldsmith's life and character, apart from these, entirely destroy the ideal which his genius has raised in our minds. Time cannot impair the clustering beauties of the "Deserted Village," but Oliver Goldsmith is scarcely worth a biography. The chaplet of Irving, the glowing tribute of Macaulay, cannot make his tomb a pilgrim-shrine.

Mr. Irving, after seventeen years of varied and delightful experience and merited honors abroad, returned at length to the banks of the Hudson in February, 1832, and there settled himself for an enviable life—a life of domestic retirement and social comfort, but of unremitting literary labor. He bought a little farm, the modesty of which claimed the admiration of Mr. Thackeray in that beautiful eulogy, *Nil nisi bonum*. He made his own home—its gables, its walks and its lawns, and its immortal memories. Its literary appellation was "Wolfert's Roost;" its popular and characteristic name was "Sunnyside." His retirement was interrupted by his appointment as minister to Spain, which post he held from 1842 to 1846. This was not his first diplomatic

experience: he had been secretary of legation at London in 1829. In 1846 he returned to Sunnyside. There—loved and revered by his relations, the younger being to him like children; distinguished by his friends as the one most worthy of attention and respect; cherished by his country, honored by the civilized world; in a region of which he was the idol—for he had rendered it illustrious,—he journeyed calmly to the end of his years with one wish unfulfilled. At length there came a period when he might attempt the desired task. Measuring his remaining span of days and testing the remnant of his strength, finding his intellect uninjured and his fine fancy undimmed, the biographer of Columbus determined to write the *Life of Washington*. It was a noble and manly determination. How well that task has been accomplished every one knows, for every one has read the work. The fame of the writer gave a prestige to the book before it was read. The charm of the narrative causes the reader to forget the writer in the perusal.

It is on record that when Washington Irving was an infant his nurse, seeing George Washington, then President for the second term, pass by, ran with the child to the august patriot, saying, "This bairn was named for you, sir," and asked his blessing on the boy. It was kindly bestowed. If this blessing rested in any sense as a holy obligation to be gratefully acknowledged in after-life, Irving has acknowledged and repaid it. All things considered, his *Life* is the fittest and noblest monument yet erected to the memory of Washington. Chastened by age and drawing nearer to the seat of eternal truth and justice, his charity is manifest in every page. We are struck with the evident anx-

iety to do justice throughout this work. Justice to the English is not an American failing. Mr. Irving had been accused of English partiality on several occasions. He had once altered a line of Bryant's poem when it was to be republished in England; he had published his own works with an affectionate preface in America and had left it out in the English edition; and, although the explanation in both cases was perfectly satisfactory, there were some grumblers left. In Irving's *Washington* the English are treated by a generous enemy. Even Tarleton, who, like Claverhouse, had been always represented as a devil incarnate, appears here as a stern, cold and most energetic partisan officer, who would have done his work well anywhere, but was particularly relentless in pursuing those whom he regarded as traitors and rebels. I have seen the spots and heard the stories of his furious raids, but I think his cruelty is usually overdrawn.

To complete and not to derange the symmetry of this beautiful and illustrious life, death came at last. His great work finished; his greatness—which had been achieved in an age of greatness, the age of Scott, of Rogers, of Byron, of Moore, of Hallam—thus consummated and sealed; the cosmos of his literary creation adjusted and equipoised; his old age green and happy,—he waited the signal of its approach. Nor did temporal things, as fortunate and pleasant as they were to him, veil the glories and the priceless value of an eternal inheritance. He looked for an unfading crown when that of earthly laurel and myrtle should hang fading upon his tomb. He had not long to wait; there was no lingering of disease: Euthanasia, the dark angel with silver light upon his wings, gave

but one gentle touch like the hand of sleep and he had departed to a better country, "even a heavenly." The artist had gone to render a happy account to the great Master.

An artist in the noblest sense of that word, he claims the poet's eulogy:

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:

Dead he is not, but *departed*, for the artist never dies."

This departure took place on the 28th of November, 1859.

We are struck with the fact that much of Irving's reputation is a home reputation; his honor, unprophet-like, began in his own country and was based upon the simplest legends and stories. Perhaps this was one secret of his success. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is an old tradition of the early farmers; his "Rip Van Winkle" is from the German of Grimm, and Grimm found it among the peasants of Germany.

"The rude peasant sits

At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, footsore with travel:

* * * * *

He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown
It gleams a diamond. Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems."

LONGFELLOW'S *Spanish Student*.

Such is the magic of Irving in the *Sketch-Book*, the *Crayon Miscellany*, the *Tales of a Traveller*, and many of his minor works.

The life of Irving is remarkable for its unity and completeness; he was an author, and nothing else. He did not divide the ad-

miration of his countrymen by a variety of professions: he was a literary man to whom we might point as of that profession and no other.

Connected with this unity of life is the remarkable symmetry of Irving's literary career. It had most eminently the Aristotelian requisites of discourse—a beginning, a middle and an ending. Tracing with Columbus, in the early aspirations of his genius, the relaxing bounds of ocean, he may be called the Columbus of American letters, and he who in his dignity, his purity, his self-respect and his eminence may most properly be called the Washington of our literature crowns his glory by becoming the historian of Washington.

As time rolls on, the brightness of Irving's individual virtues, the incense of friendship, the adulation of contemporaries will be slowly disjoined from the *literature* of his works. They will be measured by the more rigorous standards of rhetoric and the canons of historical criticism, and his place will be more justly assigned him among the writers of his age. Without that indiscriminating eulogy which is unjust to others, simple justice will then rank him as the first of the purely literary authors of America, and among the most popular and successful of those who have written in English.

HENRY COPPÉE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN C. PRINCE.

JOHN C. PRINCE was born at Wigan, England, and was the son of a poor reedmaker. He has achieved considerable reputation as a poet. His life was passed in great poverty, wandering over France

in search of employment, which he could not find at home.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

IN the twenty-second year of his age died Henry Kirke White. He was the son of a butcher, and was born at Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785. The cause of his early death was over-studiousness. He was held in high esteem by his contemporaries. Lord Byron, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, thus laments him:

"Unhappy White! When life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh what a noble mind was here undone,
When Science self-destroyed her favorite son!"

He was of a most amiable temperament and affectionate disposition.

ANDREW GLASS.

ANDREW GLASS was born about the year 1824, in Gervan, Ayrshire, Scotland, near the birthplace of Burns. He was the son of a weaver, and followed the trade of his father for more than twenty years, receiving but little education. His poems have passed through several editions.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

LETITIA E. LANDON was born in London in the year 1802, and published, at eighteen years of age, her first poem, in the *Literary Gazette*. Her writings brought her both fame and money, which was unusual in her day. She was married at thirty-six years of age to George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle. She died suddenly, on the 16th of October, 1839, a little more than a year after her marriage



HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

HALL I like a hermit
dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest
part
That is missing of my
heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she
be?

Were her tresses angel-gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebukèd, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too,
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hair or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip,
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snowballs do,
Not, like fire, by burning too;
But when she by charge hath got
To her heart a second lot,

Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

THE RABBI'S VISION.

BEN LEVI sat with his books alone
At the midnight's solemn chime,
And the full-orbed moon through his lattice
shone

In the power of autumn's prime;
It shone on the darkly-learnèd page
And the snowy locks of the lonely sage,
But he sat and marked not its silvery light,
For his thoughts were on other themes that
night.

Wide was the learned Ben Levi's fame
As the wanderings of his race,
And many a seeker of wisdom came
To his lonely dwelling-place;
For he made the darkest symbols clear
Of ancient doctor and early seer,
Yet a question asked by a simple maid
He met that eve in the linden's shade
Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more
Than all that it ever found before;
And this it was: "What path of crime
Is darkliest traced on the map of Time?"

The rabbi pondered the question o'er
With a calm and thoughtful mind,
And searched the depths of the Talmud's
lore,
But an answer he could not find;
Yet a maiden's question might not foil
A sage inured to wisdom's toil,

And he leant on his hand his aged brow,
For the current of thought ran deeper now ;

When, lo ! by his side Ben Levi heard
A sound of rustling leaves,
But not like those of the forest stirred
By the breath of summer eves,
That comes through the dim and dewy
shades

As the golden glow of the sunset fades,
Bringing the odors of hidden flowers
That bloom in the greenwood's secret bowers,

But the leaves of a luckless volume turned
By the swift impatient hand
Of student young or of critic learned
In the lore of the Muse's land.

The rabbi raised his wondering eyes :
Well might he gaze in mute surprise,
For, opened wide to the moon's cold ray,
A ponderous volume before him lay.

Old were the characters, and black
As the soil when seared by the lightning's
track,

But broad and full, that the dimmest sight
Might clearly read by the moon's pale light.
But oh, 'twas a dark and fearful theme

That filled each crowded page—
The gathered records of human crime
From every race and age ;

All the blood that the earth had seen
Since Abel's crimsoned her early green ;
All the vice that had poisoned life
Since Lamech wedded his second wife ;
All the pride that had mocked the skies
Since they built old Babel's wall ;
But the page of the broken promises
Was the saddest page of all.

It seemed a fearful mirror made
For friendship ruined and love betrayed,
For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,
And hope that had spent its strength in
vain ;

For all who sorrowed o'er broken faith,
Whate'er their fortunes in life or death,
Were there in one ghastly pageant blent
With the broken reeds on which they
leant.

And foul was many a noble crest
By the nations deemed unstained,
And deep on brows which the Church had
blessed

The traitor's brand remained ;
For vows in that blackened page had place
Which time had ne'er revealed,

And many a faded and furrowed face
By death and dust concealed,
Eyes that had worn their light away
In weary watching from day to day,
And tuneful voices which time had heard
Grow faint with the sickness of hope de-
ferred.

The rabbi read till his eyes grew dim
With the mist of gathering tears,
For it woke in his soul the frozen stream
Which had slumbered there for years ;
And he turned, to clear his clouded sight,
From that blackened page to the sky so
bright,

And joyed that the folly, crime and care
Of earth could not cast one shadow there.

For the stars had still the same bright look
That in Eden's youth they wore ;
And he turned again to the ponderous book,
But the book he found no more :

Nothing was there but the moon's pale
beam ;

And whence that volume of wonder came,
Or how it passed from his troubled view,
The sage might marvel, but never knew.

Long and well had Ben Levi preached
Against the sins of men,
And many a sinner his sermons reached
By the power of page and pen :
Childhood's folly and manhood's vice,
And age with its boundless avarice—
All were rebuked, and little ruth
Had he for the venial sins of youth ;

But never again to mortal ears
Did the rabbi preach of aught
But the mystery of trust and tears
By that wondrous volume taught.
And if he met a youth and maid
Beneath the linden boughs,
Oh, never a word Ben Levi said
But " Beware of broken vows ! "

FRANCES BROWN.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel !
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door ?
Rax me my cloak : I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',

E 6

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
My bishops' satin gown,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hosen o' pearl blue :
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes
Their hose as white as snaw :
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk :
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

JEAN ADAMS.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

'TWAS by the chimney-corner we were
sitting;
"Mary," said I, "have you been always
true?"—
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her
knitting,
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you.
But for the three years past I'll tell you what
I've done; then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncon-
trollable;

Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsol-
able,

Till Captain Clifford came from Alder-
shott.

To flirt with him amused me while 'twas
new;

I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie
Phipps:

I met him at my uncle's Christmas-tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet
lips,

He gave me his first kiss;" and here she
sighed.

"We stayed six weeks at uncle's. How
time flew!

I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmore—only twenty-one—
Lent me his horse. Oh how we rode and
raced!

We scoured the downs; we rode to hounds—
such fun!—

And often was his arm around my waist:
That was to lift me up or down. But who
Would count that unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how
he sings!

We met: 'twas at a picnic. Ah, such
weather!

He gave me—look!—the first of these two
rings

When we were lost in Cliefden woods to-
gether.

Ah, what happy times we spent, we two!

I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I've got another ring from him. D'you
see

The plain gold circle that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary, can it be
That you—" Quoth she, "That I am
Mrs. Vere?
I don't count that unfaithfulness? Do
you?"—

"No," I replied, "for I am married too."

ANON.

BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

A STRANGER preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon
On a theme I scarce can name;
'Twas all about some heathen,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness
Called Borrioboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured
That when the box was passed
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To Borrioboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
When something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And, looking down in wonder,
I saw a little child—

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn.
"What do you want?" I asked her,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mamma she's a-dying,
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a dark, damp cellar
With mould o'er all the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunlight never falls,
Where cold and want and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found that poor child's mother
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of mouldy straw,
A hearth all dark and fireless;
But these I scarcely saw,
For the mournful sight before me,
So sad and sickening— Oh,
I had never, never pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babe that pined for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around that dying-bed,—
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar:
Was I suddenly transported
To Borrioboola Gha.

Ah, no! The poor and wretched
Were close beside my door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.

Alas for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only to the heathen;
This was his command to them:
"Go, preach the word, beginning
Here, at Jerusalem."

O Christian, God has promised
Whoe'er to such has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure this blessing?
You need not seek it far:
Go find in yonder hovel
A Borriboola Gha.

ORRIN GOODRICH.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold
feet,

All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go.
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
head;

Oh, why does the wind blow upon me so
wild?

Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things
bright;

Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh, what shall I do when the night comes
down

In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,

And mammas have tucked them up snugly
in bed?

No dear mother ever upon me smiled:
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world, loves me; e'en the little dogs
run

When I wander too near them; 'tis won-
drous to see

How everything shrinks from a beggar like
me.

Perhaps 'tis a dream, but sometimes when I
lie

Gazing far up in the dark-blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird—

The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame,

And tells me of such unbounded love,
 And bids me come up to their home above,
 And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
 They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
 And it seems to me out of the dreary night
 I'm going up to the world of light,
 And away from the hunger and storms so
 wild:

I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

PHILA H. CASE.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and
 gray,

And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
 The streets were white with a recent snow,
 And the woman's feet with age were slow.
 At the crowded crossing she waited long,
 Jostled aside by the careless throng
 Of human beings, who passed her by
 Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
 Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
 Came happy boys like a flock of sheep,
 Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
 Past the woman so old and gray
 Hastened the children on their way.
 None offered a helping hand to her,
 So weak and timid, afraid to stir
 Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
 Should trample her down in the slippery
 street.

At last came out of the merry troop
 The gayest boy of all the group;
 He paused beside her, and whispered low,
 "I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
 She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
 He guided the trembling feet along,
 Proud that his own were young and strong.
 Then back again to his friends he went,
 His young heart happy and well content:
 "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
 For all she's aged and poor and slow,
 And some one, some time, may lend a hand
 To help my mother—you understand?—
 If ever she's poor and old and gray,
 And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head
 In her home that night, and the prayer she
 said

Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,
 Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."
 Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
 But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
 Angels caught the faltering word,
 And "somebody's mother's" prayer was
 heard. ANON.

THE FELON.

OH, mark his wan and hollow cheeks,
 And mark his eyeball glare,
 And mark his teeth in anguish clenched—
 The anguish of despair.

Know, three days since, his penance o'er,
 Yon culprit left a jail,
 And since three days no food has passed
 His lips so parched and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims;
 "Where hide my shameful head?
 How fly from scorn, or how contrive
 To earn my honest bread?"

"This branded hand would gladly toil;
But where for work I pray,
Who views this mark, 'A felon!' cries,
And, loathing, turns away.

"My heart has greatly erred, but now
Would fain return to good;
My hand has deeply sinned, but yet
Has ne'er been stained with blood.

"For alms or work in vain I sue:
The scorers both deny.
I starve! I starve! Then what remains?
This choice: to sin or die!

"Here Virtue spurns me with disdain,
There Pleasure spreads her snare;
Strong habit drives me back to vice,
And, urged by fierce despair,

"I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
To fly from shame in vain.
World, 'tis thy cruel will! I yield,
And plunge in guilt again.

"There's mercy in each ray of light
That mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy in each breath of air
That mortal lips e'er draw;

"There's mercy both for bird and beast
In Heaven's indulgent plan;
There's mercy in each creeping thing;
But man has none for man.

"Ye proudly honest, when you heard
My wounded conscience groan,
Had generous hand or feeling heart
One glimpse of mercy shown,

"That act had made from burning eyes
Sweet tears of virtue roll—
Had fixed my heart, assured my faith;
And heaven had gained a soul."

M. G. LEWIS.

THE COLISEUM.

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich
reliquary

Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length, after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst—
Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee
lie—

I kneel, an altered and a humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom and glory.

Vastness and age and memories of eld,
Silence and desolation and dim night,
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength!
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldees
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls;
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat;
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded
hair

Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and
thistle;

Here, where on golden throne the monarch
loll'd,

Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

But stay! These walls, these ivy-clad
arcades,
These mouldering plinths, these sad and
blackened shafts,
These vague entablatures, this crumbling
frieze,
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones,—are
they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

“Not all,” the echoes answer me—“not all!
Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise for ever
From us, and from all ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
Not all the magic of our high renown,
Not all the wonder that encircles us,
Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

DEATH OF GAUDENTIS.

The following inscription was found in the Catacombs by
Mr. Perret upon the tomb of the architect of the Coliseum:
“Thus thou keepest thy promises, O Vespasian! the re-
warding with death him the crown of thy glory in Rome.
Do rejoice, O Gaudentis! The cruel tyrant promised much,
but Christ gave thee all, who prepared thee such a man-
sion.”—PROFESSOR J. DE LAUNAY’S LECTURES ON THE
CATACOMBS.

BEFORE Vespasian’s regal throne
Skilful Gaudentis stood;
“Build me,” the haughty monarch cried,
“A theatre for blood.

I know thou’rt skilled in mason’s work;
Thine is the power to frame
Rome’s Coliseum vast and wide,
An honor to thy name.

“Over seven acres spread thy work,
And, by the gods of Rome,
Thou shalt hereafter by my side
Have thy resplendent home.
A citizen of Roman rights,
Silver and golden store—
These shall be thine let Christian blood
But stain the marble floor.”

So rose the amphitheatre,
Tower and arch and tier.
There dawned a day when martyrs stood
Within that ring of fear;
But, strong their quenchless trust in God,
And strong their human love,
Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed
On temples far above.

And thousands gazed, in brutal joy,
To watch the Christians die,
But one beside Vespasian leaned
With a strange light in his eye.
What thoughts welled up within his breast
As on that group he gazed?
What gleams of holy light from heaven
Upon his dark soul blazed?

Had he by password gained access
To the dark catacomb,
And learned the hope of Christ’s beloved
Beyond the rack, the tomb?
The proud Vespasian o’er him bends:
“My priceless architect,
To-day I will announce to all
Thy privilege elect—

"A free-made citizen of Rome."
 Calmly Gaudentis rose,
 And, folding o'er his breast his arms;
 Turned to the Saviour's foes;
 And in a strength not all his own,
 With life and death in view,
 The fearless architect exclaimed,
 "I am a Christian too."

Only a few brief moments passed,
 And brave Gaudentis lay
 Within the amphitheatre,
 A lifeless mass of clay.
 Vespasian promised him the rights
 Of proud imperial Rome,
 But Christ with martyrs crowned him king
 Beneath heaven's cloudless dome.

ANNE HARRIET.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY Knife-Grinder, whither are you
 going?

Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order;
 Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a
 hole in't;
 So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder, little think the proud
 ones

Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road what hard work 'tis crying all day,
 "Knives and

Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to
 grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
 Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his game, or
 Covetous parson for his tithes distraining,
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read *The Rights of Man*, by
 Tom Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story"! God bless you, I have none to
 tell, sir;

Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see,
 were

Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody; they took me before the justice;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink Your Honor's
 health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
 But, for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence? I will see thee hanged
 first!

Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse
 to vengeance!

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!

GEORGE CANNING.

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.



WHEN the tyranny of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops. Long, deadly and desperate was his resistance, but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning, farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favor-

ite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright and tearless, but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away—and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed; and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden; and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailer as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father as he held her to his breast and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death. But thou art come, my love—thou art come; and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, forbear, forbear!" she exclaimed. "Not thy last blessing!—not thy last! My father shall not die."

"Be calm; be calm, my child," returned he. "Would to heaven that I could comfort thee, my own, my own! But there is no hope: within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—"

"Fatherless" he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand—"three days! Then there is hope! my father *shall* live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he; "be not deceived: there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed; already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not—*shall* not—die!" she repeated, emphatically, and clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed, and, turning to her father, said calmly, "We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he, eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father—ask not now; but pray for me and bless me, but not with thy last blessing." He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck.

In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and, proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of a

hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "Main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James VI. had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of whins, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes

over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab- and bramble-bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head and the traveller stood before him holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag, which contained the mail for the North, and, flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed and were scattered in every direction around the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed; and before another order for his execution could be given the intercession of his father, the earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and

spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful, and a second time the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father *shall* not die!"

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and, the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said,

"Give me thine arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, stern-

ly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee,"

The man therefore arose and proceeded toward Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days and the life of the prisoner would again be prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept, and said,

"It is good! The hand of Heaven is in this."

"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not yet past when the prison doors flew open and the old earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy, and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser

jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale: they were his death-warrants.

"My deliverer!" exclaimed he. "How shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life?—My father, my children, thank him for me."

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced his knees, and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and, raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father. "My own child! my saviour! my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more: the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great-great-grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

LIBERTY.

Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw

The proud surges that sweep o'er the sands
that confined them,

But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Or think with the chains they have broken
to bind them.

ANON

THE BASTILLE.

STORM AND VICTORY. PARIS, JULY 14, 1789.



UNTIL the living and the struggling, a new fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted city is the nodus of a drama, not untragical, crowding toward solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights. Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville boxes. A hundred and fifty thousand of us: and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike. Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen—for no secret can be kept—that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides*. Thither will we: King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend,

shall go with us. Besenval's camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us we shall but die.

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humor to fire. At five o'clock this morning as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the *Ecole Militaire*, a "figure" stood suddenly at his bedside: with face rather handsome; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious; such a figure drew Priam's curtains. The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure, and vanished. "Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one." Besenval admits that he should have arrested him but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi, inflamed with "violent motions all night at the Palais Royal"? Fame names him, "Young M. Meiller;" then shuts her lips about him for ever.

In any case, behold about nine in the morning our National Volunteers rolling in long wide flood south-westward to the *Hôtel des Invalides*; in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Etienne du Mont marches unpacific at the head of his militant parish; the clerks of

the Basoche in red coats we see marching now volunteers of the Basoche; the volunteers of the Palais Royal—National Volunteers, numberable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills not. The walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in tumultuous, from grundsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there, lying packed in straw—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangor and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant orchestra-music, the scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the river. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter one's self, "at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians."—And now to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! Their grapeshot still threatens; thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel de Ville "invites" him to admit national soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Toward noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But outward, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision, spectral yet real, thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other phantasmagories and loud-gibbering spectral realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt. "*Que voulez-vous ?*"

said De Launay, turning pale at the sight with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, "what mean *you*? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height," say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fumescent: then descends, departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides, on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigue des boissons*). They think they will not fire if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve, hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputations of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrate that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and over-

head from the fortress, let one great gun with its grape-shot go booming to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged.

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body or spirit, for it is the hour. Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers, with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back toward us: the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Fore-courts, *Cour Avance*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where

Louis Tournay now fights); then new draw-bridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres: throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel de Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is “pale to the very lips,” for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled all ways by panic madness. At every street-barricade there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam’s cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like); Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam’s cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also

will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upward from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry—without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through port-holes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides’ mess-rooms. A distracted “Perruquemaker with two fiery torches” is for burning “the saltpetres of the Arsenal”—had not a woman run screaming; had not a patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these outer courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay’s daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay’s sight; she lies swooned on a pail-*lasse*: but again a patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cart-loads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the “gigantic haberdasher” another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the crack of doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold falls. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel de Ville;

Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched gateway: and stand rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such crack of doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides' cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps:" O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweet-heart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing toward Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept,

reconnoitring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight, then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au peuple!* Great truly, O thou remarkable Dog-leech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years—! But let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder-magazine; motionless, like old Roman senator, or bronze lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was. Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in no wise, be surrendered, save to the King's messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such, statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen, and all the tagrag and bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so

tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows, which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and Thee! Jail, Jailoring and Jailer, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire. The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shiftier man! On his plank swinging over the abyss of that stone-ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots, he hovers perilous: such a Dove

toward such an Ark! Deftly, thou shiftier Usher: one man already fell; and lies, smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shiftier Usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—"P*oi d'officier*, On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it—"they are!" Sinks the drawbridge—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

THOMAS CARLYLE

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

OH no, no! Let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmeted
head;
Nor let the reeking knife
That I have drawn against a brother's life
Be in my hand when Death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying-bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and
red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his widespread
wings
To sparkle in my sight,
Oh, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that Beauty's eye
 Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
 And brazen helmets dance,
 And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;
 I know that bards have sung,
 And people shouted till the welkin rung,
 In honor of the brave
 Who on the battle-field have found a grave;
 I know that o'er their bones
 Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
 Some of these piles I've seen—
 The one at Lexington upon the green
 Where the first blood was shed
 That to my country's independence led;
 And others on our shore:
 The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
 And that on Bunker's Hill.
 Ay, and abroad a few more famous still—
 Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,
 That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
 And which the waters kiss
 That issue from the Gulf of Salamis;
 And thine, too, have I seen,
 Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
 That, like a natural knoll,
 Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
 Watched by some turbaned boy,
 Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
 I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
 And hears, as life ebbs out,
 The conquered flying and the conqueror's shout.
 But as his eyes grow dim,
 What is a column or a mound to him?
 What, to the parting soul,
 The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
 Of drums? No; let me die
 Where the blue heavens bend o'er me
 lovingly,

And the soft summer air,
 As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
 And from my forehead dries
 The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
 Seem waiting to receive
 My soul to their clear depth! Or let me leave
 The world when round my bed
 Wife, children, weeping friends, are gathered,
 And the calm voice of prayer
 And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
 To go and be at rest
 With kindred spirits—spirits who have
 blessed
 The human brotherhood
 By labors, cares and counsels for their good.

And in my dying-hour,
 When riches, fame and honor have no power
 To bear the spirit up,
 Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
 That all must drink at last,
 Oh, let me draw refreshment from the past!
 Then let my soul run back
 With peace and joy along my earthly track,
 And see that all the seeds
 That I have scattered there in virtuous deeds
 Have sprung up, and have given,
 Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven.
 And, though no grassy mound
 Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
 Where my remains repose,
 Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that
 those
 Whom I have striven to bless,
 The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
 May stand around my grave,
 With the poor prisoner and the poorer slave,
 And breathe a humble prayer
 That they may die like him whose bones are
 mouldering there. JOHN PIERPONT.

GENORA.

A GERMAN LEGEND.



SOME centuries since there
 dwelt beside the Rhine,
 In Cologne city, by the min-
 ster there,
 A fair and noble lady, o'er
 whose brow
 Three years of wedded life
 and love had passed,
 And left her childless; yet
 for this her lord,
 The brave Count Albert,
 loved her not the less,
 But—tender husband as he was—essay'd
 To soften ills high Heaven alone may cure.

But, sooth to say,
 This fair and gentle creature long'd to bear
 A mother's honored name, and oft, with
 tears,
 Low bending pray'd before the holy shrine;
 Like Syrian Rachel, patriarch Jacob's wife,
 Cried, weeping, "Give me children, or I
 die!"
 Thus pass'd she many a day, e'en till de-
 sire,
 Though angel-pure, unsatisfied, had spread
 The marble's paleness on her lovely cheek
 And dimm'd the brightness of her radiant
 eye;
 For who shall tell, save woman, woman's
 heart,
 That, childless, longs for offspring more than
 earth,
 Parched by the summer, doth for cooling rain?

Let none condemn her. Though her prayers
 arose
 A while unanswered, Heaven's withholding
 hand
 Is blest, as the bestowing; nor denies
 Fulfilment to our wishes but for good.

One night, while slumber sealed her tearful
 eye
 And gave her bosom's sorrow to repose,
 She dreamt that, walking by the river's side
 ('Twas in the flowery season of the spring),
 A strain of richest music from the skies
 Burst sudden on her ear; and as she stood
 Deep-wondering at the sound, an angel-band
 With palms and wreaths of living green drew
 nigh.

Above them, on a cloud of purple light,
 In majesty serene, the Virgin sat,
 Sweet-smiling, and with words of gracious love
 Bade her approach, then placed within her
 hand

A strange, mysterious gift—a human skull
 From which grew roses three in choicest
 bloom.

"Take this," the virgin mother said, "and
 know

Thy prayers are answer'd. Woman loved,
 farewell!"

Then, upward rising, slowly disappeared.

She woke with fear, and to her husband told
 The awful vision. He with not less fear
 Heard the recital, and at earliest dawn.

With care opprest, hied to the hermitage
That, rock-built, overlooks the country round
For many a league, and to the holy man
There dwelling told the dream, and begged
his skill

It to interpret. The deep-thoughted sage
Heard him with wonder, and, as hermits wont,
With prayer beseeched the gracious ear of
Heaven

In their behalf; then, rising from his knee,
Like one with truth inspired, to Albert said :
" This dream relates to death and joys beyond
The darksome grave. Now, son, my counsel
take ;

Prepare thee for the worst, if worst that be
Which is high blessedness and joy supreme :
This, to thy wife vouchsafed by her who bore
Heaven's blessed One, is not foretold in
vain."

He heard with sorrow, for he loved her well ;
Then to his home returned, where, bathed in
tears,

He found his gentle spouse, and cheered her
heart

With other words than those the hermit told.

Some few weeks passed, when, on his wed-
ding-day—

Yearly by Albert kept, a goodly feast—
Whilst in his lordly halls a hundred guests
Assembled sat and quaffed enjoyment's bowl,
The fair Genora sudden drooped and died,
Was mourned and buried, and the city poured
Her thousands to behold the hearse of one
So loved and honored; for her dream had
gained

Attention universal, and her name

Was numbered with the blest. I need not
tell

How Albert sorrowed: gentle hearts will
frame

His wretched state and save the sad recital.

Now, in Cologne, from unremembered time,
It was a custom—and it may be vain,
But so it was—that every matron wore
Her wedding-ring down with her to the grave.
This well the sexton knew—a sordid wretch,
Whose cold and flinty bosom proof to fear,
Insensible to pity and the tears
With which afflicted love bedews the dead,
Knew and resolved to gain. There are who
deem

The dead as worthless, valueless and vile ;
But he was one who robbed them in the tomb.

As rung the minster chimes their midnight
peal,

Mournful and sweet, the onward march of
time,

Forth from his dwelling near the robber stole,
Close-wrapt and cautious, to his helpless prey.

Beneath his ample cloak a covered lamp

He held secure, with fitting implements

To work his black and traitorous design.

Reached now the portal of the holy place,

He stood attentive, lest some straggler near

Might spy his motion and the watch alarm.

So stands the wolf beside the fleecy fold

To scent if shepherds by their charge abide :

They absent, o'er the pales the monster
springs,

And bears his prize, some hapless lamb, away.

All silent slept the city ; not a sound

Broke on his ear, of revelry or grief ;

The watch was slumbering, or perchance re-
tired :

And so, assured of secrecy, he turned

The key, and, entering, left the door unlocked.

Down the long, dark and narrow aisles he
trode,

Still hung with sables for the honored dead ;
By pictures rich, from which devoutest saints
Frowned sternly on his sacrilege abhorred ;
By sculptured marbles, from whose lifelike
forms

Looks more than human seemed to cry,
" Forbear !"

Unmoved, unterrified, he passed, and sought
The stairs descending to the vaults beneath,
Within whose darkness drear and desolate
The sad remains of many an age reposed
On massy shelves of cold, damp, dripping
stone :

Age, youth and beauty in their coffins lay,
Some fresh as yesterday, whilst others, fall'n
Beneath Corruption's hand, to sight disclosed
Their bare and bleached bones. Rich burgh-
ers here

Lay rotting in their pride municipal ;
Whilst high above, as though in mockery,
Black tattered banners and escutcheons told
Of doughty chiefs who fought in Palestine—
Their warring 'gainst the Saracen, what time
Enthusiast Peter roused the Christian world
From apathy supine to frantic rage,
And led her myriads to the Asian shore,
Ignobly there to suffer and to die.

Heedless of all, unfearing, undismayed—
For gloomy death is guilt's security—
He onward passed with firm, determined step
To where, within the furthest recess,
Beneath an empty niche, Genora lay.
Upon an antique tomb, so old, they say,
As is the minster, they had placed the dead :
It was the founder's ; and upon the stone
The sculptor's hand had traced this simple line :
"*I sleep to be awakened ;*" and no more.

Here stopped the guilty wretch, and straight
prepared

To gain the object of his black design.
High in the niche he set the blazing lamp,
Threw by his cloak, and from the coffin
plucked

The wreath of roses which her husband fond
Had placed there in memorial of his love ;
Unscrewed the lid, and from her finger drew
The pledge and promise of unbroken vows—
Unbroke of all save by destroying Death.
And now his hasty hand had wellnigh closed
The rich-wrought chest for ever, when his eye
Caught the bright glitter of a golden chain
That from her pale and lovely neck fell down
Upon her bosom, ending with a cross,
The symbol of her faith ; for when she died,
Her weeping husband gave her to the grave
With all her jewels. " Ha !" the robber
cried

As he beheld the unexpected prize ;
" Shall this inherit darkness ?" and anew
Prepared him for more spoil, and straight re-
moved

The garnished lid that to full view disclosed
The still, cold, breathless, pale and helpless
dead.

Oh, sight to melt a fiend, and from his heart
Force out compassion, ineffectual here !

All other vices have their estimate
Still measured by repletion, more or less :
Lust palls in his possession ; Hatred's foot
Stamps not for ever on her prostrate foe ;
And e'en Revenge, red-eyed, malignant, stays
His butchery when Horror cries, " No more !"
But Avarice is like the hungry grave,
Insatiable, remorseless ; and the wretch
Who there stands craving is her vilest slave.
What is to him the helplessness of death,
And what to him that coffined angel there ?

He sees not, hears not, though the sweetest
 flower
 That ever bloomed in life's fair garden lies
 Outstretched and perished : beautiful she
 looked
 As chiselled marble ere the breath of Time
 Hath blown upon its loveliness and dimmed
 The virgin freshness of its faultless form.
 Her long brown hair in twining ringlets fell
 Down round her shoulders, and to fancy
 seemed
 Like corn bespread with dewdrops ere the
 sun
 Hath called the glittering sparkles to the
 skies.
 For here and there about her silky locks
 Were wreathed pearls shining—yea, the very
 same
 That graced her 'spousals when the hoary
 head
 Of age attendant whispered, " Never yet
 Have I till now beheld so fair a bride !"
 And straightway blessed her—yea, and she
 was blessed.

But to our story. In his eager haste
 To seize the gold the villain overthrew
 The coffin-lid, that on the hollow floor
 Sounded like thunder when the angry gods
 Take cognizance of sin, and through the
 vaults
 Beneath and round him echoing long and loud
 Wakened the dead (so seeming), and her eye
 Fell on the wretch that close beside her stood,
 Unconscious of his object and her fate.

But he, the robber of the grave, writhed,
 shrunk
 And reeled, by terror smitten, to the door,
 And, rushing headlong up the darkened stairs,

Struck his bare brow against a jutting stone,
 Pillar or buttress of the edifice.
 Thence, stunned and staggering, down the
 marble steps
 Rolled on the floor a bleeding, lifeless corpse.
 Some say Heaven smote him with her venge-
 ful fires,
 A monument of sacrilege abhorred ;
 For they who found him on the morrow told
 His face was blackened as by lightning scathed
 As his clenched hand still held the wedding-
 ring.

And now, as from a dream, the buried woke,
 Arose, threw off her grave-clothes, seized the
 lamp
 That still burnt brightly in the niche above,
 And left the vault to darkness and to death.

Meanwhile, within his hall her sorrowing
 lord
 Sat waiting for the morrow's rising sun,
 To leave Cologne for ever : grief his heart
 Had wasted utterly, and on his brow
 Stamped the dark image of the fiend Despair ;
 And whilst his faithful servants mourned
 their loss,
 And strove in vain to comfort their dear lord,
 He, all-absorbed in sorrow, restless rose
 And paced the sounding floor ; and now he
 drew

Toward the lattice, whose sight overlooked
 The not far distant pile within whose walls
 His life and love in Death's embraces lay.

Lured by the night—for sorrow ever loves
 Her shades congenial—he his mansion left,
 And, unattended, wandered on to where
 The cemetery of the minster spread
 Its full green bosom to the shining moon ;

And, entering on its path, he stood beside
 A monument on which creative Art
 Had placed a lesson for the sons of Grief,
 For there, erect, sweet-smiling Virtue stood
 And pointed drooping Sorrow to the skies ;
 Whilst Hope, her fair attending minister,
 Beguiled his pains and chid away his fears.

There, as the mourner stood with tearful eye
 Fixed on the portal of that holy place,
 He saw—or thought he saw, for grief is
 nurse

To strange imaginations, true and false—
 A figure like an angel from the door
 Step out in the broad moonlight, gaze around
 Then rush close past him down the avenue ;
 All noiselessly her hasty footsteps fell
 As snow upon the waters, and as swift
 As flashing light she vanished from his view.
 Deep-wondering and amazed, a while he stood
 To see who next might follow, for he deemed
 That form divine had fitting company,
 Guardian or guide angelic ; but no more
 Spirit or angel from the portal came.

Amazed, yet undismayed—for sorrow knows
 No fear when all she loves is lost—he stood
 A while deep musing ; then toward his home
 He turned, and slowly left the sacred place ;
 And now, whilst yet afar, his eye descried
 His late dark mansion lit with many a light,
 As though for Joy's espousals, and his ear
 Caught the strange sounds of frantic merri-
 ment,
 Wild laughter's gathering voice, and sobs and
 shrieks,
 And sounds of footsteps hurrying to and fro ;
 Doubting which, he stands and questions
 much
 If all be not a dream, until, renewed,

Out bursts afresh the frantic echoing cries,
 Quick-uttered and repeated. On he flew,
 By anger firm and indignation fired,
 Toward the door, whose entrance, wide agape,
 Told sight as well as hearing the abuse
 Of misplaced confidence and trust betrayed.
 Not long Debate asks punishment when Wrong
 Is able to redress : so in he ran,
 Drew his bright sword and rushed amid the
 throng.

Not he who saw (Ezekiel, prophet holy) in the
 walls

Of God's own temple black idolatry,
 When Israel's elders to the towers obscure
 Of Moab burnt their incense, wilder stood
 Or suffered more amazement. There, as
 round

Her frantic maidens stood or knelt or lay—
 For joy wears aspects strange and various—
 Sat his own dear Genora, clad as when
 She died within his arms, or seemed to die.
 Down from his outstretched arms his gleam-
 ing sword

Fell to the ground, and, hurrying, staggering
 on,
 O'ercome by glad astonishment, he sunk,
 Full mute and senseless, at the lost one's feet.

Pass we his quick recovery, to tell
 Their joyous greeting, like as when above
 Death-sundered spirits meet, whilst welcome
 fills

The starry courts of heaven. The coming
 day

Beheld them kneeling at the altar's base,
 Afresh united ; and the mystic gift,
 Symbolical of life from death, was shown
 In three fair babes, the roses of her dream.

Translation of WILLIAM TAIT.

A BRAVE CAGOT.

A FRENCH HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.



THE existence of an outcast race of men, under the name of Cagots, during several ages in France, has not failed to attract the attention of the curious. To this day, however, obscurity and doubt rest upon their history. It is an error to confound them, as has often been done, with the cretins: they had neither the goitre nor the idiocy which distinguished those unfortunates. The only marks by which they were distinguishable from the population of the south were dead bluish eyes, considerable discoloration of the skin and hair of a pale red tinge. Misery and forced isolation, producing their natural effects in the shape indicating physical debility, rendered these peculiar characteristics more striking.

The proscription of the Cagots, resulting neither from faults of conformation, habitual ill health nor impiety—for the Cagots were always esteemed good Catholics—was not merely a popular prejudice: it was sanctioned by the laws of the land. Banished to the foot of the Pyrenees, in the same humid valleys where to this day dwell the hideous family of the cretins, pent up in miserable hovels called cagotteries, the Cagots were legally set apart from the rest of mankind. Only at night were they permitted to leave their homes, and for their sole subsistence

they had to depend on the produce of the common attached to the cagotterie. Trade of every kind was interdicted to them. They were neither allowed to devote themselves to any lucrative avocation nor to mingle their blood with that of a society which spurned them from its bosom as objects of horror. For some time they were even permitted to be sold publicly as slaves. A legislative enactment positively forbade their speaking to any person not belonging to their tribe; and if, by special favor, they were permitted to attend the church of the district, they were compelled to enter it through a distinct portal, granted to them out of pity by the clergy and studiously avoided by all the other worshippers. Traces of these Cagot entrances and the well-trodden narrow paths leading to them are still visible in many of the churches of the South of France. The local usages of Béarn, Gascony and Guienne forced them, moreover, to cut wood gratuitously, to carry about with them no other weapon than an axe, and to wear an infamous costume: a red jacket on which was stamped, on a square piece of white cloth, the figure of a goose's leg, proclaimed from afar the approach of the Cagot.

The origin of this singular race of outcasts, notwithstanding the researches of several eminent savans, still remains enveloped in mystery. Various theories, more or less plausible, have been set forth to account for the persecution to which they were subjected.

clothes burnt off his back, his legs tottering, his features unrecognizable, his hair on fire, smiling triumphantly despite his sufferings—hand over to its mother, now delirious with joy, the child, whom he had preserved by pressing it close to his breast. Then, gazing on the now abashed crowd with a look of terrible reproach and bitter irony, he cried :

“ Allons donc ! Death to the Cagot ! Death to the Cagot ! ”

Just at this instant the burning roof broke down, scattering in all directions masses of fire and rubbish. Struck violently on the head by a heavy beam of wood, Yves fell dead on the spot, the child alone remaining perfectly unharmed.

“ On your knees, girl,” said Dr. Noguez, leading his daughter up to the Cagot—“ on your knees before this poor outcast of humanity. He has done that which none of us had the courage to attempt, and has thus proved the injustice of man and restored to his race the lost dignity of human nature.”

With these words he beckoned to his daughter to come and kiss the proscribed hand that had saved her life. Horror-stricken at the spectacle of the black, charred face of the corpse, the poor girl cast a look of agony and prayer on her father ; but after a momentary struggle she knelt slowly down and kissed, with tears of gratitude, the hand of the unfortunate Cagot.

Dr. Noguez, one of the most enlightened savans of his age, obtained the permission of Gaston de Béarn and of the bishop of Pau to have the body of the heroic Cagot decently interred in the public burial-ground. The coffin was, for the first time on record, introduced through the ordinary church-portal,

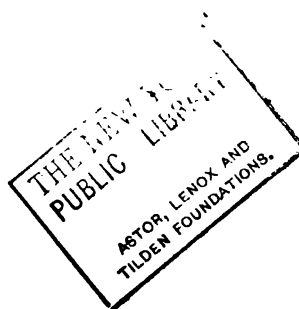
which no Cagot had ever yet passed, and his remains, instead of being thrown into the foul cemetery of the Cagotteries, was piously interred in the consecrated churchyard of St. Pacôme.

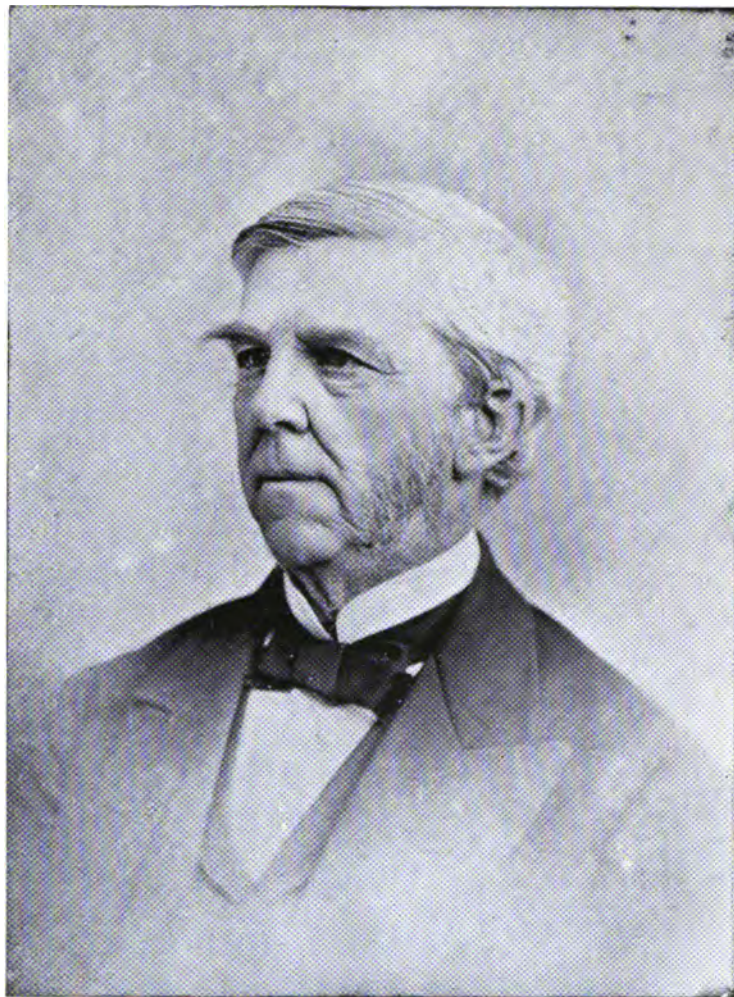
Dr. Noguez, in order to disabuse his neighbors of their unjust prejudices, performed several operations on the Cagots. He opened the veins of some of these unfortunates, and the memoirs of the period quaintly relate that their blood was found good and commendable (*bon et louable*).

Still, in spite of all these generous efforts in their behalf, perfect success did not crown the doctor's endeavors. The Cagots obtained only a sort of half measure of justice—an act of reparation, however, which extended not beyond the foot of the Pyrenees ; and some time afterward the parliament of Bordeaux compelled them to resume their old badge of infamy. Thus for ages they continued to bear the signs of that physical debility, their peculiar characteristic, which resulted from long years of proscription and misery, and more especially from being shut up in the unhealthy localities they were compelled to inhabit. The Revolution of 1793 seemed to break their chains by giving them the rights of citizens, but it is only gradually the laws can operate upon the prejudices of ages. Indeed, the traveller may still occasionally find in Brittany Cagots designated by the peasantry under the name of *cacons*.

Toward the Pyrenees and in the valleys of Béarn every individual of a sickly constitution, with soft white skin, light blue eyes and pale red hair, is even to the present day marked by a sign of reprobation and secretly classed as one of the descendants of the Cagots.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS.





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876.

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground ;
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near ; the "cracks" were
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints declare :
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag ;
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag ;
With these a third ; and who is he
That stands besides his fast b. g. ?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed ;
Green horses, also, not a few,
Unknown as yet what they could do ;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day ;
The bordering turf is green with May ;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay and roan ;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes,
Shining and soft as silken skeins ;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And Fashion flaunts her gay turn-out ;
Here stands—each youthful Jehu's dream—
The jointed tandem, ticklish team !
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand ;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles

(The style's the man, so books avow ;
The style's the woman, anyhow) ;
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye.
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these !

"Come on ! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it !"—"Will you ? Done !"

What was it who was bound to do ?
I did not hear, and can't tell you ;
Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay,
Lent to his sexton for the day
(A funeral, so the sexton said ;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead).

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast ;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair ;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down—
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot !
"And are we, then, so soon forgot ?"

Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young.

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed;
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints,
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve,
As if 'twere all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein, a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! His back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides.
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across;
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past
One pitying look old Hiram cast.
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
"A fast-day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees,
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell:
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb:
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein:
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter-pole was past
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast;"
Long ere the quarter was a half
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh.
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,

His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file.
Off went a shoe; away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun.
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold; he sways and reels;
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right:
"Stick on! Stick on!"—"Hould tight!
Hould tight!"

"Cling round his neck, and don't let go;
That pace can't hold. There! steady!
Whoa!"

But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire.
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him! stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he's only just begun:
He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front—he'll smash your
brains—

But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;

Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish. At the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in with easy trot:
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time—at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide.
One said he couldn't understand
What happened to his second-hand;
One said two ten: *that* couldn't be;
More like two twenty-two or three.
Old Hiram settled it at last:
"The time was two—too dee-vil-ish fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat.
Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
"That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I shouldn't wonder, I declare,
If Brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LIFE AT THREESCORE AND TEN.



MAN rarely forms any new plans of life at seventy years of age. He enters no new profession or calling, he embarks in no new business, he undertakes to write no new book, he forms no new friendships, alliances or partnerships: he cannot now feel, as he once could, that on the failure of one plan he may now embark in another with better promise of success.

Hitherto all along the course of his life he has felt that if he became conscious that he had mistaken his calling, or if he was unsuccessful in that calling, he might embrace another; if he was disappointed or failed in one line of business, he might resume that line or embark in another with vigor and hope, for he had youth on his side, and he had, or thought he had, many years before him. If one friend proved unfaithful, he might form other friendships; if he failed in his chosen profession, the world was still before him where to choose, and there were still many paths that might lead to affluence or to honor; if he lost one battle, the case was not hopeless, for he might yet be honored on some other field with victory and be crowned with glory.

But usually, when a man reaches the period of "threescore and ten," all these things lie in the past. His purposes have all been formed and ended. If he sees new plans and

purposes that seem to him to be desirable or important to be executed, if there are new fields of honor, wealth, science, ambition or benevolence, they are not for him: they are for a younger and more vigorous generation. It is true that this feeling *may* come over a man at any period of life. In the midst of his way, in the successful prosecution of the most brilliant purposes, in the glow and ardor attending the most attractive schemes, the hand of disease or of death may be laid on him, and he may be made to feel that all *his* plans are ended—a thought all the more difficult to bear because he has not been prepared for it by the gradual whitening of his hairs and the infirmities of age.

Most men in active life look forward with fond anticipation to a time when the cares of life will be over, and when they will be released from its responsibilities and burdens—if not with an absolute desire that such a time should come, yet with a feeling that it will be a relief when it does come. Many an hour of anxiety in the counting-room, many an hour of toil in the workshop or on the farm, many an hour of weariness on the bench, many a burdened hour in the great offices of state, and many an hour of exhaustion and solicitude in professional life, is thus relieved by the prospect of rest—of absolute rest, of entire freedom from responsibility. What merchant and professional man, what statesman, does not look forward to such a time of repose, and anticipate a season—perhaps a long one—of calm tranquillity before

life shall end? and when the time approaches, though the hope often proves fallacious, yet its approach is not unwelcome. Diocletian and Charles V. descended from their thrones to seek repose—the one in private life, and the other in a cloister; and the aged judge, merchant or pastor welcomes the time when he feels that the burden which he has so long borne may be committed to younger men.

Yet when the time of absolute rest comes, it is different from what had been anticipated. There is, to the surprise, perhaps, of all such men, this new, this strange idea—an idea which they never had before, and which did not enter their anticipations—that *they have now nothing to live for*, that they have no motive for effort, that they have no plan or purpose of life. They seem now to themselves—perhaps to others—to have no place in the world, no right in it. Society has no place for them, for it has nothing to confer on them, and they can no longer make a place for themselves. General Washington, when the war of independence was over and he had returned to Mount Vernon, is said to have felt “lost” because he had not an army to provide for daily, and Charles V., so far from finding rest in his cloister, amused himself, as has been commonly supposed, in trying to make clocks and watches run together, and so far from actually withdrawing from the affairs of state—miserable in his chosen place of retreat—still busied himself with the affairs of Europe, and sought in the convent at Yuste to govern his hereditary dominions, which he had professedly resigned to his son, and as far as possible still to control the empire where he had so long reigned. The retired merchant, unused to reading and unaccustomed to agriculture or the mechanical arts, having little

taste, it may be, for the fine arts or for social life, finds life a burden and sighs for his old employments and associations, for in his anticipation of this period he never allowed the idea to enter his mind that he should then have really closed all his plans of life—that as he had professedly done with the world, so the world was actually done with him.

How great, therefore, is the contrast of a man of twenty and one of seventy years! To those in the former condition the words of Milton in relation to our first parents when they went out from Eden into the wide world may not be improperly applied:

“The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;”

those in the other case have nothing which they can choose. There is nothing before them but the one path—that which leads to the grave, to another world. To them the path of wealth, of fame, of learning, of ambition, is closed for ever. The world has nothing more for them; they have nothing more for the world.

I do not mean to say that there can be nothing for an aged man to do, or that there may not be, in some cases, a field of usefulness—perhaps a new and a large one—for him to occupy. I mean only that this cannot constitute a part of his plan of life; it cannot be the result of a purpose formed in his earlier years. His own plans and purposes of life are ended, and, whatever there may be in reserve for him, it is usually a new field—something which awaits him beyond the ordinary course of events; and the transition from his own finished plans to this cannot but be deeply affecting to his own mind. I do not affirm that a man may not be useful and

happy as long as God shall lengthen out his days on the earth, and I do not deny that there may be much in the character and services of an ancient man that should command the respect and secure the gratitude of mankind. The earlier character and the earlier plans of every man should be such that he will be useful if his days extend beyond the ordinary period allotted to our earthly life.

ALBERT BARNES.

A WEDDING-RING.

A VERY OLD ONE.

The Device: Two hearts united.

The Motto: Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
As were the sterling hearts of old.

I like it, for it wafts me back
Far, far along the stream of Time,
To other men and other days—
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it as it tells
The tale of well-requited love—
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdained to rove;

How warmly *he* his suit preferred,
Though *she*, un pitying, long denied,
Till, softened and subdued, at last
He won his fair and blooming bride;
How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours;
How then the white-robed maiden train
Strewed their glad way with freshest flowers;
And how before the holy man
They stood in all their youthful pride,

And spoke those words and vowed those
vows

Which bind the husband to his bride.
All this it tells—the plighted troth,
The gift of every earthly thing,
The hand in hand, the heart in heart;
For this I like that ancient ring.

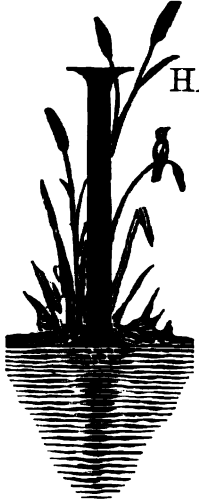
I like its old and quaint device—
“Two blended hearts.” Though time may
wear them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
“Till death” shall e’er in sunder tear them.
Year after year, ’neath sun and storm,
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world’s rough pathways
trod:
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail ’mid life’s bleak
weather;
Still hand in hand they travelled on:
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy, too:
“Mine own dear love, this heart is thine”—
Thine when the dark storm howls along
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
“This heart is thine, mine own dear love”—
Thine, and thine only and for ever;
Thine till the springs of life shall fail,
Thine till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love the token,
What varied feelings round it cling!
For these I like that ancient ring.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

AN ITALIAN DREAM.



HAD been travelling for some days, resting very little in the night, and never in the day. The rapid and unbroken succession of novelties that had passed before me came back like half-formed dreams, and a crowd of objects wandered in the greatest confusion through my mind as I travelled on by a solitary road. At intervals some one among them would stop, as it were, in its restless flitting to and fro, and enable me to look at it quite steadily and behold it in full distinctness. After a few moments it would dissolve like a view in a magic-lantern, and while I saw some part of it quite plainly, and some faintly, and some not at all, would show me another of the many places I had lately seen, lingering behind it and coming through it. This was no sooner visible than, in its turn, it melted into something else.

At one moment I was standing again before the brown old rugged churches of Modena. As I recognized the curious pillars with grim monsters for their bases I seemed to see them standing by themselves in the quiet square at Padua, where there were the staid old university, and the figures, demurely gowned, grouped here and there in the open space about it. Then I was strolling in the outskirts of that pleasant city, admiring the unusual neatness of the dwelling-houses, gardens and orchards as I had seen them a few

hours before. In their stead arose immediately the two towers of Bologna; and the most obstinate of all these objects failed to hold its ground a minute before the monstrous moated castle of Ferrara, which, like an illustration to a wild romance, came back again in the red sunrise, lording it over the solitary, grass-grown, withered town. In short, I had that incoherent but delightful jumble in my brain which travellers are apt to have and are indolently willing to encourage. Every shake of the coach in which I sat, half dozing in the dark, appeared to jerk some new recollection out of its place, and to jerk some other new recollection into it; and in this state I fell asleep.

I was awakened after some time (as I thought) by the stopping of the coach. It was now quite night, and we were at the water-side. There lay here a black boat, with a little house or cabin in it of the same mournful color. When I had taken my seat in this, the boat was paddled by two men toward a great light lying in the distance on the sea.

Ever and again there was a dismal sigh of wind. It ruffled the water and rocked the boat and sent the dark clouds flying before the stars. I could not but think how strange it was to be floating away at that hour, leaving the land behind and going on toward this light upon the sea. It soon began to burn brighter, and from being one light became a cluster of tapers, twinkling and shining out of the water as the boat approached toward

them by a dreamy kind of track marked out upon the sea by posts and piles.

We had floated on five miles or so over the dark water when I heard it rippling, in my dream, against some obstruction near at hand. Looking out attentively, I saw through the gloom a something black and massive—like a shore, but lying close and flat upon the water like a raft—which we were gliding past. The chief of the two rowers said it was a burial-place.

Full of the interest and wonder which a cemetery lying out there in the lonely sea inspired, I turned to gaze upon it as it should recede in our path, when it was quickly shut out from my view. Before I knew by what or how, I found that we were gliding up a street—a phantom street—the houses rising on both sides from the water and the black boat gliding on beneath their windows. Lights were shining from some of these casements, plumbing the depth of the black stream with their reflected rays, but all was profoundly silent.

So we advanced into this ghostly city, continuing to hold our course through narrow streets and lanes all filled and flowing with water. Some of the corners where our way branched off were so acute and narrow that it seemed impossible for the long, slender boat to turn them; but the rowers, with a low, melodious cry of warning, sent it skimming on without a pause. Sometimes the rowers of another black boat like our own echoed the cry, and, slackening their speed (as I thought we did ours), would come flitting past us like a dark shadow. Other boats, of the same sombre hue, were lying moored, I thought, to painted pillars, near to dark mysterious doors that opened straight

upon the water. Some of these were empty: in some, the rowers lay asleep; toward one I saw some figures coming down a gloomy archway from the interior of a palace, gayly dressed and attended by torch-bearers. It was but a glimpse I had of them; for a bridge so low and close upon the boat that it seemed ready to fall down and crush us—one of the many bridges that perplexed the dream—blotted them out instantly. On we went, floating toward the heart of this strange place, with water all about us where never water was elsewhere, clusters of houses, churches, heaps of stately buildings, growing out of it, and everywhere the same extraordinary silence. Presently we shot across a broad and open stream; and passing, as I thought, before a spacious paved quay where the bright lamps with which it was illuminated showed long rows of arches and pillars of ponderous construction and great strength, but as light to the eye as garlands of hoarfrost or gossamer, and where, for the first time, I saw people walking, arrived at a flight of steps leading from the water to a large mansion, where, having passed through corridors and galleries innumerable, I lay down to rest, listening to the black boats stealing up and down below the window on the rippling water, till I fell asleep.

The glory of the day that broke upon me in this dream—its freshness, motion, buoyancy, its sparkles of the sun in water, its clear blue sky and rustling air—no waking words can tell. But from my window I looked down on boats and barks; on masts, sails, cordage, flags; on groups of busy sailors working at the cargoes of these vessels; on wide quays strewed with bales, casks, merchandise of many kinds; on great ships

lying near at hand in stately indolence; on islands crowned with gorgeous domes and turrets, and where golden crosses glittered in the light atop of wondrous churches springing from the sea. Going down upon the margin of the green sea rolling on before the door and filling all the streets, I came upon a place of such surpassing beauty and such grandeur that all the rest were poor and faded in comparison with its absorbing loveliness.

It was a great piazza, as I thought, anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom was a palace, more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth in the high prime and fulness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries so light they might have been the work of fairy hands, so strong that centuries had battered them in vain, wound round and round this palace and infolded it with a cathedral gorgeous in the wild, luxuriant fancies of the East. At no great distance from its porch a lofty tower, standing by itself and rearing its proud head alone into the sky, looked out upon the Adriatic Sea. Near to the margin of the stream were two ill-omened pillars of red granite, one having on its top a figure with a sword and shield; the other, a winged lion. Not far from these, again, a second tower—richest of the rich in all its decorations, even here where all was rich—sustained aloft a great orb gleaming with gold and deepest blue, the twelve signs painted on it and a mimic sun revolving in its course around them; while above, two bronze giants hammered out the hours upon a sounding bell. An oblong square of lofty houses of the whitest stone, surrounded by a light and beautiful arcade, formed part of this enchanted

scene, and here and there gay masts for flags rose tapering from the pavement of the unsubstantial ground.

I thought I entered the cathedral and went in and out among its many arches, traversing its whole extent. A grand and dreamy structure, of immense proportions, golden with old mosaics, redolent of perfumes, dim with the smoke of incense, costly in treasure of precious stones and metals glittering through iron bars, holy with the bodies of deceased saints, rainbow-hued with windows of stained glass, dark with carved woods and colored marbles, obscure in its vast heights and lengthened distances, shining with silver lamps and winking lights, unreal, fantastic, solemn, inconceivable throughout. I thought I entered the old palace, pacing silent galleries and council-chambers where the old rulers of this mistress of the waters looked sternly out in pictures from the walls, and where her high-prowed galleys, still victorious on canvas, fought and conquered as of old. I thought I wandered through its halls of state and triumph, bare and empty now, and, musing on its pride and might extinct—for that was past, all past—heard a voice say, "Some tokens of its ancient rule and some consoling reasons for its downfall may be traced here yet!"

I dreamed that I was led on then into some jealous rooms communicating with a prison near the palace, separated from it by a lofty bridge crossing a narrow street, and called, I dreamed, "The Bridge of Sighs."

But first I passed two jagged slits in a stone wall, the lion's mouth—now toothless—where in the distempered horror of my sleep I thought denunciations of innocent men to the old wicked council had been

dropped through, many a time, when the night was dark. So, when I saw the council-room to which such prisoners were taken for examination, and the door by which they passed out when they were condemned—a door that never closed upon a man with life and hope before him—my heart appeared to die within me.

It was smitten harder, though, when, torch in hand, I descended from the cheerful day into two ranges, one below another, of dismal, awful, horrible stone cells. They were quite dark. Each had a loophole in its massive wall where in the old time every day a torch was placed—I dreamed—to light the prisoner within for half an hour. The captives, by the glimmering of these brief rays, had scratched and cut inscriptions in the blackened vaults. I saw them; for their labor with a rusty nail's point had outlived their agony, and them, through many generations.

One cell I saw in which no man remained for more than four and twenty hours, being marked for dead before he entered it. Hard by, another, and a dismal one, whereto at midnight the confessor came—a monk brown robed and hooded, ghastly in the day and free bright air, but in the midnight of that murky prison Hope's extinguisher and Murder's herald. I had my foot upon the spot where at the same dread hour the shriven prisoner was strangled, and struck my hand upon the guilty door—low-browed and stealthy—through which the lumpish sack was carried out into a boat and rowed away, and drowned where it was death to cast a net.

Around this dungeon stronghold, and above some part of it, licking the rough walls without and smearing them with damp and slime

within, stuffing dank weeds and refuse into chinks and crevices as if the very stones and bars had mouths to stop, furnishing a smooth road for the removal of the bodies of the secret victims of the state—a road so ready that it went along with them and ran before them like a cruel officer,—flowed the same water that filled this dream of mine and made it seem one even at the time.

Descending from the palace by a staircase called, I thought, "The Giant's"—I had some imaginary recollection of an old man, abdicating, coming more slowly and more feebly down it when he heard the bell proclaiming his successor—I glided off in one of the dark boats until we came to an old arsenal guarded by four marble lions. To make my dream more monstrous and unlikely one of these had words and sentences upon its body, inscribed there at an unknown time and in an unknown language; so that their purport was a mystery to all men.

There was little sound of hammers in this place for building ships, and little work in progress; for the greatness of the city was no more, as I have said. Indeed, it seemed a very wreck found drifting on the sea, a strange flag hoisted in its honorable stations and strangers standing at its helm. A splendid barge in which its ancient chief had gone forth pompously at certain periods to wed the ocean lay here, I thought, no more; but in its place there was a tiny model made from recollection, like the city's greatness, and it told of what had been (so are the strong and weak confounded in the dust) almost as eloquently as the massive pillars, arches, roofs, reared to overshadow stately ships that had no other shadow now upon the water or the earth.

An armory was there yet—plundered and despoiled, but an armory—with a fierce standard taken from the Turks drooping in the dull air of its cage. Rich suits of mail worn by great warriors were hoarded there, cross-bows and bolts, quivers full of arrows, spears, swords, daggers, maces, shields and heavy-headed axes, plates of wrought steel and iron to make the gallant horse a monster cased in metal scales, and one spring-weapon (easy to be carried in the breast) designed to do its office noiselessly, and made for shooting men with poisoned darts.

One press or case I saw full of accursed instruments of torture, horribly contrived to cramp and pinch and grind and crush men's bones, and tear and twist them with the torment of a thousand deaths. Before it were two iron helmets with breast-pieces made to close up tight and smooth upon the heads of living sufferers, and fastened on to each was a small knob or anvil, where the directing devil could repose his elbow at his ease and listen, near the walled-up ear, to the lamentations and confessions of the wretch within. There was that grim resemblance in them to the human shape—they were such moulds of sweating faces pained and cramped—that it was difficult to think them empty; and terrible distortions lingering within them seemed to follow me when, taking to my boat again, I rowed off to a kind of garden or public walk in the sea where there were grass and trees. But I forgot them when I stood upon its farthest brink—I stood there, in my dream—and looked along the ripple to the setting sun; before me, in the sky and on the deep a crimson flush, and behind me the whole city resolving into streaks of red and purple on the water.

In the luxurious wonder of so rare a dream I took but little heed of time and had but little understanding of its flight. But there were days and nights in it; and when the sun was high, and when the rays of lamps were crooked in the running water, I was still afloat, I thought, plashing the slippery walls and houses with the cleavings of the tide as my black boat, borne upon it, skimmed along the streets.

Sometimes alighting at the doors of churches and vast palaces, I wandered on from room to room, from aisle to aisle, through labyrinths of rich altars, ancient monuments, decayed apartments, where the furniture, half awful, half grotesque, was mouldering away. Pictures were there replete with such enduring beauty and expression, with such passion, truth and power, that they seemed so many young and fresh realities among a host of spectres. I thought these often intermingled with the old days of the city, with its beauties, tyrants, captains, patriots, merchants, courtiers, priests,—nay, with its very stones and bricks and public places; all of which lived again about me on the walls. Then, coming down some marble staircase where the water lapped and oozed against the lower steps, I passed into my boat again and went on in my dream.

Floating down narrow lanes where carpenters, at work with plane and chisel in their shops, tossed the light shaving straight upon the water, where it lay like weed or ebbed away before me in a tangled heap. Past open doors decayed and rotten from long steeping in the wet, through which some scanty patch of vine shone green and bright, making unusual shadows on the pavement with its trembling leaves. Past quays and

terraces where women gracefully veiled were passing and repassing, and where idlers were reclining in the sunshine on flagstones and on flights of steps. Past bridges where there were idlers too, loitering and looking over. Below stone balconies erected at a giddy height before the loftiest windows of the loftiest houses. Past plots of garden, theatres, shrines, prodigious piles of architecture, Gothic, Saracenic, fanciful with all the fancies of all times and countries. Past buildings that were high and low, and black and white, and straight and crooked, mean and grand, crazy and strong. Twining among a tangled lot of boats and barges, and shooting out at last into a Grand Canal. There, in the errant fancy of my dream, I saw old Shylock passing to and fro upon a bridge all built upon with shops and humming with the tongues of men; a form I seemed to know for Desdemona's leaned down through a latticed blind to pluck a flower. And, in the dream, I thought that Shakespeare's spirit was abroad upon the water somewhere stealing through the city.

At night, when two votive lamps burned before an image of the Virgin in a gallery outside the great cathedral, near the roof, I fancied that the great piazza of the Winged Lion was a blaze of cheerful light, and that its whole arcade was thronged with people, while crowds were diverting themselves in splendid coffee-houses opening from it, which were never shut, I thought, but open all night long. When the bronze giants struck the hour of midnight on the bell, I thought the life and animation of the city were all centred here, and as I rowed away abreast the silent quays I only saw them dotted here and there with sleeping boatmen wrapped

up in their cloaks and lying at full length upon the stones.

But close about the quays and churches, palaces and prisons, sucking at their walls and welling up into the secret places of the town, crept the water always, noiseless and watchful, coiled round and round it in its many folds like an old serpent, waiting for the time, I thought, when people should look down into its depths for any stone of the old city that had claimed to be its mistress.

Thus it floated me away until I awoke in the old market-place at Verona. I have many and many a time thought since of this strange dream upon the water, half wondering if it lie there yet, and if its name be Venice.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SO FAIR AN IMAGE.

From the Italian.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my love,

For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;

Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.

Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,

Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;

For oh how good, how beautiful, must be

The God that made so good a thing as thee,

So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me if I cannot turn away

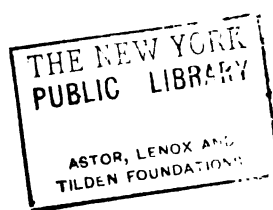
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,

For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;

And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,

I live and love in God's peculiar light.

Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.





SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

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COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.



IN the following poem," says the author, "I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism. The Buddha of this poem—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed—was born on the borders of Nepaul about

620 B. C., and died about 543 B. C. at Kusinagara in Oudh.

"I have put my poem into a Buddhist's mouth because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced."

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,

The King commanded that there should be built

Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams

With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles be-
decked,

Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks bud:
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.

Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild and musky thickets
stretched,

With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
In midst of which Siddārtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Minis-
ters:

"Bethink ye, sirs, how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers fore-
told.

This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's
blood,

Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings—and this is in my heart—
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is
lost

Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.

But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me:
How may his feet be turned to that proud
road

Where they should walk, and all fair signs
come true

Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would
rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja, love
Will cure these thin distempers: weave the
spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of
balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows:
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds."

And all thought good,
But the King answered, "If we seek him
wives,
Love chooseth oft-times with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms:
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the
world.
This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sâkyas
use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And when the lovely victors pass his seat
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own
eyes,
And cheat His Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore upon a
day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince

Would give the prizes—something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and
bound,
Eyelashes lusted with the soorma-stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and
cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka-spots stamped
bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black
eyes
Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the
Prince,
More than the awe of majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless—
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid
took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to
gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saintlike and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after an-
other,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasôdhara and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start as the radiant girl approached—a form
Of heavenly mould, a gait like Parvati's,
Eyes like a hind's in love-time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full—folding her palms across her
breasts—

On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
 "Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and
 smiled.

"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied,
 "yet take

This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
 Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
 The emerald necklet from his throat, and
 clasped

its green beads round her dark and silk-soft
 waist;

And their eyes mixed, and from the look
 sprang love.

Long after—when enlightenment was full—
 Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his
 heart

Took fire at first glance of the Sākya girl,
 Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
 And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
 A hunter's son, playing with forest-girls
 By Yamun's springs where Nandadevi stands,
 Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
 Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
 One with flower-stars crowned he, one with
 long plumes

Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-
 cock,

One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
 Came first for him, and unto her the boy
 Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
 And in the wood they lived many glad years,
 And in the wood they undivided died.

Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
 So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
 And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth
 again

Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or
 sour.

Thus I was he, and she Yasôdhara;

And while the wheel of birth and death turns
 round,

That which hath been must be between us
 two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-
 giving

Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
 How sate Siddârtha heedless till there passed
 Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara,
 And how, at sudden sight of her, he changed,
 And how she gazed on him and he on her,
 And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
 Passed in their speaking glance.

The fond King smiled:

"Look! we have found a lure. Take coun-
 sel now

To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
 Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
 In marriage for my son." But it was law
 With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
 Of noble house, fair and desirable,
 He must make good his skill in martial arts
 Against all suitors who should challenge it;
 Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
 Therefore her father spake: "Say to the
 King,

'The child is sought by princes far and near;
 If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
 Sway sword and back a horse better than
 they,

Best would he be in all, and best to us;
 But how shall this be, with his cloistered
 ways?'"

Then the King's heart was sore, for now the
 Prince

Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife in vain.
 With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
 Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,

And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the
Prince

Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I
have learned.

Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games: I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddārtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sākya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidan; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the Prince
came

Riding his white horse Kantaka, which
neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world with-
out:

Also Siddārtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and
griefs.

But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad
back,

And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest! Let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test,
And set a brazen drum six gows away,

Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddārtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowny-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the
crowd

Marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane
With sinews bound and strung with silver
wire,

Which none but stalwart arms could draw a
span,
Thrummed it, low-laughing, drew the twisted
string
Till the horns kissed and the thick belly
snapped.

"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath
none

A bow more fit for Sākya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahānu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be
strung."

"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a
man!"

They brought the ancient bow, wrought of
black steel,

Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; and twice Siddārtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake:
"Shoot now

With this, my cousins!" but they could not
bring

The stubborn arms a hand's-breath nigher
use.

Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,

Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and
twanged

Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired,
"What is this sound?" and people answered
them,

"It is the sound of Sinhahānu's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to
shoot."

Then, fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed;
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed
its flight,

But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach
of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick,
Ardjuna seven, and Nanda cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddārtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks
upstood,

And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and
the maid

Trembled anew, seeing the trees erect,
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both
green crowns

Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
High mettled, nobly bred, and three times
scoured

Around the maidān, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka;

Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces
brought

A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing
mane,

Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young
Sākya

Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot
steed

Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
His seat a while, and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit,
and held

The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-
hand;

So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain;
Half tamed, but sudden turned with naked
teeth,

Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms
ran in,

Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men
cried,

"Let not Siddārtha meddle with this Bhūt.
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go
the chains:

Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low
word,

Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face.
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men, astonished, saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and
meek,

As though he knew our Lord and worshipped
him.

Nor stirred he while Siddārtha mounted, then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes ; so that the people said,
" Strive no more, for Siddārtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered, " He is best !"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, " It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest ; yet what magic taught thee
more

Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy
dreams

Than war and chase and world's work bring
to these ?

But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast
won."

Then, at a word, the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and
took

A crown of mōgra-flowers and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddārtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which
bent

Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial, beaming with glad love ;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant
wreath,

And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud
glad eyes,

Saying, " Dear Prince, behold me, who am
thine !"

And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after—when enlightenment was come—
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and
why

She wore this black and gold and stepped so
proud.

And the World-honored answered, " Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half
known ;

For while the wheel of birth and death turns
round,

Past things and thoughts and buried lives
come back.

I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himāla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind—
I, who am Buddh—couched in the kusa grass,
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the
herds

Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair ; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war ; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me ; hot the strife waxed in that
wood

With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely
wooed.

And I remember at the end she came
Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me
went

Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and
high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince,
A willing spoil ; and when the stars were good,
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven,
The marriage-feast was kept, as Sākya's use :
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding-garlands hung, the arm-threads
tied,

The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar
thrown,

The two straws floated on the reddened milk—
Which, coming close, betokened "love till
death"—

The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple-offerings made, the mantras sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom
tied."

Then the gray father spake : "Worshipful
Prince,

She that was ours henceforth is only thine ;
Be good to her who hath her life in thee."

Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasô-
dhara,

With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

Yet not to love

Alone trusted the King : love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build ;
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there
rose

A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,
Thick-set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees

Hum out of sight in thickets. Northward
soared

The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—
untrod,

Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine and splintered precipice,
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with
gods.

Beneath the snows dark forest spread, sharp
laced

With leaping cataracts and veiled with cloud ;
Lower grew rose-oaks, and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's
cry,

Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles : under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls ;
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi ;
And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook, to bring wisdom and
wealth,

Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk,
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble
wrought,

White with pink veins ; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood cut in pictured panelling ;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot on stately stairs,

Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool foun-
tains—fringed

With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold
and blue.

Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and
gray,

Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-
owls.

The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to
fruit,

The yellow sunbirds whirled from bloom to
bloom,

The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace; the shy black snake that
gives

Fortune to households sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-
deer played,

And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the
crows.

And all this house of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey,
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flowers, Yasôdhara
Queen of the enchanting court.

But innermost,

Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent

All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.

The entrance of it was a cloistered square
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank.
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble, bordered round the
tank

And on the steps and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim.
As if the very Day paused and grew eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there, beyond the gate, the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet, a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through win-
dows fell

Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.

Here whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more
bright

Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-
giving

Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's
breath;

And night and day lutes sighed, and night
and day

Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new-chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen
band

Of nautch-girls, cup-bearers and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,

Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy
Prince,
And when he waked led back his thoughts to
bliss
With music whispering through the blooms,
and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,

The King commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow or pain or sickness. If one dropped
In the lovely court—her dark glance dim,
her feet

Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears
and fears,

And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
’Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer;
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed;
For said the King, “If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The King of kings and glory of his time.”

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Wherefore around that pleasant prison-house—
Where love was jailer and delights its bars,
But far removed from sight—the King bade
build

A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening was heard full half a yôjana.
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another: through the three
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and
barred,

And over each was set a faithful watch;
And the King’s order said, “Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the
Prince:

This on your lives—even though it be my son.”

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor
death,

Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



TWENTY miles north-west of Boston is a little town of about three thousand inhabitants, where, excepting at Lexington a few hours before on the same day—April 19, 1775—the first blood was shed in our great struggle for independence against the mother-country. The name of the town is Concord, and in its sleepy isolation it seems to have immortalized its “first blood” by becoming the home of men original in thought and independent in expression, transcendentalists in theory, successively making new declarations of independence in literature, poetry and philosophy. It is the recluse home of Emerson and Alcott, of which the former writes his loving verses “Good-bye, proud world! I’m going home.” Home was Concord. It gave truth and characteristic oddity to Henry Thoreau; it is the seat of the new Peripatetics, who in summer-time hold there the Concord School of Philosophy, of which Dr. McCosh has given us a graphic picture in a recent article—a school of transcendentalists who seek to solve the problem of human life and destiny without revelation, but liberal enough to invite all sides to a hearing, because they are so secure in their sublime egotism. A mysterious old place this, ghostly and solemn, imbuing all those who live in it with the spirit of its founda-

tion, two hundred and fifty years ago—the age of witchcraft and Puritan intolerance. “See Rome, and then die!” is the enthusiastic cry of the Italians; “See Concord, and then live for ever!” is the invitation of the Concord philosophers. So much for Concord and its spirit, which, strongest at home, goes out in radiations to all the regions round about. Concord gives laws to Boston and to Cambridge.

On a tongue of land between two rivers, fourteen miles north-east of Boston, lies the oldest city in New England, settled in 1626, only five years after the Pilgrims of the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. Founded to give religious liberty to exiles from England, its inhabitants could not overcome the spirit of the age and the vindictive memory of their former grievances. Thus they presented scenes of intolerance and enforced penance little in accordance with the religion they professed. Seventy years after its foundation nineteen persons were tried, condemned and executed for witchcraft, and the beautiful eminence where they suffered is still called, not without local pride, “Gallows’ Hill.” It is well, of course, to say that those were comparatively dark and troublous times, but the fact remains, and the history has always influenced the Salem people. They are as proud of executing the witches—their historian defends it—as they are of the noble part they bore in the Revolutionary war, when, the English government having closed the port

of Boston for contumacy, Salem opened her waters and wharves to Boston, and for a time staved off the purpose of British oppression.

With this somewhat extraordinary but necessary preface, we come to consider the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was born at Salem and lived at Concord, and who carried both with him in form and spirit in almost everything he wrote—not their intolerance, but their traditions, their folk-lore, their curious history and mysterious incidents. It is just to say he is an American novelist, or romancer; but as Scott was chiefly the exponent and interpreter of local Scottish life and Cooper principally the product of our border Indian life, so it is more specifically just to say that Hawthorne was the New England novelist who drew his inspiration from Salem and from Concord, with occasional influences from Boston—no mean source, I allow, but somewhat provincial and sectional.

Nathaniel Hawthorne came of English stock and was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1807, in the same year as Longfellow, who was his lifelong friend and admirer. His ancestors took part in the trial and execution of the witches. For several generations the men of the family, including his father, were shipmasters. The knight-errantry of the stalwart men of bleak and barren New England sought wealth and adventure on the sea because so many other fields were closed to them. When Nathaniel came into the world, the outlook was better; and the boy secured an education fitting him for nobler duties.

Young Hawthorne was graduated at Bowdoin College, in the same class with Longfellow, in 1825, and would have been included

with others in Longfellow's semi-centennial poem ("Morituri te Salutamus") but that he was *mortuus* instead of *moriturus*. He had eleven years before preceded his classmate into the Silent Land. Beginning his career in 1832 with an anonymous romance which attracted no attention, he proceeded to write curious, quaint, mysterious stories for magazines and annuals; these he collected into a volume in 1837, with the significant and rather attractive title of *Twice-told Tales*. Although by no means popular at the time, they were very favorably reviewed by Longfellow in the *North American Review*, and, urged by his friends, he rather reluctantly issued a second series, with a reprint of the first, in 1842. In that year he married Miss Peabody and took his bride to the old manse at Concord, where he lived for three years. The house, he says, had never had a lay-occupant before, only a priest, as he calls the New England divines. Emerson afterward occupied it. It was on the site of the Indian village, near the battle-ground of 1775, which is marked by an obelisk twenty-five feet high. A study in the rear gave him greater seclusion, and there were old dusty books in the garret. To Concord, but not to this house, he returned in 1860, long after, from his European wanderings, to muse and write and die. The old manse, with a local history, gave him the title for another series of stories, which he called *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Weird, vague, alluring but yet unsatisfying, these tales commend themselves to a class of romantic readers who shun daylight and take pleasure in mystery. There is no disputing, says the Latin adage, concerning tastes, and in a general company half the number will be disappointed with what the other half

will thoroughly enjoy. The critic belongs to one or the other division, and his judgment will please or displease accordingly.

No writer has been more under the influence of his surroundings than Hawthorne. What the French call the *couleur locale* is found in all his stories. As he was almost a perfect recluse, his field of vision was very limited. It is said that during these three years of sojourn at Concord he was not seen on its several streets by more than a dozen persons. In the year 1846 he was taken out of his seclusion by receiving the appointment, from President Polk, of surveyor of the port of Salem, the collector being that brave old General Miller who during the war of 1812 was asked if he could take and hold a certain position of importance. His answer was, "I'll try, sir." He tried, and took it. The fancy of Hawthorne for delineating the persons and scenes around him has found a vent in his long preface to *The Scarlet Letter*, in which he describes, satirically but not acrimoniously, his comrades in the custom-house, including Collector Miller, for which he has been censured by the critics.

After one year of this official service some changes were made in the administration, and Hawthorne lost his office, the functions of which, by-the-by, he had performed with great skill and exactitude. In 1850 he published what is considered his greatest work—*The Scarlet Letter*—to which I shall briefly refer presently, only saying here that it was received with favor, as the most striking historical romance yet produced in America. In 1851 he had removed temporarily to a home at Lenox, in Berkshire, on the lake called Stockbridge Bowl. There he followed up his good fortune by presenting to the

world his *House of the Seven Gables*, a ghostly psychological story, to which I venture to apply the words of the English critic Hazlitt in speaking of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*: "It is the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that was ever put forth." Then in 1852 appeared his *Blithedale Romance*, which is based upon his connection with the Brook Farm before his marriage.

This Brook Farm Community, at West Roxbury, was the attempt of a gentle communism to bring together a few literati and philosophers of both sexes—called by Hawthorne a "knot of dreamers"—who should have everything in common, who laid aside their pens to use the hoe and axe and tend the cattle, and who formed a scheme romantic but so uncomfortable that they were glad to abandon it. Margaret Fuller was the Zenobia of the story, but she was too material to play the part of the virgin martyr.

In the mean time, Hawthorne had found a vein of ore worth the working, and one in which he was a master-workman then and throughout his life—stories for children. They are, in my judgment, the very best of his works. Who has not read the *Tanglewood Tales* and learned and better remembered than all the classical dictionaries could teach about the Minotaur, the Dragon's teeth, Circe's palace and the Golden Fleece?

In the year 1852, Hawthorne's friend General Franklin Pierce became a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and the novelist—actuated first by a lifelong friendship, and second by a certainty of official preferment should Pierce be elected—wrote what is called a campaign *Life of Pierce*. It certainly was nothing more: Pierce as

a man had no great claim to a permanent record of his life; but it accomplished its temporary purpose, in that it aided in electing him and secured for Hawthorne, after the election, the lucrative position of United States consul to Liverpool, which he held for four years, from 1853 to 1857. In one of his books (*Our Old Home*) he has given us the story of his consulship. After leaving this office he resided on the Continent, principally in France and Italy, until 1860, and during this period he wrote his most elaborate work, *The Marble Faun of Monte Beni*, a work on art rather than a novel—a fresh, intelligent, correct, beautiful picture of Art and the home of Art absorbed, assimilated and transmitted to us from the ruins of Rome. He says, with point as well as with truth, "Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow." A splendid work this, tinged with the curious individuality of the writer, but full of thought, art-enthusiasm, fine local coloring, and marking the very exact condition and relations of Art in Italy at the time he wrote. I can criticise his stories, but his art-fancies are above me: I cannot presume to criticise *The Marble Faun*. His enthusiasm for Art was shared by his countrymen who were his companions at Rome. He pays honest and admiring tributes to W. C. Story, Randolph Rogers and Miss Harriet Hosmer, who no doubt shared with him the pleasure he experienced in finding the real Donatello, the man of the soil, the very faun of Praxiteles, who concealed under his massive curls the leaf-shaped ears of the woodland creature, terminating in little peaks. The murder by Donatello's hand leading to the mystic dungeon of St. Angelo is described with

uncommon power. Great praise is due to his *Italian Note-Books* on the same ground: he was at home in depicting Italian art, life, nature, scenery and costumes. He sketches with a master-hand, and in such simple and beautiful language as is well pleasing to all classes of readers. Although interesting, his *French Note-Books* are not equal to the Italian.

In 1860, Hawthorne returned from Europe to his old home at Concord a successful and an honored man. He did not come back to the old manse—which had gone into the hands of the son of the former minister—but he bought a house, which he called "The Wayside." His new and greater works brought the feebler essays into vogue: his volumes sold, were generally read, and he was pronounced by a large circle of admiring friends the greatest novelist America had produced. Highly valued and honored in England, his Transatlantic reputation enhanced his popularity at home, and more and better things were looked for from his pen; but in 1864, while travelling with his friend ex-President Pierce through New Hampshire—in not very good health, indeed, but by no means infirm or expecting death—he was found one morning dead in his bed at an inn in Plymouth. Some chapters of an unfinished work entitled *The Dolliver Romance* appeared in numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1864, and in 1872 a few other remains were published, among which was *Septimius Felton; or, The Elixir of Life: A Psychological Romance*.

A brief examination of Hawthorne's works will present proof that he was of an original mind, with an uncommon individuality—an isolated man among thousands,

a *rara avis*. His style is clear, simple, precise and musical. His English is of the best, idiomatic and familiar. There is a lambent humor of language even in his most sombre scenes. A mystic in feeling, if not in creed, he seeks mystery, and his tendency is to make it more mysterious. His reader begins often in a thin mist and ends in a thick fog—not through the inability of the writer to throw sunlight upon the dark scenes, but because sunlight is uncongenial: he prefers the fog. Eminently true as this is of his larger romances, it is almost so of his shorter stories, which might be tame were they more practical, but are unsatisfying to the matter-of-fact reader because they are not.

The two works by which Hawthorne will always be judged as a romancer—I do not include *The Marble Faun* in this category—are *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*. To the first we may apply what he calls himself in the preface to *The Snow Image*—"one who has been burrowing to the utmost ability into the depths of our common nature for the purposes of psychological romance, and who pursues his researches in that dusky region, as he needs must, as well by the tact of sympathy as by the light of observation." *The Scarlet Letter* is not a novel, but a romantic dissection of the hearts of man and woman. A tale of the old colonial life in New England, powerful but repulsive, it tells how the Puritans, who came to these shores to make a home for civil and religious liberty, to establish justice guided, tempered and restrained by mercy, governed by a system of cruel intolerance and unrelaxing rigor. They disciplined an erring but loving and sorrowing woman by making her

the object of public scorn and ignominy wherever the *Scarlet Letter* appeared. The story tells of this woman, whose one evil deed, forgiven in heaven, was pronounced unpardonable on earth, in spite of the enduring Protestant penance enjoined upon her, beginning with the pillory and ending only with her life; of the terrible remorse and final public confession of the preacher; of the old physican who teaches and tortures him, to lose him at last; of the impossible child, Little Pearl. It is a tragedy with scarcely a redeeming ray of light for melodramatic effect. The greatest lesson it teaches is that when intolerance and sanctimonious justice are mentioned, it becomes Christians and pagans to hold their peace. It is human nature which is intolerant, cruel, inconsistent and sanctimonious, while claiming to be just.

I am not going to say more about this curious story: it is not pleasant to talk about. Those who do not admire Dickens may not care for this little bit of unpremeditated criticism in a letter to Forster; I think it an excellent judgment. He says: "I finished *The Scarlet Letter* yesterday. It falls off sadly after that fine opening scene. The psychological part of the story is very much overdone, and not truly done, I think. Their suddenness of meeting and agreeing to go away together after all those years is very poor; Mr. Chillingworth, ditto; the child out of nature altogether. And Mr. Dimmesdale certainly never could have been her father."

And what of *The House of the Seven Gables*, an old home at Salem? Years have passed since I have read it, but the impression which remains is like that left by

Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher*; and I always think, too, of Hood's poem "The Haunted House." The family secret oppresses the reader as well as the family. The curse is from generation to generation; the seven gables each the depository of one of the seven deadly sins; the house is the soul of man, an allegory teaching a sad lesson in the gloomiest fashion. Pride, avarice, anger, revenge, lust, envy and other sins appear in human guise and history and make the house of the seven gables the most uncomfortable home in the world—

"A residence for woman, child and man—
A dwelling-place—and yet no habitation;
A house, but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication:
There was so foul a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a presence so atrocious,
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.
O'er all these hung a shadow and a fear—
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted.'"

Not unfrequently, in his works and in his prefaces, Hawthorne interprets himself for the critics. In his introduction to the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, where he "makes the reader acquainted with his abode," he says: "The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door and the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world." This may be applied with justice to most of his writings.

I have said little of his short sketches; but they corroborate the statement that they have not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world: a Scotchman would say they

are uncanny. Among the Mosses are "The Birthmark," "Dr. Rappaccine's Daughter," which he deceived the world into believing a translation from the French of M. de l'Aubepine: the better-educated people discovered that "Aubepine" is the French for "Hawthorne." *M. de Miroir*, *Character Pictures*, *The Hall Fantasy*, *The Procession of Life*, *The Artist of the Beautiful* and *Rodger Malvin's Burial* are *spirit-fancies*; *The Celestial Railroad* is a satire in allegorical form, which amuses if it does not improve people, because none of us are as formal as William Stick-to-the-Right, and we do not like to find a self-likeness in Mr. Smooth-it-Away or Mr. Take-it-Easy. "As there is no royal road to learning, so the Lord of the Celestial City," says Mr. Foot-it-to-Heaven, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and, unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore every man who buys a ticket must lay his account with losing the purchase-money; which is the value of his own soul."

I have spoken of his stories for children. The *True Stories* told from grandfather's chair are, most of them, of New England life and intolerance—the story of the witches, and then the effect produced at Salem when George Fox appeared in America with his Quaker doctrines and practice. To the enthusiastic Quakers who went there, the Puritans' creed and service were as evil as the prelatical system was to the Puritans. They would preach and deliver their testimony against them. This was in 1656—only nine years after Fox proclaimed his views in England. The New England people regarded

them as dangerous, and commanded them to be silent. When they would not be, they beat them, men and women, imprisoned them, drove them into the wilderness; and finally, when William Robinson and Marmaduke Stephenson were hanged, Mary Dyer was reprieved—only, however, to be executed a little later.

I must not forget to mention that in *Our Old Home in England*, which was contributed in the form of articles to the *Atlantic Monthly*, there is a paper of special interest, called "Recollections of a Gifted Woman." Miss Delia Bacon, who had pursued the fancy that Shakespeare was not the writer of the plays that bear his name, became finally insane on that and other subjects, and gave Mr. Hawthorne a great deal of trouble during his consulship at Liverpool. She haunted the church at Stratford-on-Avon, and in the paper referred to you will find the singular story of her delusion, with Hawthorne's opinion concerning her and her theory.

Hawthorne was an original and quaint writer, a dreamer in the vague land of mystery and the supernatural, an almost perfect writer of English, with no dialectic vulgarisms. A kind of psychological philosopher without system, he can hardly be called a novelist, in the ordinary sense of the word; a thorough American, he constantly writes without protruding patriotic sentiments; a thorough New Englander, he gives us New England life and history; a recluse, he prefers generally not to take his scenes in the present, from which he shrinks into his cell, but finds them in the past—in local history, in fancy, which is neither, but based upon both. As an antiquarian, not the equal of Walter Scott; as a philosopher of life, infe-

rior to Thackeray; as a creator of character, far behind Dickens; in everything except the last, far superior to Cooper, and to all writers of fiction in America ever since.

In the distant future such of Hawthorne's writings as still live will be to some extent of historical value, as marking in their age the estimate of former periods by a gifted man who was inspired by the surroundings in which he wrote.

HENRY COPPÉE.

I WAITED TILL THE TWILIGHT.

I WAITED till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I strayed along the brookside,
And slowly wandered home,
When who should come behind me
But him I would have chid?
He said he came to find me:
Do you really think he did?

He said, since last we parted,
He'd thought of naught as sweet
As of this very moment—
The moment we should meet.
He showed me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he made it:
Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me
Life seemed at once divine;
Each night he dreamt of angels,
And every face was mine.
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid,
And then he wakened weeping:
Do you really think he did?

CHARLES SWAIN.

VISION OF MARRATON.



FRIDAY, May 4, 1711. The Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables—nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses, and that as any of these things perish their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapor to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form—that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul—of the loadstone.

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There is a tradition among the Americans that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world, and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of everything he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter, which, as well as he could learn by many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles and pointed thorns so perplexed and interwoven with one another that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion crouched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring and leaped toward him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand; but, to his infinite surprise, grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much

pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be.

He no sooner got rid of this impotent enemy but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time endeavored to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest, when, again to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air, and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it enclosed, and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood, when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and gave place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colors, that formed a wilderness of sweets and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after he heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-

white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues was at that time lamented over all the Western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills and shady vales as were not to be represented by his own expressions nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose everywhere about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country; but he quickly found that, though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and, being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler

that had taken a great many shapes of fishes which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eyes upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out toward him; floods of tears ran down her eyes. Her looks, her hands, her voice, called him over to her, and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long before he plunged into the stream that lay before him, and, finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, while Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at

the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrantcy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God and his faithful dealing toward men would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us, further, that he had afterward a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death, and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But, having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in:
 Time, you thief! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in.
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
 Say that health and wealth have missed
 me;
 Say I'm growing old; but add—

Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.



GRASS.

ATHER a single blade of grass and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point, neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means, apparently, a much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet think of it well and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that he showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies "upon the green grass." He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest rep-

resentations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb; he bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit for their sustenance, thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation and sustenance of man to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth.

And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow-grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths; the rests in noonday heat; the joy of herds and flocks; the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and failing in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks; soft banks and knolls of lowly hills; thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices. All these are summed in those simple words, and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own

land, though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow-sweetness would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out in the spring-time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain-paths beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossoms—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the one hundred and forty-seventh psalm: “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

There are also several lessons symbolically connected with this subject which we must not allow to escape us. Observe the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness*—its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service, appointed to be trodden on and fed upon; its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth, glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and,

though it will not mock its fellow-plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn and turn colorless or leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost. JOHN RUSKIN.

STORY OF MATILDA.

OUR happiness is in the power of One who can bring it about in a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing, historian:

“Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Voltumus, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

“As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty

at first caught his eye; her merit, soon after, his heart: they were married. He rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent. After an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city was at length taken.

"Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death, but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general who presided as judge should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Voltumus to be the spectator of still greater calamities.

"The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty and pity at her distress, but with still stronger emotion when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son—the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger.

He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship and duty could confer on each was enjoyed."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HANDWRITING OF JUNIUS.

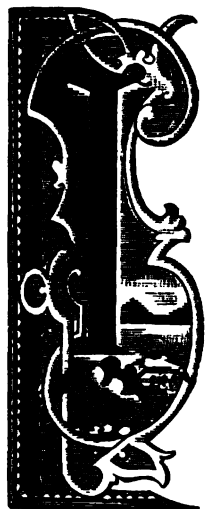
THE comparison of Sir Philip Francis's ordinary hand, which was a remarkably fine one, with the studiously-feigned hand of Junius's Letters, and of all his private correspondence, seemed to present many points of resemblance. But a remarkable writing of Sir P. Francis was recovered by the late Mr. Daniel Giles, to whose sister he had many years before sent a copy of verses with a letter written in a feigned hand. Upon comparing this fiction with the fac-similes published of Junius's hand, the two were found to tally accurately enough. The authorship is certainly not proved by this resemblance, even if it were admitted to prove that Sir P. Francis had been employed to copy the letters. But the importance of the fact as a circumstance in the chain of evidence is undeniable.

To this may be added the interest which he always took in the work. Upon his decease, the vellum-bound and gilt copies which formed the only remuneration Junius would receive from the publisher were sought for in vain among his books. But it is said that the present which he made his second wife on their marriage was a finely-bound copy of Junius.

LORD BROUGHAM.

DUEL BETWEEN MR. CLAY AND MR. RANDOLPH.

FROM "THIRTY YEARS' VIEW, BY A SENATOR."



It was Saturday, the first day of April, toward noon, the Senate not being that day in session, that Mr. Randolph came to my room at Brown's Hotel and (without explaining the reason of the question) asked me if I was a blood-relation of Mrs. Clay. I answered that I was, and he immediately replied that that put an end to a request which he had wished to make of me, and then went on to tell me that he had just received a challenge from Mr. Clay, had accepted it, was ready to go out, and would apply to Col. Tatnall to be his second. Before leaving he told me he would make my bosom the depository of a secret which he should commit to no other person: it was that he did not intend to fire at Mr. Clay. He told it to me because he wanted a witness of his intention, and did not mean to tell it to his second or anybody else, and enjoined inviolable secrecy until the duel was over. This was the first notice I had of the affair.

The challenge stated no specific ground of offence, specified no exceptionable words. It was peremptory and general for an "unprovoked attack on his (Mr. Clay's) character," and it dispensed with explanations by alleging that the notoriety and indisputable existence of the injury superseded the necessity for them. Of course this demand was bot-

tommed on a report of the words spoken—a verbal report, the full daily publication of the debates having not then begun—and that verbal report was of a character greatly to exasperate Mr. Clay. It stated that in the course of the debate Mr. Randolph said that a letter from Gen. Salazar, the Mexican minister at Washington, submitted by the Executive to the Senate, bore the earmark of having been manufactured or forged by the Secretary of State, and denounced the administration as a corrupt coalition between the puritan and blackleg, and added, at the same time, that he (Mr. Randolph) held himself personally responsible for all that he had said. This was the report to Mr. Clay, and upon which he gave the absolute challenge and received the absolute acceptance which shut out all inquiry between the principals into the causes of the quarrel. The seconds determined to open it, and to attempt an accommodation or a peaceable determination of the difficulty. In consequence, Gen. Jesup stated the complaint in a note to Col. Tatnall, thus:

"The injury of which Mr. Clay complains consists in this—that Mr. Randolph has charged him with having forged or manufactured a paper connected with the Panama mission; also that he has applied to him in debate the epithet of blackleg. The explanation which I consider necessary is that Mr. Randolph declare that he had no intention of charging Mr. Clay, either in his public or private capacity, with forging

or falsifying any paper or misrepresenting any fact, and also that the term blackleg was not intended to apply to him."

To this exposition of the grounds of the complaint Col. Tatnall answered:

"Mr. Randolph informs me that the words used by him in debate were as follows—that I thought it would be in my power to show evidence sufficiently presumptive to satisfy a Charlotte (county) jury that this invitation was manufactured here—that Salazar's letter struck me as bearing a strong likeness in point of style to the other papers. I did not undertake to prove this, but expressed my suspicion that the fact was so. I applied to the administration the epithet 'puritanic-diplomatic-blacklegged administration.' Mr. Randolph, in giving these words as those uttered by him in debate, is unwilling to afford any explanation as to their meaning and application."

Mr. Randolph remained upon his original ground of refusing to answer out of the Senate for words spoken within it. In other respects the statement of the words actually spoken greatly ameliorated the offensive report, the coarse and insulting words "forging and falsifying" being disavowed, as, in fact, they were not used, and are not to be found in the published report. The speech was a bitter philippic, and intended to be so, taking for its point the alleged coalition between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams with respect to the election, and their efforts to get up a popular question contrary to our policy of non-entanglement with foreign nations in sending ministers to the congress of the American states of Spanish origin at the Isthmus of Panama. I heard it all, and, though sharp and cutting, I think it might

have been heard, had he been present, without any manifestation of resentment by Mr. Clay. The part which he took so seriously to heart—that of having the Panama invitations manufactured in his office—was to my mind nothing more than attributing to him a diplomatic superiority which enabled him to obtain from the South American ministers the invitations that he wanted, and not at all that they were spurious fabrications. As to the expression "blackleg and puritan," it was merely a sarcasm to strike by antithesis, and which, being without foundation, might have been disregarded. I presented these views to the parties; and if they had come from Mr. Randolph, they might have been sufficient.

All hope of accommodation having vanished, the seconds proceeded to arrange for the duel. The afternoon of Saturday, the 8th of April, was fixed upon for the time; the right bank of the Potomac, within the State of Virginia, above the Little Falls bridge, was the place; pistols the weapons; distance, ten paces; each party to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon, and myself at liberty to attend as a mutual friend. There was to be no practising with pistols, and there was none; and the words "one," "two," "three," "stop," after the word "fire," were, by agreement between the seconds and for the humane purpose of reducing the result as near as possible to chance, to be given out in quick succession. The Virginia side of the Potomac was taken at the instance of Mr. Randolph. He went out as a Virginia senator, refusing to compromise that character; and if he fell in defence of its rights, Virginia soil was to him the chosen ground to receive his blood. There was a statute of the State

against duelling within her limits, but, as he merely went out to receive a fire without returning it, he deemed that no fighting, and consequently no breach of her statute. This reason for choosing Virginia could only be explained to me, as I alone was the depository of his secret.

The week's delay which the seconds had contrived was about expiring. It was Friday evening—or, rather, night—when I went to see Mr. Clay for the last time before the duel. There had been some alienation between us since the time of the Presidential election in the House of Representatives, and I wished to give evidence that there was nothing personal in it. The family were in the parlor—company present, and some of it stayed late. The youngest child—I believe, James—went to sleep on the sofa, a circumstance which availed me for a purpose the next day. Mrs. Clay was, as always since the death of her daughters, the picture of desolation, but calm, conversable and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the impending event. When all were gone and she also had left the parlor, I did what I came for, and said to Mr. Clay that, notwithstanding our late political differences, my personal feelings toward him were the same as formerly, and that in whatever concerned his life or honor my best wishes were with him. He expressed his gratification at the visit and the declaration, and said it was what he would have expected of me. We parted at midnight.

Saturday, the 8th of April—the day for the duel—had come, and almost the hour. It was noon, and the meeting was to take place at half-past four o'clock. I had gone to see Mr. Randolph before the hour and for

a purpose, and, besides, it was so far on the way, as he lived halfway to Georgetown and we had to pass through that place to cross the Potomac into Virginia at the Little Falls bridge. I had heard nothing from him on the point of not returning the fire since the first communication to that effect, eight days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination, but felt a desire to have fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question—any question which would imply a doubt of his word: his sensitive feelings would be hurt and annoyed at it; so I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mr. Clay the night before, of the late sitting, the child asleep, the unconscious tranquillity of Mrs. Clay, and added I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt, "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother," and went on with his employment (his seconds being engaged in their preparations in a different room), which was making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends, the bequests slight in value, but invaluable in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression and always appropriate to the receiver. To Mr. Macon he gave some English shillings, to keep the game when he played whist. His namesake, John Randolph Bryan, then at school in Baltimore and since married to his niece, had been sent for to see him, but sent off before the hour for going out, to save the boy from a possi-

ble shock of seeing him brought back. He wanted some gold—that coin not being then in circulation and only to be obtained by favor or purchase—and sent his faithful man, Johnny, to the United States branch bank to get a few pieces, American being the kind asked for. Johnny returned without the gold, and delivered the excuse that the bank had none. Instantly Mr. Randolph's clear silver-toned voice was heard above its natural pitch, exclaiming, "Their name is legion, and they are liars from the beginning.—Johnny, bring me my horse." His own saddle-horse was brought him—for he never rode Johnny's, nor Johnny his, though both, and all his hundred horses, were of the finest English blood—and he rode off to the bank down Pennsylvania Avenue, now Corcoran & Riggs's, Johnny following, as always, forty paces behind. Arrived at the bank, this scene, according to my informant, took place:

"Mr. Randolph asked for the state of his account, was shown it, and found to be some four thousand dollars in his favor. He asked for it. The teller took up packages of bills, and civilly asked in what sized notes he would have it. 'I want money,' said Mr. Randolph, putting emphasis on the word; and at that time it required a bold man to intimate that United States Bank notes were not money. The teller, beginning to understand him and willing to make sure, said inquiringly, 'You want silver?'—'I want my money!' was the reply. Then the teller, lifting boxes to the counter, said politely, 'Have you a cart, Mr. Randolph, to put it in?'—'That is my business, sir,' said he. By that time the attention of the cashier (Mr. Richard Smith) was attracted to what was going on, who came

up, and, understanding the question and its cause, told Mr. Randolph there was a mistake in the answer given to his servant—that they had gold and he should have what he wanted."

In fact, he had only applied for a few pieces, which he wanted for a special purpose. This brought about a compromise. The pieces of gold were received, the cart and the silver dispensed with, but the account in bank was closed and a check taken for the amount on New York. He returned and delivered me a sealed paper, which I was to open if he was killed, give back to him if he was not, also an open slip, which I was to read before I got to the ground. This slip was a request to feel in his left breeches pocket, if he was killed, and find so many pieces of gold—I believe nine—take three for myself, and give the same number to Tatnall and Hamilton each, to make seals to wear in remembrance of him. We were all three at Mr. Randolph's lodgings then, and soon sat out, Mr. Randolph and his seconds in a carriage, I following him on horseback.

I have already said that the count was to be quick after giving the word "fire," and for a reason which could not be told to the principals. To Mr. Randolph, who did not mean to fire, and who, though agreeing to be shot at, had no desire to be hit, this rapidity of counting out the time and quick arrival at the command "stop" presented no objection. With Mr. Clay it was different. With him it was all a real transaction, and gave rise to some proposal for more deliberateness in counting off the time, which, being communicated to Col. Tatnall, and by him to Mr. Randolph, had an ill effect upon his feelings, and, aided by an untoward acci-

dent on the ground, unsettled for a moment the noble determination which he had formed not to fire at Mr. Clay. I now give the words of Gen. Jesup:

"When I repeated to Mr. Clay the 'word' in the manner in which it would be given, he expressed some apprehension that, as he was not accustomed to the use of the pistol, he might not be able to fire within the time, and for that reason alone desired that it might be prolonged. I mentioned to Col. Tatnall the desire of Mr. Clay. He replied, 'If you insist upon it, the time must be prolonged, but I should very much regret it.' I informed him I did not insist upon prolonging the time, and I was sure Mr. Clay would acquiesce. The original agreement was carried out."

I knew nothing of this until it was too late to speak with the seconds or principals. I had crossed the Little Falls bridge just after them, and come to the place where the servants and carriages had stopped. I saw none of the gentlemen, and supposed they had all gone to the spot where the ground was being marked off; but on speaking to Johnny, Mr. Randolph, who was still in his carriage and heard my voice, looked out from the window and said to me, "Colonel, since I saw you, and since I have been in this carriage, I have heard something which may make me change my determination. Col. Hamilton will give you a note which will explain it." Col. Hamilton was then in the carriage, and gave me the note in the course of the evening of which Mr. Randolph spoke. I readily comprehended that this possible change of determination related to his firing, but the emphasis with which he pronounced the word "may" clearly showed that his mind

was undecided and left it doubtful whether he would fire or not. No further conversation took place between us. The preparations for the duel were finished; the parties went to their places, and I went forward to a piece of rising ground from which I could see what passed and hear what was said. The faithful Johnny followed me close, speaking not a word, but evincing the deepest anxiety for his beloved master. The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression, or basin, in which the parties stood. The principals saluted each other courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tatnall had won the choice of position, which gave to Gen. Jesup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west, a small stump just behind Mr. Clay; a low gravelly bank rose just behind Mr. Randolph. This latter asked Gen. Jesup to repeat the word as he would give it; and while in the act of doing so, and Mr. Randolph adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downward, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Col. Tatnall and said, "I protested against that hair-trigger." Col. Tatnall took blame to himself for having sprung the hair. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol; Senator Johnson, of Louisiana (Josiah), one of his seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him. This untimely fire, though clearly an accident, necessarily gave rise to some remarks and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost delicacy, but which in itself was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's feelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with the generous remark that the fire was clearly an accident, and it was so

unanimously declared. Another pistol was immediately furnished, and exchange of shots took place, and, happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph and in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close that it was a marvel how they missed. The moment had come for me to interpose. I went in among the parties and offered my mediation, but nothing could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, "This is child's play!" and required another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to reload. While this was doing I prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from his post, and renewed to him more pressingly than ever my importunities to yield to some accommodation, but I found him more determined than I had ever seen him, and for the first time impatient and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at what I was doing. He was indeed annoyed and dissatisfied. The accidental fire of his pistol preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as a circumstance susceptible in itself of an unfair interpretation and as having been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it had subjected him to imputations from which he knew himself to be free—a desire to kill Mr. Clay and a contempt for the laws of his beloved State—and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination and decided him irrevocably to carry it out.

It was in this interval that he told me what he had heard since we parted, and to which he alluded when he spoke to me from the window of the carriage. It was to this effect: That he had been informed by Col. Tatnall that it was proposed to give out the words with more deliberateness, so as to prolong the time for taking aim. This information grated harshly upon his feelings. It unsettled his purpose and brought his mind to the inquiry (as he now told me, and as I found it expressed in the note which he had immediately written in pencil to apprise me of his possible change) whether, under these circumstances, he might not "disable" his adversary. This note is so characteristic, and such an essential part of this affair, that I here give its very words, so far as relates to this point. It ran thus:

"Information received from Col. Tatnall since I got into the carriage *may* induce me to change my mind, of not returning Mr. Clay's fire. I seek not his death. I would not have his blood upon my hands—it will not be upon my soul if shed in self-defence—for the world. He has determined, by the use of a long preparatory caution by words, to get time to kill me. May I not, then, disable him? Yes, if I please."

It has been seen by the statement of Gen. Jesup, already given, that this "information" was a misapprehension; that Mr. Clay had not applied for a prolongation of time for the purpose of getting sure aim, but only to enable his unused hand, long unfamiliar with the pistol, to fire within the limited time; that there was no prolongation, in fact, either granted or insisted upon; but he was in doubt, and, Gen. Jesup having won the word, he was having him repeat it in the

way he was to give it out, when his finger touched the hair-trigger. How unfortunate that I did not know of this in time to speak to General Jesup, when one word from him would have set all right and saved the imminent risks incurred! This inquiry, "May I not disable him?" was still on Mr. Randolph's mind and dependent for its solution on the rising incidents of the moment, when the accidental fire of his pistol gave the turn to his feelings which solved the doubt. But he declared to me that he had not aimed at the life of Mr. Clay; that he did not level as high as the knees—not higher than the knee-band, "for it was no mercy to shoot a man in the knee;" that his only object was to disable him and spoil his aim; and then added, with a beauty of expression and a depth of feeling which no studied oratory can ever attain, and which I shall never forget, these impressive words: "I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded, for all the land that is watered by the king of floods and all his tributary streams." He left me to resume his post, utterly refusing to explain out of the Senate anything that he had said in it, and with the positive declaration that he would not return the next fire. I withdrew a little way into the woods and kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol, discharge it in the air; heard him say, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and immediately advancing and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met halfway, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, "You owe me

a coat, Mr. Clay" (the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip); to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, "I am glad the debt is no greater." I had come up, and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair, and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought. I stopped to sup with Mr. Randolph and his friends—none of us wanted dinner that day—and had a characteristic time of it. A runner came in from the bank to say that they had overpaid him, by mistake, one hundred and thirty dollars that day. He answered, "I believe it is your rule not to correct mistakes except at the time and at your counter," and with that answer the runner had to return. When gone, Mr. Randolph said, "I will pay it on Monday: people must be honest, if banks are not." He asked for the sealed paper he had given me, opened it, took out a check for one thousand dollars, drawn in my favor, and with which I was requested to have him carried, if killed, to Virginia, and buried under his patrimonial oaks—not let him be buried at Washington with a hundred hacks after him. He took the gold from his left breeches-pocket, and said to us (Hamilton, Tatnall and I), "Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting sha'n't rob you of your seals. I am going to London, and will have them made for you;" which he did, and most characteristically, so far as mine was concerned. He went to the herald's office in London and inquired for the Benton family, of which I had often told him there was none, as we only dated on that side from my grandfather in North Carolina. But the

name was found, and with it a coat of arms—among the quarterings, a lion rampant. "That is the family," said he, and had the arms engraved on the seal, the same which I have since habitually worn; and added the motto, *Factis non verbis*, of which he was afterward accustomed to say the *non* should be changed into *et*.

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed, and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals. Certainly duelling is bad and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitute—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding and street-assassinations under the pretext of self-defence.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

HEBREW POETRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. G. HERDER.

TO the poetical age of Israel's liberty belongs the beautiful fable of Jotham. Like the fables of Æsop and Menenius Agrippa, it was spoken to the people for their instruction respecting an actual event, and such is the truest and best origin and aim of fabulous compositions. In this fable trees speak and act, for Israel then lived beneath the trees the life of herdsmen or cultivators of the soil. The youngest son of a worthy father, who alone was left after the murder of all his brothers, goes upon the top of the mountain, raises his voice and addresses in the following language the peo-

ple, who had made the oppressor of his family and the murderer of all his brothers their chosen king:

"Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem,
That God may hearken unto you.

"The trees went forth upon a time
To anoint a king to rule them;
They said unto the olive tree,
'Be thou the king over us.'
But the olive tree said to them,
'Shall I give up my oily sap,
For which both God and man respect me,
And go to wave above the trees?'

"Then the trees said to the fig tree,
'Come thou and be our king.'
But the fig tree answered them,
'Shall I give up my sweetness
And my rich annual fruits,
And go to wave above the trees?'

"Then said the trees unto the vine,
'Come thou and be our king.'
The vine made answer to them,
'Shall I forsake my wine,
Which cheereth God and man,
And go to wave above the trees?'

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble,
'Come thou and be our king.'
The bramble said unto the trees,
'If in truth ye anoint me over you,
Come and put your trust in my shadow;
But if it be not so,
Let fire come out of the bramble
And devour the cedars of Lebanon.'"

The fable, as a species of composition, lives wholly in the wild period of uncontrolled liberty. In the spirit and feeling of such freedom it represents the quiet happiness of the several fruitful and luxuriant trees, none of which are desirous of the proposed elevation. It clearly exhibits the gifts and qualifications by which the bramble attains the royal dignity, and of which on the first proposal it is conscious in itself. It shows the inward and essential character of the

kingly office, as cold and barren, without oil and joyless, to wave above the blooming trees. Finally, it relates the first gracious acts of the bramble, the conditions offered to the cedars of Lebanon, either to come and place themselves under the shadow of the bramble or be consumed by it with fire. Beautiful fable, full of sad truth for more than one age!

The East is full of such ethico-political fables. What the historians of European nations propose in aphorisms the Orientals clothe in the dress of fiction or fable. The tyrant who took from them their freedom of speech must at least leave them their fables, their proverbs, their wild and romantic tales. These not only commended themselves to the minds of the common people, but sometimes ventured in humble guise to approach the ear of the monarch. Thus Nathan related to David the king a little story of the one ewe-lamb of the poor man. Thus, too, Isaiah sung to his well-beloved, the people, a fabulous song of another beloved, the sentiment of which is simply that the former is an unfruitful and unprofitable vineyard, which the latter, the Lord of the vineyard, threatens with immediate destruction. The prophets paint symbols upon the wall or themselves become symbols, living fables; and when curiosity prompted the inquiry, "What is this? What does this witless figure mean?" the prophet explained its pregnant import. Often, too, this is given dressed in verbal conceits:

"What seest thou, Jeremiah?"—
 "A rod of an almond tree."—
 "Thou sawest truly,
 For I will watch over my word
 Till I accomplish it,"

where the words in the original exhibit a paronomasia.

What play of words, too, in regard to proper names, monuments and historical events do we find abounding in the historical and poetical writings of the Hebrews! And, as the riddles and puns of Samson belong here, it may perhaps be the most fitting occasion to illustrate more at large both these topics, which are so great favorites in Oriental poetry.

When Samson celebrated his marriage-festival, he knew of no better way to entertain his guests than by a riddle, which he propounded in verse:

SAMSON.

"I will put forth now a riddle to you,
 And ye shall interpret it."

ANSWER.

"Put forth thy riddle, then,
 That we may hear it."

SAMSON.

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
 Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

ANSWER.

"Nothing is sweeter than honey,
 Nothing is stronger than a lion."

SAMSON.

"If ye had not ploughed with my heifer,
 Ye had not found out my riddle."

All these sentences in the original are in parallelism, or, in a word, rhymes. The question is formally proposed and formally answered. Seven days were given them for reflection and a liberal reward offered for the solution—clear proofs of the value set upon such trials of wit in these times.

We find this respect and fondness for riddles even in later books. The queen of Sheba came to test the wisdom of Solomon by trials of the same kind, and the last chapter but one of his proverbs contains little else but riddles, though, indeed, in a different and higher style.

THE WORDS OF AGUR THE SON OF JAKEH.

In lofty phrase the man to Itheil spake,
To Itheil and Uchal spake he thus:
"More brutish surely am I than a man;
What men call prudence I have not;
I have not learned their wisdom,
And should I know the knowledge of the holy?
Who up to heaven ascended or came down?
Who gathered up the wind within his fist?
Who bound the waters in a garment?
Who gave the earth its several bounds?
What is his name? and what his son's?
Inform me, if thou knowest."

In the introduction of Agur there is nothing enigmatical. Some of his other sayings are more nearly so:

TWO WISHES WITH RESPECT TO HUMAN LIFE.

But two things only have I asked of thee;
Deny me not so long as I shall live:
Put far from me idolatry and lying,
Allot me neither poverty nor riches,
But give me food in just allowance,
Lest I, too full, become a liar,
And say, Who is Jehovah?
Or lest, too poor, I steal,
And take the name of God in vain.

How beautifully are the two objects here related to each other in life! How true and convincing the mode of presenting them!

THE EVIL RACE.

There is a race who curse their father
And bring no blessings on their mother—
A race in their own eyes for ever pure,
But yet not washed from their own filth;
A race whose eyes are carried loftily,
And eyelids lifted up with pride;

A race whose teeth like daggers,
And forward teeth like knives,
Devour the poor from off the land,
The needy from among mankind.

Here is the beautiful elegy of David on Saul and Jonathan. To me the heart of Jonathan remains sacred, and may his name for ever adorn the altar of friendship!

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR JONATHAN HIS FRIEND.

Beautiful roe, thou pride and glory of Israel,
Thus, then, art thou wounded upon thy high places!

CHORUS.

Fallen, fallen are the heroes!
How are the heroes fallen!

Tell ye it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised leap for joy.
Ye mountains of Gilboa, on you henceforth
Let no more rain nor dew descend for ever;
No more on you, ye mountains blighted with a curse,
For there the shield of heroes was struck down—
The shield of Saul, as of one unconsecrated with oil.
From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the strong,
The bow of Jonathan never turned backward,
The sword of Saul returned not empty. (It reached the
blood of the slain.)

Saul and Jonathan! Dear to each other in life,
They went undivided in love to the realm of shades;
Swifter than eagles, bolder were they than lions.
Daughters of Israel, weep ye for Saul;
No more will he clothe you in garments of purple,
Nor deck your apparel with ornaments of gold.

CHORUS.

Ah! how are the heroes fallen in the midst of battle!
Jonathan, thou lovely roe, slain on thy high places!

I am afflicted for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Lovely wast thou to me, exceeding lovely;
Yea, my love for thee surpassed the love of women.

CHORUS.

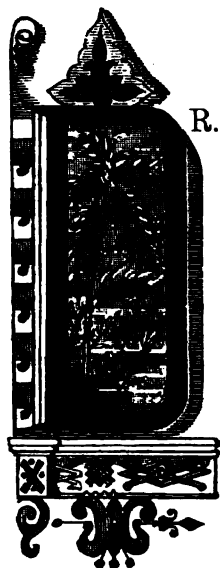
Ah! how are the heroes fallen,
And their weapons of war perished!

Translation of JAMES MARSH.

FRANKLIN AT THE COURT OF FRANCE.

FEBRUARY 4, 1777.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DU BACHAUMAL AND THE DUC DE LEVIS.



R. FRANKLIN, just arrived from the English colonies in America, is very much sought and entertained by the *savants*. He has a beautiful physiognomy, scant locks of hair and a fur cap, which he wears constantly. He is very reticent in public as to the affairs of his country, of which he is very proud. He says that Heaven, jealous of its beauty, has sent it the scourge of war.

ous of its beauty, has sent it the scourge of war.

Among the reminiscences of the duc De Levis is the following:

"I was very young when I saw the illustrious Franklin, but his countenance, full of candor and nobility, and his beautiful white hair, will never leave my memory. I can recall nothing remarkable which fell from his lips, but I remember an incident which was related to me by the celebrated Dr. Priestly, who was very intimate with him. 'We were,' he said, 'together at a reunion where there were many members of the Royal Society of London; the conversation turned upon the progress of the arts, and the discoveries useful to humanity which were yet to be made. Franklin regretted that as yet no means had been found for spinning two threads of cotton or wool at the same time.

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Every one exclaimed that this could never be accomplished, but Franklin not only insisted that it was possible, but that it would soon be accomplished. He lived long enough,' added Priestly, 'to realize not only this hope, but to see forty threads spun at a time. To-day a woman, with the aid of a child, can spin a hundred.' In recalling all that Franklin has accomplished in science, art and politics, we are convinced that there never existed a genius more universal and more capable of grand conceptions and ingenious applications. He descended from those lofty thoughts which had enabled him to conquer the lightning to study the details of domestic economy and perfect chimneys, just as he passed from the charge of his printing-house to the conduct of the negotiations with France and Spain which were to lead to the liberty of his country."

Translation of the Editor.

FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF FRANKLIN IN FRANCE.

FROM HIS "LIFE."

"IT would be difficult to describe," says Count Ségur, "the eagerness and delight with which the American envoys—the agents of a people in a state of insurrection against their monarch—were received in France, in the bosom of an ancient monarchy. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the luxury of our capital, the elegance of our fashions, the magnifi-

cence of Versailles, the still brilliant remains of the monarchical pride of Louis XIV. and the polished and superb dignity of our nobility on the one hand, and on the other hand the almost rustic apparel, the plain but firm demeanor, the free and direct language, of the envoys, whose antique simplicity of dress and appearance seemed to have introduced within our walls, in the midst of the effeminate and servile refinement of the eighteenth century, some sages contemporary with Plato or republicans of the age of Cato and of Fabius. This unexpected apparition produced upon us a greater effect in consequence of its nobility, and of its occurring precisely at the period when literature and philosophy had circulated amongst us an unusual desire for reforms, a disposition to encourage innovations, and the seeds of an ardent attachment to liberty."*

M. Lacretelle, a French historian, discourses in a similar strain: "Men imagined they saw in Franklin a sage of antiquity come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns. They personified in him the republic of which he was the representative and the legislator. They regarded his virtues as those of his countrymen, and even judged of their physiognomy by the imposing and serene traits of his own. Happy was he who could gain admittance to see him in the house which he occupied. This venerable old man, it was said, joined to the demeanor of Phocion the spirit of Socrates." And the German Schlosser says: "Franklin's appearance in the Paris salons, even before he began to negotiate, was an event of great importance to the whole of Europe. Paris at that time set the fashion

for the civilized world, and the admiration of Franklin, carried to a degree approaching folly, produced a remarkable effect on the fashionable circles of Paris. His dress, the simplicity of his external appearance, the friendly meekness of the old man and the apparent humility of the Quaker procured for Freedom a mass of votaries among the court circles who used to be alarmed at its coarseness and unsophisticated truths." Other chroniclers of the period bear similar testimony.

With regard to the rustic apparel, Count Ségur was in error: "Neither Silas Deane nor Dr. Franklin was capable of such an affectation. Nevertheless, Franklin did venture upon one bold and wise innovation: he resisted the tyranny of the hairdressers; he positively would not again submit to the daily nuisance of pigtail and powder. His white hair being now too scanty for the protection of his head, he was accustomed to wear at this time (but soon discarded it) an odd-looking fur cap which did impart to his appearance something that might pass for rusticity. One of the first letters which he wrote in Paris contains a humorous description of his appearance: "Figure me, in your mind, as jolly as formerly, and as strong and hearty, only a few years older; very plainly dressed, wearing my thin gray, straight hair, that peeps out under my only coiffure, a fine fur cap, which comes down my forehead almost to my spectacles. Think how this must appear among the powdered heads of Paris! I wish every lady and gentleman in France would only be so obliging as to follow my fashion, comb their own heads—as I do mine—dismiss their friseurs and pay me half the money they paid to

* *Memoirs of Count Ségur*, vol. i. p. 101.

them. You see, the gentry might well afford this; and I could then enlist these friseurs, who are at least one hundred thousand, and with the money I would maintain them, make a visit with them to England, and dress the heads of your ministers and privy counsellors, which I conceive at present to be *un peu derangées*."

JAMES PARTON.

A JOURNEY.

DIARY OF ADAMS, SEPTEMBER 9, 1776.

ON this day Mr. Franklin, Mr. Edward Rutledge and Mr. John Adams proceeded on their journey to Lord Howe, on Staten Island, the two former in chairs and the latter on horseback. The first night we lodged at an inn in New Brunswick. On the road and at all the public-houses we saw such numbers of officers and soldiers straggling and loitering as gave me, at least, but a poor opinion of the discipline of our forces and excited as much indignation as anxiety. Such thoughtless dissipation at a time so critical was not calculated to inspire very sanguine hopes or give great courage to ambassadors. I was, nevertheless, determined that it should not dishearten me. I saw that we must, and had no doubt but we should, be chastised into order in time.

The taverns were so full we could with difficulty obtain entertainment. At Brunswick but one bed could be procured for Dr. Franklin and me, in a chamber little larger than the bed, without a chimney and with only one small window. The window was open, and I, who was an invalid and afraid of the air in the night, shut it close. "Oh," says Franklin, "don't shut the window; we shall be suffocated." I answered I was

afraid of the evening air. Dr. Franklin replied, "The air within this chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without-doors. Come, open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you. I believe you are not acquainted with my theory of colds." Opening the window and leaping into bed, I said I had read his letters to Dr. Cooper, in which he had advanced that nobody ever got cold by going into a cold church or any other cold air, but the theory was so little consistent with my experience that I thought it a paradox. However, I had so much curiosity to hear his reasons that I would run the risk of a cold. The doctor then began a harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep and left him and his philosophy together; but I believe they were equally sound and insensible within a few minutes after me, for the last words I heard were pronounced as if he was more than half asleep. I remember little of the lecture except that the human body, by respiration and perspiration, destroys a gallon of air in a minute; that two such persons as were now in that chamber would consume all the air in it in an hour or two; that by breathing over again the matter thrown off by the lungs and the skin we should imbibe the real cause of colds—not from abroad, but from within. I am not inclined to introduce here a dissertation on this subject. There is much truth, I believe, in some things he advanced, but they warrant not the assertion that a cold is never taken from cold air. I have often conversed with him since on the same subject, and I believe, with him, that colds are often taken in foul air in close rooms, but they are often

taken from cold air abroad too. I have often asked him whether a person heated with exercise, going suddenly into cold air or standing still in a current of it, might not have his pores suddenly contracted, his perspiration stopped, and that matter thrown into the circulation or cast upon the lungs which he acknowledged was the cause of colds. To this he never could give me a satisfactory answer, and I have heard that in the opinion of his own able physician, Dr. Jones, he fell a sacrifice at last to his own theory, having caught the violent cold which finally choked him by sitting for some hours at a window with the cool air blowing upon him.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey, and the remainder of this negotiation will be related from the Journals of Congress, and from a few familiar letters which I wrote to my most intimate friends before and after my journey. The abrupt, uncouth freedom of these, and all others of my letters in those days, requires an apology. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than that they would ever appear before the public. Oppressed with a load of business, without an amanuensis or any assistance, I was obliged to do everything myself. For seven years before this I had never been without three clerks in my office as a barrister, but now I had no secretary or servant whom I could trust to write, and everything must be copied by myself or be hazarded without any copy. The few that I wrote upon this occasion I copied merely to assist my memory as occasion might demand.

There were a few circumstances which appear neither in the Journals of Congress nor in my letters which may be thought by some

worth preserving. Lord Howe had sent over an officer as a hostage for our security. I said to Dr. Franklin it would be childish in us to depend upon such a pledge, and insisted on taking him over with us and keeping our society on the same side of the water with us. My colleagues exulted in the proposition, and agreed to it instantly. We told the officer if he held himself under our direction he must go back with us. He bowed assent, and we all embarked in His Lordship's barge. As we approached the shore His Lordship, observing us, came down to the water's edge to receive us, and, looking at the officer, he said, "Gentlemen, you make me a very high compliment, and you may depend upon it I will consider it as the most sacred of things." We walked up to the house between lines of guards of grenadiers looking fierce as ten Furies and making all the grimaces and gestures and motions of their muskets, with bayonets fixed, which, I suppose, military etiquette requires, but which we neither understood nor regarded.

The house had been the habitation of military guards and was as dirty as a stable, but His Lordship had prepared a large handsome room by spreading a carpet of moss and green sprigs from bushes and shrubs in the neighborhood, till he had made it not only wholesome, but romantically elegant; and he entertained us with good claret, good bread, cold ham, tongues and mutton.

JOHN ADAMS

MAN'S LIFE.

MAN'S life's a book of history :
The leaves thereof are days ;
The letters, mercies closely joined ;

The title is " God's Praise." JOHN MASSON.

O RABEQUISTA, THE FIDDLER.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF ANTONIO FELICIANO CASTILHO.



ON a dark night of winter, there was a wedding-ball in a village near the foot of the mountain Estrella. The wedding-dinner was over at two o'clock in the afternoon, and from that hour till midnight the clattering dance of wooden shoes had been almost incessant. During all this time the merriment had been kept alive by liberal supplies of green wine, by love and by a fiddle, the never-failing guest and companion of every merry meeting in all the hamlets of this neighborhood. The fiddler, who possessed nothing in the world but a musical ear (for which we do not know how much percentage he paid out of the hours of industry) had been one of the numerous candidates for the bride; but having been supplanted by the pecuniary charms of his happy rival, he was here on this occasion—no unhappy man, either, but in good humor with his ill-fortune. A philosophical fiddler, he had not only had the courage to attend the marriage ceremony without concealing himself behind one of the church pillars and rushing forth at the critical moment with a romantic cry of despair, to the dismay of the assembly, but he had helped to twine the arches of pine-boughs for the passage of the triumphant couple. At dinner he had filled repeated bumpers to

the health of both, and also of a tawny rustic lass who happened to sit next to him; and all the evening afterward, and all the night, he animated by his quaint old minuets and his inexhaustible store of old-fashioned tunes the fun of the dancers, male and female, of that economical club whose vagaries were superbly illuminated by four classical iron lamps stuck against four newly-whitewashed walls. Some malicious judges of motives—for there are such even in the country—did not fail to set down his gratuitous perseverance to a lurking desire of putting off as long as he possibly could the fatal moment when the company should disperse and the doors of his ungrateful fair one exclude him from her presence. Others merely supposed that his zeal was inspired by a newly-awakened fancy for another pair of bright eyes, and that he was naturally unwilling to quit a scene where the lady of his thoughts saw him unquestionably playing *the first fiddle*. As to us, without rejecting or admitting either of these opinions, we think it more orthodox to believe that his pure self-love as an artist is a sufficient explanation. Paganini, in the theatre at Paris or on the stage of the opera-house in London, was not a greater personage than our poor fiddler in a farmhouse of the Estrella mountain.

During one of those brief intervals of the ball, when the din of music and feet ceased only to give play to the much more uproar-

ious clamor of conversation, our hero—whom we shall call Baptist—found his opportunity of insinuating a sly compliment into the ear of her to whom his looks had already been still more eloquent. A smile and a modest look of pleased acknowledgment gave him fresh force for a second attack: he dared to whisper the word *love*; he saw her blush, and once more he saw her smile. He ventured to seize a pretty little hand of this damsel fifteen years old, and from the moment of that endured audacity he considered his felicity certain. He asks her name: *Anna*; her condition: *single*; her residence: *another farmhouse*, distant about half a league, in a locality that he is unacquainted with, but which she describes so minutely that it is evident his visit there will be acceptable.

"In our house," adds Anna, "there live only my mother and myself. My mother keeps house; I tend our flock on the mountain in the daytime, and at night work with my mother. Sometimes we sit together at our hearth with nothing new to say to one another, which is dull; now and then we have the company of some young women who live about a quarter of a league from us. I came with two of them to-day, and we are to return together. But for them I should have missed this wedding, and that would have been a pity."

The dancing was renewed; Baptist surpassed himself, if that were possible. The fiddle seemed animated with all the fire, all the brilliant freshness, of a newly-rising passion. It imparted more life, more ecstasy, to the dancers; and Anna, every time that the mazy whirl brought her near to the musician, showed by a look, a movement, an air, that she felt something more than gratitude for

the performer. The bow of Cupid, to use the phraseology of the poetico-arcadian school, never twanged off more sharp and quick arrows than did the bow of a fiddle on this night. The bridegroom, fearing that the transport might not subside before sunrise, availed himself of a momentary pause to call Baptist apart into the garden, and there, after some trifling apologetical preamble, with which Baptist would have willingly dispensed, gave him to understand, in as few words as his embarrassment and the sense of his discourtesy would permit, that it was time to close the entertainment and for the guests to retire. Baptist, who, like all happy lovers, had kept wholly out of view the fact that such pleasure must have an end, and in whom (trust the hearts of men!) the thought of his first love, now hopeless, was already partially eclipsed by the radiant image of his new star—Baptist stood undecided for an instant whether he should obey the master of the house, thanking him for his good cheer, or break the fiddle about his ears. A visit to the cellar, to which the host sagaciously invited him, gave him time to recover his temper; and, thanks to a copious draught that prepared him for the journey, the inward strife that had arisen between the two spirits that contend for mastery in the human breast terminated in the victory of the good angel. During this absence of the life and soul of the party the greater number of the guests disappeared, and Anna, urged by her companions to withdraw, and persuaded, as were the rest, that Baptist would not come back, sadly set out on her way home.

Returning to the room and finding it deserted by her who alone had filled it to his eyes, Baptist wished his host good-night.

Hardness of heart is not the vice of the truly happy. The bridegroom accompanied him a few steps beyond the threshold, and laughingly told him, in a key sufficiently loud to ensure his being overheard by his wife, that the beauteous Anna, the flower and envy of the night, was the best tender of flocks in the district; that she had a good fortune, excellent hands for the spindle and a voice for singing that charmed all who heard her; that he therefore advised him to cultivate the good graces of the mother, for that he well knew the girl would think herself fortunate to be able to warble her youth away with such an accompaniment:

"O life of my life!
Who can show me your fellow
At fiddle or fife
On the mountain Estrella?"

And with this he bade him farewell, but not before he had further explained what Baptist had already known above two hours—that the house was situate at the top of a winding steep, between hills; that by day two great oak trees, standing close together on the right of the road, would show that he was near the place, and that at night he would be led to it by the bleating of numerous goats folded in the pen, so that there could be no risk of going astray among those wilds.

The night was still dark. Baptist at first, though his mind was all abroad, took the melancholy road that led to his home. But what was he to do there? Sleep? Who ever slept on the first night of a new love-fever? To lie awake and sigh? That is better and more poetically done on the open stage of nature. To transcribe from the

tablets of his heart an account of his sensations and wishes in a letter? Anna probably cannot read, and he himself, satisfied with his talent as a musical artist, never felt any ambition to accumulate knowledge. Baptist does not know how to write.

All such of my readers as have passed through the paradise of youth will readily divine, without my telling them, whither the steps of Baptist led him against the bent of his wiser intention. As full of wine and passion as an elegy of Propertius, with his fiddle under his arm and his Anna in his heart, and with as good speed as the obscurity of the hour and the ruggedness and strangeness of the way permit, there he goes, entreating the solitude to favor his blind search of the temple of his divinity, and already in spirit making the tour of those walls which he fancies he discovers in every white stone that he discerns before him.

And what a wretched gratification is he seeking! He will not see her; no, he will not hear her voice. At such an untimely season of the night he will not even, through some compassionate crack in the door, have his eyes fascinated by the flickering gleam of a lamp lighted by that very hand which so lately trembled in his own. She herself will not know to-morrow that he has been keeping watch near her and surrounding her dreams with his love. No sign will remain to reveal to her the devotion with which he will have been kissing, as a pilgrim kisses a reliquary, the insensible walls that enclose the talisman of his existence. When she shall arise and go forth with Aurora, placid and rosy like her, and like her hailed with delight by everything that beholds her, not a vestige of his kisses will be left on the stones

of her house, on the threshold of her door; not one of all the sighs that night shall have gathered in its lap will be felt with the morning breezes as they sigh among the foliage. No, but he will have enjoyed, in three or four hours of careful vigil, whole ages of felicity. It is even possible that something of reality may be mingled with his delicious reveries; it may chance that while, with ear applied to a casement and breath suspended, he interrogates the silence of the sleeping house, some audible sound, some word addressed by the daughter to her mother, some rustling of a mattress stuffed with the straw of Indian corn, will aid his fancy to picture the interior of that Eden, and to perceive, as it were through his ears, the position, the attitude, the expression, the thoughts, of the most beautiful of slumbers. He will at least hear the bleating of her goats hard by; and if the stars be not utterly hostile to his hopes, he may in the morning, hiding himself where he cannot be discovered, watch her as she passes with her flock, blithely treading the dew in her little slippers of orange-tree wood, her distaff stuck in her girdle, a shade of soft anxiety setting off the sweetest smile that ever dawned from under the broad flap of a large black hat; and perhaps he might hear that chant of the mountain, and now more than ever the song for *him*, sent forth to the echoes by the most bewitching voice of the *Beira-alta*:

"O life of my life!
Who can show me your fellow
At fiddle or fife
On the mountain Estrella?"

As these fancies thickened upon him, Baptist, who was absolutely carried away with

them, and was every moment quickening his pace, less attentive to the road than to the stars, with which true lovers have always an indefinable sympathy, suffered himself to be hurried on, he hardly knew whither, till he suddenly remembered what none but a lover would have forgotten for a moment—that he ought to examine, by the notices which he had been warned to take heed of, whether he was on his right course or not. He stopped, he doubted, he was about to turn back, when, lo! he observed on the side of the path certain trees which might very possibly be the two oak trees. He flies toward them. They are the very same, and that is the exact site—a site as familiar to him, now that he views it for the first time, as if he had been born there. He accelerates his speed; his heart leaps as if it wished to get there before him; the sandy and barren soil of the steep seems to him a gentle declivity matted with rose-leaves; and, to crown his success, he hears the bleat of a lamb close by: he who hears the lamb cannot be far off from the shepherdess. He rushes toward the spot where so tender a greeting invited him. He already discovers the withies of the fold; he almost touches them. All at once the ground gives way under him, and he finds himself at the bottom of a pitfall. Astounded with the shock, though he had lighted on his feet with his fiddle safe under his arm, he at first imagined that some evil witch had laid this wicked trap for him; and he now called to mind that an old woman at the wedding had very constantly eyed him with an expression of countenance of no good augury. But after his first confusion was a little allayed he perceived that he was in one of those deep holes which it is the custom to

excavate on the mountain to catch wolves. These holes are made wider at bottom than at top, so as to make it impossible for the prisoner to escape; the mouth is lightly covered with a few slender boughs, which, yielding to the pressure of any weight, let it fall through, and, being elastic, resume their deceitful appearance. As a lure to the beast of prey at night it is usual to place behind this masked abyss, and within a strong fence of hurdles, a kid or a lamb, whose cries for the dam entice its enemy to certain destruction.

The hopelessness of evasion from such a den for the rest of the night was evident to poor Baptist. He tried to accommodate himself to his situation. He had not room to console himself, as men incarcerated are wont to do, by pacing to and fro to give life to his imprecations. He laid himself down in the pit to meditate on the abode of his love, which he had left above him in the land of the living. Nature makes but little difference between dreams and the visionary cogitations of lovers.

Baptist was now half musing, half sleeping, when he heard the treacherous roof of his den giving way again, and immediately afterward down plumped some heavy substance. He jumped up in consternation: "Who is there?" No answer. With hair on end, head dripping with cold sweat and tongue tied with terror, he crouched hard against a side of the pit, and endeavored, with eyes fixed in stupid amazement, to make out the companion of his misfortune, and, lo! a wolf—a great wolf, an immense wolf! He sees his eyes glaring like lamps, and that ferocious light shows, or seems to show, two rows of perfectly white teeth, with the for-

midable tusks—a sight sufficient to disconcert not only one fiddler, but a whole philharmonical society.

Without defence or means of flight or chance of succor, and watching the steady and gradually emboldened attention with which his adversary measured him, he was attempting in his agony to shrink into the very earth that immured him, when an involuntary touch of one of the strings of his fiddle caused it to sound. The animal was startled and recoiled two steps, which he had at last slowly and with a long pause between each made toward the musician. Baptist, therefore, suspecting that there may be some occult centrifugal virtue in the art of Orpheus, draws his fiddlestick with a tremulous hand across the bow. It is now the wolf's turn to shrink; he cowers as if he would bury himself in the ground; the rage in his eyes is subdued; he turns away his head; he manifests his fears by a thousand signs. Baptist, gathering courage from his enemy's cowardice, without further preparatory tuning flings him off a waltz, and, observing that the first effect of his instrument is in nowise diminished, overpowers him with an inundation of notes, in tune and out of tune, enough to rive the entrails of the earth. It was a genuine scene worthy of the opera in the Rua-dos-Condes. Minuets, gavottes, country-dances, waltzes, cotillons, jigs and rigadoons succeeded one another without break or transition, and with a rapidity, a prodigality, that was marvellous; while now and then he wrenched his eyes off his crouching adversary to look up at the aperture for the glimpse of day, to which alone he could trust for his deliverance. But that night had sworn to last at least fifty hours for the poor

fiddler. The centrifugal charm of his violin appeared to have as much influence on Aurora as on the wolf, keeping them both aloof. The perspiration which his fears had at first drawn was now streaming down him from sheer fatigue. His arm, before so laboriously exercised at the ball, was beginning to fail him, when at last the gleams of day peered through the false trellis-work over his head; and soon afterward steps, voices and laughter were distinguishable near the cavern. The shepherds who had laid the trap were coming to see if they had caught anything, and, wondering at the strange subterranean music, they hastened toward it with a thousand wild conjectures. Having removed the boughs that covered the mouth of the pit, they looked down, eager to learn what this extraordinary revel could be. Baptist, fearing to lose by one moment's intermission of his music the safety he had won at so much cost, answered them in chanted prose, fiddling all the while and huddling two or three words into every note:

"Pit of terror! Night of horror! How I tremble!"

entreating to be quickly released and intimating that he would tell them all about it presently. A ladder was the first thing to be procured; one was immediately found in the nearest farmhouse, the inmates of which, as anxious as their neighbors to gratify their curiosity, came running with the rest to witness such an unexampled sight. The pit was surrounded with people of both sexes. The ladder was hardly fixed when Baptist clambered up as fast as he possibly could without the use of his hands—for he was still fiddling—till he reached the top, more dead than

alive. Scarcely had he found himself amid kindly human faces, and in the light of one of the loveliest mornings that ever shone on the Estrella, when, laying down his fiddle to make the sign of the cross, he discovered at his side his own Anna. Hers was the ladder that had saved him; hers the neighboring farmhouse; and the soft scarlet kerchief of cotton that was instantly offered to him to wipe his forehead was taken from her own neck.

He was conducted to her house (it was possibly only because it was the nearest at hand) and placed by the hearth, where mother and daughter vied with each other in making him comfortable, and after serving him with a good breakfast and giving him a thousand unequivocal proofs of their benevolence they left him to take five or six hours of delicious repose on a well-filled and well-smoothed palliasse of Indian-corn straw.

In less than three months after that breakfast Baptist was the husband of Anna. The artist who had figured so brilliantly at other people's wedding-parties performed prodigies at his own. The wolf, which Baptist and Anna would not suffer to be destroyed, was carefully secured, and, being of a tamable age at the time of his capture, is now a part of the family and is kept in better condition than ever wolf was kept before. The friendly evening gatherings at this farmhouse are celebrated in the district, and all the neighbors hope and trust that the harmony which reigns there will never be interrupted—that in the mutual relation of husband and wife, and of mother and son-in-law, the fiddle will never be out of tune.

Translation of WILLIAM TAIT.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

NO literary production has created such controversy as Macpherson's *Ossian*. When first published, it was announced to the public as a collection, made in the Highlands of Scotland, of ancient poems translated by James Macpherson from the Gaelic, or Erse, language. They were at first conceded to be the rival of Homer and Virgil. A warm controversy as to their authenticity soon arose. Macpherson was accused of being their author, and not their translator, such men as David Hume and Dr. Samuel Johnson being among his most severe accusers. This controversy continued for over fifty years, arraying on either side most of the great literary men of the age. The dispute continues to a slight extent even to the present day. Public opinion, however, has given its verdict against Macpherson, and the poems of *Ossian* are now almost universally regarded as his own production. They, however, must have intrinsic merit, for they are yet highly appreciated and widely read.

James Macpherson was born at Ruthven, in the Highlands of Scotland, in the year 1738, and died at Bellville, Inverness, February 17, 1796. At his own request, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

ALTHOUGH a large work, nearly two hundred thousand copies have been published of Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*. The best of the stories are those from the pen of Wilson himself, although among his assistants were such men as Hugh Miller,

Alexander Campbell and Alexander Leighton.

John Mackay Wilson, the son of a millwright, was born in the year 1804, in Tweedmouth, at Berwick-on-Tweed. In youth he endured many hardships, and the sufferings of his "Poor Scholar" in London are said to represent his own trials in that great city. In the year 1832 he became the editor of the *Berwick Advertiser*, and in that journal, on November 8, 1834, was published the first story of *The Tales of the Borders*. He died, at the early age of thirty-one, on the 2d of October, 1835. At the time of his death he was in receipt of a large income that would soon have made him wealthy, but the privations and toils of his youth brought him to an early grave.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

THIS remarkable writer of popular lyrics, who has with propriety been called the "Burns of France," was born in Paris, August 19, 1780. Of very humble origin, which he constantly vaunted, he came into being in time to take part in the struggles of the people during the French Revolution. As a child he saw the capture of the Bastille, and soon ranged himself with the democratic party. Apprenticed to a printer, he began early to write and print his patriotic songs; but his master failed, and he found that even popular poetry would not give him bread. In 1803, being in great poverty, he wrote to Lucien Bonaparte, who benevolently aided him, transferring to him his own pension as member of the Institute. It was about this time that he wrote his *Senator*, *The Little Man in Grey* and *The King of Yvetôt*. His songs, in the simple language

of the people, were most of them in a political cast, and he was twice imprisoned on account of their effect upon the masses. This made them doubly popular. He took part in seating Louis Philippe upon the throne in 1830. He was elected to the Constituent Assembly, but refused to serve. His poetry was on every tongue, and in the heyday of Napoleon's glory he was as popular as the emperor himself. He died on the 16th of July, 1857, greatly lamented by the entire French people.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE subject of this note was an American poet and theologian, born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 6th of April, 1785. After receiving his education at Yale College, he spent four years in South Carolina as a private tutor. He then returned to Litchfield, studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but soon, abandoning the profession, he went into mercantile business—first at Boston, and then at Baltimore. In 1816 he published his *Airs of Palestine* and undertook the study of theology. He was ordained minister of a Unitarian church in Boston in 1819. In 1835–36 he travelled extensively in Europe and the East, and in 1840 he issued a volume containing his former poems, with others. A reformer as well as a poet, he was greatly interested in the temperance and anti-slavery movements. In 1845 he removed to Troy, and thence, in 1849, to Medford, in Massachusetts. His poetry is marked by elevated sentiment and flowing rhythm, but it was so influenced by the times and the scenes in which he lived that he will be remembered and read chiefly in connection with them. He died in 1866.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER,

A DISTINGUISHED American poet and dramatist, was born in Philadelphia in 1823. After his graduation at Princeton in 1842 he travelled extensively in Europe and then studied law, but has not practised. Devoting himself to poetry and the drama, his first appearance in the literary world was in a small volume published in 1847, entitled *Lessons of Life, and Other Poems*. In 1848 he made a decided advance in public estimation by his tragedy of *Calaynos*. This was followed in 1850 by *Anne Boleyn*, after which, at short intervals, appeared *The Betrothal*, *Leonor de Guzman* and (his most successful drama) *Francesca da Rimini*, which has kept the stage ever since. In 1858 he published a volume called the *Poesta's Daughter, and Other Poems*. In 1858 also appeared his collected works, in two volumes, entitled *Plays and Poems*, and in 1864 his *Poems of the War*, stirring, martial and patriotic. He was appointed minister to Constantinople in 1871. He died at his home in Philadelphia in 1890.

JOHANN KEPLER,

ONE of the greatest astronomers of the world, was born in obscure circumstances, at Wagstatt, in Würtemberg, on the 27th of December, 1571. A poor lad dependent on his own exertions, he was from his boyhood devoted to the study of mathematics and astronomy. In 1593 he was appointed professor of the latter science at Gratz, and soon entered into correspondence with the renowned Tycho Brahe, from whom he learned much, but many of whose errors he discarded. A painstaking observer and an industrious computer, the result of his labors appeared

in the discovery and announcement of the laws governing planetary motions, which revolutionized the science. These were set forth in his *Astronomia Nova*. The laws are: 1. *That the planets move round the sun in ellipses, the sun being at one of the foci*; 2. *That the radius-vector sweeps over equal areas in equal times*; 3. *That the squares of the periodic times are proportional to the cubes of the mean distances*. He prepared many astronomical tables, among which that called the *Rudolphine* was the most valuable. He died at Ratisbon on November 15, 1627.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when
Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah
to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her
heart),
"Oh, remember your Sheelah when far, far
away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog
Tray."

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be
sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was
poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heart-
less away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night
was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and
old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray!
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog
Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered
his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter
day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog
Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and
blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and
kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can nevermore return with my poor dog
Tray.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE WILD HORSE.

METHOUGHT I heard a courser neigh
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come:
In one vast squadron they advance.
I strove to cry: my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride,
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse, and none to ride!
With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,

And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet.
 The sight renerved my courser's feet :
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment, with a faint low neigh
 He answered, and then fell.
 On came the troop : they saw him stoop ;
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong.
 They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
 Then, plunging back with sudden bound,
 Headed by one black mighty steed,
 Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
 Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide,
 They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye.

LORD BYRON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

LOVE! love! There are soft smiles and
 gentle words,
 And there are faces, skilful to put on
 The look we trust in, and 'tis mockery all!
 A faithless mist, a desert-vapor, wearing
 The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
 The thirst that semblance kindled. There
 is none,
 In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that
 within

A mother's heart. It is but pride wherewith
 To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
 Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he
 looks,
 The bright glad creature springing in his
 path,
 But as the heir of his great name, the young
 And stately tree whose rising strength ere long
 Shall bear his trophies well. And this is
 love!
 This is *man's* love! What marvel? You
 ne'er made
 Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
 While to the fulness of your heart's glad
 heavings
 His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright
 hair
 Waved softly to your breath. You ne'er
 kept watch
 Beside him till the last pale star had set,
 And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
 On your dim weary eye; not yours the face
 Which, early faded through fond care for him,
 Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's
 light,
 Was there to greet his wakening. You
 ne'er smoothed
 His couch, ne'er sang him to his rosy rest,
 Caught his least whisper when his voice
 from yours
 Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip
 to his
 When fever parched it; hushed his wayward
 cries,
 With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love.
 No! these are *woman's* tasks. In these her
 youth
 And bloom of cheek and buoyancy of heart
 Steal from her all unmarked.

FELICIA HEMANS.

PRECEPTS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

FROM THE GREEK OF HESIOD.



ESIOD is generally believed to have lived about the eighth century before Christ, and to have been nearly contemporaneous with Homer. Some, however, assign a different period to both; but the weight of evidence preponderates in favor of the period mentioned above. He was born at Ascra, in Bœotia, Greece, but left his native place in disgust, on account of loss of patrimony through a connivance of his brother with unjust judges. He was the founder of the Bœotian, or Pierian, school of poets, who stand in contrast to the Ionic, or Homeric, school, being considered in advance of those in civilization and morality.

SELECTIONS FROM WORKS AND DAYS.
FROM BOOK I.

Justice, unspotted maid, derived from Jove,
Renowned, and revered by the gods above,
When mortals violate her sacred laws,
When judges hear the bribe, and not the
cause,
Close by her parent god behold her stand,
And urge the punishment their sins demand.
Look in your breasts, and there survey your
crimes!
Think, O ye judges, and reform betimes,

Forget the past, nor more false judgments
give;
Turn from your ways betimes—oh, turn and
live.

Who, full of wiles, his neighbor's harm contrives,
False to himself, against himself he strives;
For he that harbors evil in his mind
Will from his evil thoughts but evil find;
And, lo! the eye of Jove, that all things
knows,

Can, when he will, the heart of man disclose;
Open the guilty bosom all within,
And trace the infant thoughts of future sin.

Oh, when I hear the upright man complain,
And by his injuries the judge arraign,
"If to be wicked is to find success,"
I cry, "and to be just to meet distress,
May I nor mine the righteous path pursue,
But int'rest only ever keep in view."
But, by reflection better taught, I find
We see the present, to the future blind.
Trust to the will of Jove, and wait the end,
And good shall always your good acts attend.

These doctrines, Perses, treasure in thy heart,
And never from the paths of justice part;
Never by brutal violence be sway'd,
But be the will of Jove in these obeyed.

In these the brute creation men exceed :
 They, void of reason, by each other bleed,
 While man by justice should be kept in
 awe—

Justice, of nature well ordained the law.
 Who right espouses through a righteous love
 Shall meet the bounty of the hands of Jove ;
 But he that will not be by laws confined,
 Whom not the sacrament of oaths can bind,
 Who, with a willing soul, can justice leave,
 A wound immortal shall that man receive ;
 His house's honor daily shall decline :
 Fair flourish shall the just from line to line.

Oh, Perses, foolish Perses, bow thine ear
 To the good counsels of a soul sincere :
 To wickedness the road is quickly found ;
 Short is the way, and on an easy ground.
 The paths of virtue must be reached by toil
 Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil ;
 Thorny the gate, but when the top you
 gain

Fair is the future, and the prospect plain.
 Far does the man all other men excel
 Who from his wisdom thinks in all things
 well,

Wisely considering, to himself a friend,
 All for the present best, and for the end.
 Nor is the man without his share of praise
 Who well the dictates of the wise obeys ;
 But he that is not wise himself, nor can
 Harken to wisdom, is a useless man.

Ever observe, Perses, of birth divine,
 My precepts, and the profit shall be thine ;
 Then Famine always shall avoid thy door,
 And Ceres, fair-wreathed goddess, bless thy
 store.

The slothful wretch who lives from labor free,
 Like drones, the robbers of the painful bee,

Has always men and gods alike his foes ;
 Him Famine follows with her train of woes.
 With cheerful zeal your mod'rate toils pursue,
 That your full barns you may in season view.
 The man industrious stranger is to need ;
 A thousand flocks his fertile pastures feed ;
 As with the drone, with him it will not prove:
 Him men and gods behold with eyes of
 love.

To care and labor think it no disgrace,
 False pride ! the portion of the sluggard race :
 The slothful man who never worked before
 Shall gaze with envy on thy growing store .
 Like thee to flourish he will spare no pains ;
 For, lo ! the rich virtue and glory gains.

Strictly observe the wholesome rules I give,
 And, blessed in all, thou like a god shalt live.
 Ne'er to thy neighbor's goods extend thy
 cares,

Nor be neglectful of thine own affairs.
 Let no degen'rate shame debase thy mind—
 Shame that is never to the needy kind ;
 The man that has it will continue poor :
 He must be bold that would enlarge his
 store.

But ravish not, depending on thy might,
 Injurious to thyself, another's right.
 Who or by open force, or secret stealth,
 Or perjured wiles, amasses heaps of wealth—
 Such many are, whom thirst of gain be-
 trays—

The gods, all-seeing, shall o'ercloud his days ;
 His wife, his children and his friends shall
 die,

And like a dream his ill-got riches fly ;
 Nor less, or to insult the suppliant's cries,
 The guilt, or break through hospitable ties,
 Or who, regardless of his tender trust,
 To the poor helpless orphan proves unjust.

Or when the father's fatal day appears,
His body bending through the weight of
years,

A son who views him with unduteous eyes,
And words of comfort to his age denies,
Great Jove vindictive sees the impious train,
And equal to their crimes inflicts a pain.

No friend forget, nor entertain thy foe,
Nor let thy neighbor uninvited go.
Happy the man—with peace his days are
crowned—

Whose house an honest neighborhood sur-
round ;

Of foreign harms he never sleeps afraid :
They, always ready, bring their willing aid ;
Cheerful, should he some busy pressure feel,
They lend an aid beyond a kindred's zeal ;
They never will conspire to blast his fame ;
Secure he walks, unsullied his good name.
Unhappy man whom neighbors ill surround !
His oxen die oft by a treach'rous wound.

Whate'er you borrow of your neighbor's
store,

Return the same in weight—if able, more ;
So to yourself will you secure a friend :
He never after will refuse to lend.

Whatever by dishonest means you gain,
You purchase an equivalent of pain.

To all a love for love return ; contend
In virtuous acts to emulate your friend.
Be to the good thy favors unconfined ;
Neglect a sordid and ungrateful mind.
From all the gen'rous a respect command,
While none regard the base ungiving hand :
The man who gives from an unbounded
breast,

Though large the bounty, in himself is
blessed ;

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Who ravishes another's right shall find,
Though small the prey, a deadly sting behind.
Content, and honestly, enjoy your lot,
And often add to that already got ;
From little oft repeated much will rise,
And, of thy toil the fruits, salute thine eyes.
How sweet at home to have what life de-
mands—

The just reward of our industrious hands—
To view our neighbor's bliss without desire,
To dread not Famine, with her aspect dire !
Be these thy thoughts, to these thy heart in-
cline,
And, lo ! these blessings shall be surely thine.

Let not a woman steal your heart away
By tender looks and her apparel gay ;
If love she vows, 'tis madness to believe ;
Turn from the thief : she charms but to de-
ceive ;

Who does too rashly in a woman trust
Too late will find the wanton prove unjust.
Take a chaste matron, partner of your breast ;
Contented live, of her alone possessed ;
Then shall you number many days in peace,
And with your children see your wealth in-
crease ;

Then shall a duteous careful heir survive
To keep the honor of the house alive.

If large possessions are, in life, thy view,
These precepts, with assiduous care, pursue.

FROM BOOK II.

'Tis sad to perish in the boist'rous tide.
When for the voy'ge your vessel leaves the
shore,
Trust in her hollow sides not half your store,
The less your loss should she return no
more :

With all your stock how dismal would it be
To have the cargo perish in the sea !
A load, you know, too pond'rous for the
wain,
Will crush the axletree and spoil the grain.
Let every action prove a mean confessed ;
A moderation is, in all, the best.

Next to my counsels an attention pay
To form your judgment for the nuptial day.
When you have number'd thrice ten years in
time—

The age mature when manhood dates his
prime—

Let prudence now direct your choice : a wife
Is or a blessing or a curse in life ;
Her father, mother, know, relations, friends,
For on her education much depends.
If all are good, accept the maiden bride ;
Then form her manners and her actions
guide :

A life of bliss succeeds the happy choice ;
Nor shall your friends lament, nor foes re-
joice.

Observe in all you do, and all you say,
Regard to the immortal gods to pay.

First in your friendship let your brother
stand,

So nearly joined in blood, the strictest band ;
Or should another be your heart's ally,
Let not a fault of thine dissolve the tie ;
Nor e'er debase the friendship with a lie.
Should he, offensive or in deed or speech,
First in the sacred union make the breach,
To punish him may your resentments tend ;
For who more guilty than a faithless friend ?
But if, repentant of his breach of trust,
The self-accuser thinks your vengeance just,

And humbly begs you would no more com-
plain,

Sink your resentments and be friends again,
Or the poor wretch, all sorrowful to part,
Sighs for another friend to ease his heart.

Never a friend among the wicked go,
Nor ever join to be the good man's foe.

When you behold a man by fortune poor,
Let him not leave with sharp rebukes the
door :

The treasure of the tongue, in ev'ry cause,
With moderation used, obtains applause.

What of another you severely say
May amply be returned another day.

When you are summoned to the public feast,
Go with a willing mind, a ready guest ;
Grudge not the charge : the burden is but
small ;

Good is the custom, and it pleases all.

The bowl from which you the libation pour
To Heaven, profane not in the social hour :
Who things devote to vulgar use employ,
Those men some dreadful vengeance shall
destroy.

Never begin to build a mansion-seat
Unless you're sure to make the work com-
plete,

Lest, on th' unfinished roof high perched,
the crow

Croak horrid, and foretell approaching woe.

Who in a slothful way his children rears
Will see them feeble in their riper years.

These precepts keep, fond of a virtuous name,
And shun the loud reports of evil fame :

Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain—
 A sad oppression to be borne with pain,
 And when you would 'the noisy clamors
 drown,
 You'll find it hard to lay your burden down
 Fame, of whatever kind, not wholly dies :
 A goddess she, and strengthens as she flies.

Translated by THOMAS COOKE.

ELIZA.

NOW stood Eliza on the wood-crowned
 height,
 O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the
 fight;
 Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And viewed his banner, or believed she
 viewed.
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker
 tread
 Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led,
 And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her arm;
 While round her brows bright beams of hon-
 or dart,
 And love's warm eddies circle round her
 heart.
 Near and more near the intrepid beauty
 pressed;
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing
 crest;
 Heard the exulting shout: "They run! they
 run!"
 "He's safe!" she cried—"he's safe! The
 battle's won!"
 A ball now hisses through the airy tides
 (Some Fury wings it, and some demon guides),

Parts the fine locks her graceful head that
 deck,
 Wounds her fair ear and sinks into her neck:
 The red stream issuing from her azure veins
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
 "Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the
 ground,
 Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the
 wound.
 "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
 Wait, gushing life—oh, wait my love's re-
 turn!"
 Hoarse barks the wolf; the vulture screams
 from far:
 The angel Pity shuns the walks of war.
 "Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender
 age!
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your
 rage!"
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes
 caressed,
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained
 vest.
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls:
 "Eliza!" echoes through the canvas walls;
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his foot-
 steps tread
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the
 dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo! dead Eliza, weltering in her blood!
 Soon hears his listening son the welcome
 sounds;
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds,
 "Speak low," he cries, and gives his little
 hand;
 "Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand:

Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake.
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon
awake."

"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner
cried,

Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands,
and sighed.

Stretched on the ground a while entranced
he lay,

And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart.

"O Heaven," he cried, "my first rash vow
forgive!

These bind to earth, for these I pray to live."
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson
vest,

And clasped them, sobbing, to his aching
breast.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

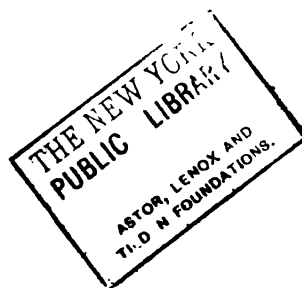
FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

IT is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race.

The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist for ever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last for ever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion—which all allow to be correct—that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious





RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

feeling is to be instilled and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as himself; and that every man and every measure he supports has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals such as these that in a free republic woman performs her sacred duty and fulfils her destiny.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

GENIUS.

AND what is genius but finer love—a love impersonal, a love of the flower and perfection of things and a desire to draw a new picture or copy of the same? It looks to the cause and life, it proceeds from within outward, whilst talent goes from without inward. Talent finds its models and methods and ends in society, exists for exhibition and goes to the soul only for power to work. Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going

abroad only for audience and spectator, as we adapt our voice and phrase to the distance and character of the ear we speak to. All your learning of all literatures would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions, and yet each is natural and familiar as household words. Here about us coils for ever the ancient enigma, so old and so unutterable. Behold! there is the sun and the rain and the rocks—the old sun, the old stones. How easy were it to describe all this fitly! yet no word can pass. Nature is a mute, and man, her articulate-speaking brother—lo! he also is a mute. Yet when genius arrives, its speech is like a river: it has no straining to describe more than there is straining in nature to exist. When thought is best, there is most of it. Genius sheds wisdom like perfume, and advertises us that it flows out of a deeper source than the foregoing silence—that it knows so deeply and speaks so musically because it is itself a mutation of the thing it describes. It is sun and moon and wave and fire in music, as astronomy is thought and harmony in masses of matter.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OH, LOVE HATH SPOKEN.

OH, Love hath spoken to thy heart
(That Love should *ever* speak in vain,
When, like the aloe that has bloomed,
It never blooms again!)—
Love, covered all with roselike flowers,
A fragrant but an *early* thing,
The spirit's almond tree, that buds
And blossoms in the spring.

J. K. HERVEY.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time;

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her
his bride
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toiled through winds and
rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees:
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter
there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late;"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bowed as they passed the
gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaimed the youth :
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods
 all !"

She believed him crazed, but his words were
 truth,

For Ellen is lady of Rosna Hall.
 And dearly the lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed and
 wed ;

And the light of bliss in these lordly groves
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

THOMAS MOORE.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

COME over, come over
 The river to me,
 If ye are my laddie,
 Bold Charlie machree.

Here's Mary McPherson
 And Susy O'Linn,
 Who say ye're faint-hearted
 And darena plunge in.

But the dark rolling water,
 Though deep as the sea,
 I know willna scare ye,
 Nor keep ye frae me ;

For stout is yer back
 And strong is yer arm,
 And the heart in yer bosom
 Is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over
 The river to me,
 If ye are my laddie,
 Bold Charlie machree !

I see him, I see him !
 He's plunged in the tide ;
 His strong arms are dashing
 The big waves aside.

Oh, the dark rolling water
 Shoots swift as the sea,
 But blithe is the glance
 Of his bonny blue e'e ;

And his cheeks are like roses,
 Twa buds on a bough.
 Who says ye're faint-hearted,
 My brave Charlie, now ?

Ho, ho, foaming river,
 Ye may roar as ye go,
 But ye canna bear Charlie
 To the dark loch below.

Come over, come over
 The river to me,
 My true-hearted laddie,
 My Charlie machree !

He's sinking, he's sinking,
 Oh, what shall I do ?
 Strike out, Charlie, boldly :
 Ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven !
 Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear ;
 I've a kiss for ye, Charlie,
 As soon as ye're here !

He rises : I see him !
 Five strokes, Charlie, mair.
 He's shaking the wet
 From his bonny brown hair ;

He conquers the current,
 He gains on the sea.
 Ho, where is the swimmer
 Like Charlie machree?

Come over the river,
 But once come to me,
 And I'll love ye for ever,
 Dear Charlie machree!

He's sinking—he's gone!
 O God! it is I—
 It is I—who have killed him!
 Help, help! he must die!

Help, help! Ah, he rises!
 Strike out and ye're free!
 Ho, bravely done, Charlie:
 Once more, now, for me!

Now cling to the rock,
 Now gie us yer hand.
 Ye're safe, dearest Charlie—
 Ye're safe on the land!

Come rest in my bosom,
 If *there* ye can sleep;
 I canna speak to ye,
 I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river,
 Ye've risked all for me,
 And I'll part frae ye never,
 Dear Charlie machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

THE MODERN BELLE.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,
 And rocks in her easy-chair;
 She is clad in silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair;

She winks and giggles and simpers,
 And simpers and giggles and winks;
 And, though she talks but little,
 'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
 Till nearly the hour of noon,
 Then comes down snapping and snarling
 Because she was called so soon;
 Her hair is still in papers,
 Her cheeks still fresh with paint—
 Remains of her last night's blushes,
 Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
 And men with "flowing hair;"
 She's eloquent over moustaches:
 They give such a foreign air!
 She talks of Italian music,
 And falls in love with the moon;
 And if a mouse were to meet her,
 She would sink away in a swoon.

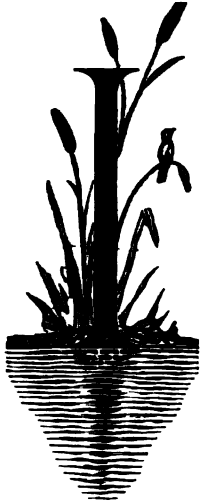
Her feet are so very little,
 Her hands are so very white,
 Her jewels so very heavy,
 And her head so very light!
 Her color is made of cosmetics
 (Though this she will never own),
 Her body is mostly of cotton,
 Her heart is wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
 Who swells with a foreign air;
 He marries her for her money,
 She marries him for his hair.
 One of the very best matches,
 Both are well mated in life:
 She's got a fool for a husband,
 He's got a fool for a wife.

CALEB STARK.

MARCUS CATO AND THE STOICS.

FROM MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S ORATION IN DEFENCE OF L. MURENA.



COME now to Marcus Cato, who is the mainstay and prop of the whole prosecution—who is, however, so zealous and vehement a prosecutor that I am much more afraid of the weight of his name than of his accusation. And with respect to this accuser, O judges, first of all I will entreat you not to let Cato's dignity, nor your expectation of his tribuneship, nor the high reputation and virtue of his whole life, be any injury to Lucius Murena. Let not all the honors of Marcus Cato, which he has acquired in order to be able to assist many men, be an injury to my client alone. Publius Africanus had been twice consul, and had destroyed those two terrors of this empire, Carthage and Numantia, when he prosecuted Lucius Cotta. He was a man of the most splendid eloquence, of the greatest good faith, of the purest integrity; his authority was as great almost as that of the Roman people itself in that empire which had been mainly saved by his means. I have often heard old men say that this very extraordinarily high character of the accuser was of the greatest service to Lucius Cotta. Those wise men who then were the judges in that cause did not like any one to be defeated in any trial if he was to appear overwhelmed only by the excessive influence of his adversary. What more shall I say? Did not

the Roman people deliver Sergius Galba (the fact is preserved in the recollection of every one) from your grandfather, that most intrepid and prosperous man Marcus Cato, who was zealously seeking his ruin? At all times in this city the whole people, and also the judges—wise men, looking far into futurity—have resisted the overweening power of prosecutors. I do not like an accuser bringing his personal power, or any predominant influence, or his own eminent authority, or his own excessive popularity, into a court of justice. Let all these things have weight to ensure the safety of the innocent, to aid the weak, to succor the unfortunate. But in a case where the danger and ruin of citizens may ensue, let them be rejected. For if, perchance, any one should say that Cato would not have come forward as an accuser if he had not previously made up his mind about the justice of the cause, he will then be laying down a most unjust law, O judges, and establishing a miserable condition for men in their danger if he thinks that the opinion of an accuser is to have against a defendant the weight of a previous investigation legally conducted.

I, O Cato, do not venture to find fault with your intentions by reason of my extraordinarily high opinion of your virtue, but in some particulars I may perhaps be able slightly to amend and reform them. "You are not very wrong," said an aged tutor to a very brave man; "but if you are wrong, I can set you right." But I can say with the

greatest truth that you never do wrong, and that your conduct is never such in any point as to need correction, but only such as occasionally to require being guided a little. For Nature has herself formed you for honesty and gravity and moderation and magnanimity and justice, and for all the virtues required to make a great and noble man. To all these qualities are added an education not moderate nor mild, but, as it seems to me, a little harsh and severe—more so than either truth or nature would permit. And, since we are not to address this speech either to an ignorant multitude or to any assembly of rustics, I will speak a little boldly about the pursuits of educated men, which are both well known and agreeable to you, O judges, and to me. Learn, then, O judges, that all these good qualities, divine and splendid as they are, which we behold in Marcus Cato, are his own peculiar attributes. The qualities which we sometimes wish for in him are not all those which are implanted in a man by nature, but some of them are such as are derived from education. For there was once a man of the greatest genius, whose name was Zeno, the imitators of whose example are called Stoics. His opinions and precepts are of this sort—that a wise man is never influenced by interest, never pardons any man's faults; that no one is merciful except a fool and a trifler; that it is not the part of a man to be moved or pacified by entreaties; that wise men, let them be ever so deformed, are the only beautiful men; if they be ever such beggars, they are the only rich men; if they be in slavery, they are kings. And, as for all of us who are not wise men, they call us runaway slaves, exiles, enemies, lunatics. They say

that all offences are equal, that every sin is an unpardonable crime, and that he does not commit a less crime who kills a cock, if there was no need to do so, than the man who strangles his father. They say that a wise man never feels uncertain on any point, never repents of anything, is never deceived in anything and never alters his opinion.

All these opinions that most acute man Marcus Cato, having been induced by learned advocates of them, has embraced, and that not for the sake of arguing about them, as is the case of most men, but of living by them. Do the Publicans ask for anything? "Take care that their influence has no weight." Do any suppliants, miserable and unhappy men, come to us? "You will be a wicked and infamous man if you do anything from being influenced by mercy." Does any one confess that he has done wrong and beg pardon for his wrong-doing? "To pardon is a crime of the deepest dye."—"But it is a trifling offence."—"All offences are equal." You say something. "That is a fixed and unalterable principle."—"You are influenced not by the facts, but by your opinion."—"A wise man never forms mere opinions."—"You have made a mistake in some point." He thinks that you are abusing him. And in accordance with these principles of his are the following assertions: "I said in the Senate that I would prosecute one of the candidates for the consulship."—"You said that when you were angry."—"A wise man never is angry."—"But you said it for some temporary purpose."—"It is the act," says he, "of a worthless man to deceive by a lie; it is a disgraceful act to alter one's opinion; to be moved by entreaties is wickedness; to pity any one is an enormity." But our phil-

osophers (for I confess, O Cato, that I too, in my youth, distrusting my own abilities, sought assistance from learning)—our philosophers, I say, men of the school of Plato and Aristotle, men of soberness and moderation, say that private interest does sometimes have weight even with a wise man. They say that it does become a virtuous man to feel pity; that there are different gradations of offences, and different degrees of punishment appropriate to each; that a man with every proper regard for firmness may pardon offences; that even the wise man himself has sometimes nothing more than opinion to go upon, without absolute certainty; that he is sometimes angry; that he is sometimes influenced and pacified by entreaty; that he sometimes does change an opinion which he may have expressed, when it is better to do so; that he sometimes abandons his previous opinions altogether; and that all his virtues are tempered by a certain moderation.

If any chance, O Cato, had conducted, endowed with your existing natural disposition, to those tutors, you would not indeed have been a better man than you are, nor a braver one, nor more temperate, nor more just than you are (for that is not possible), but you would have been a little more inclined to lenity; you would not, when you were not induced by any enmity or provoked by any personal injury, accuse a most virtuous man—a man of the highest rank and the greatest integrity; you would consider that as fortune had entrusted the guardianship of the same year to you* and to Murena, that you were connected with him by some certain political union; and the severe things which

you have said in the Senate you would either not have said, or you would have guarded against their being applied to him, or you would have interpreted them in the mildest sense. And even you yourself (at least that is my opinion and expectation), excited as you are at present by the impetuosity of your disposition, and elated as you are both by the vigor of your natural character and by your confidence in your own ability, and inflamed as you are by your recent study of all these precepts, will find practice modify them and time and increasing years soften and humanize you. In truth, those tutors and teachers of virtue whom you think so much of appear to me themselves to have carried their definitions of duties somewhat farther than is agreeable to nature; and it would be better if, when we had in theory pushed our principles to extremities, yet in practice we stopped at what was expedient. "Forgive nothing." Say, rather, Forgive some things, but not everything. "Do nothing for the sake of private influence." Certainly resist private influence when virtue and good faith require you to do so. "Do not be moved by pity." Certainly, if it is to extinguish all impartiality; nevertheless, there is some credit due to humanity. "Abide by your own opinion." Very true, unless some other sounder opinion convinces you. That great Scipio was a man of this sort, who had no objection to do the same thing that you do, to keep a most learned man—a man of almost divine wisdom—in his house, by whose conversation and precepts, although they were the very same that you are so fond of, he was nevertheless not made more severe, but (as I have heard said by old men) he was rendered most merciful. And who was

* Cato was tribune elect.

more mild in his manners than Caius Lælius? Who was more agreeable than he (devoted to the same studies as you)? Who was more virtuous or more wise than he? I might say the same of Lucius Philus and of Caius Gallus, but I will conduct you now into your own house. Do you think that there was any man more courteous, more agreeable—any one whose conduct was more completely regulated by every principle of virtue and politeness—than Cato, your great-grandfather? And when you were speaking with truth and dignity of his virtue, you said that you had a domestic example to imitate. That indeed is an example set up for your imitation in your own family; and the similarity of nature ought rather to influence you who are descended from him than any one of us, but still that example is as much an object for my imitation as for yours. But if you were to add his courtesy and affability to your own wisdom and impartiality, I will not say that those qualities which are now most excellent will be made intrinsically better, but they will certainly be more agreeably seasoned.

Translation of C. D. YONGE.

LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

THE character of the age is stamped very strongly on its literary productions. Who that can compare the present with the past is not struck with the bold and earnest spirit of the literature of our times? It refuses to waste itself on trifles or to minister to mere gratification. Almost all that is written has now some bearing on great interests of human nature. Fiction is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendent genius, accommodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of litera-

ture and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine, and under the light tale breathing through the community either its reverence for the old or its thirst for the new communicates the spirit and lessons of history, unfolds the operations of religious and civil institutions, and defends or assails new theories of education or morals by exhibiting them in life and action. The poetry of the age is equally characteristic. It has a deeper and more impressive tone than comes to us from what has been called the Augustan age of English literature. The regular, elaborate, harmonious strains which delighted a former generation are now accused—I say not how justly—of playing too much on the surface of nature and the heart. Men want and demand a more thrilling note, a poetry which pierces beneath the exterior of life to the depths of the soul, and which lays open its mysterious workings, borrowing from the whole outward creation fresh images and correspondences with which to illuminate the secrets of the world within us.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

EARLY LOVE.

LET us love while life is young
And the vital stream is glowing,
When the heart is newly strung
And the tide of health is flowing,
Ere those waving locks of jet
By the touch of age are thinning,
While the cheek is blooming yet,
And the eye is bright and winning.
Love in life's delightful spring,
You will find returning passion;
Wait till youth has taken wing,
Love will then be out of fashion.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

PRIULI AND JAFFIER.

A DIALOGUE FROM "VENICE PRESERVED."

PRIULI. No more! I'll hear no more!
Begone, and leave me!

Jaffier. Not hear me! By my sufferings,
but you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject
wretch

You think me. Patience! where's the dis-
tance throws

Me back so far but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not
hear me?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?

Pri. Yes, wronged me! In the nicest
point,
The honor of my house, you've done me
wrong.

Yon may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came
home

From travel, with such hopes as made you
looked on

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received
you;

Courted, and sought to raise you to your
merits;

My house, my table—nay, my fortune too,
My very self—was yours; you might have
used me

To your best service; like an open friend

I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine,
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practised to undo me,
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh, Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember scarce five years are
past

Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke,
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock, when to your boat
You made for safety. Entered first your-
self;

Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep,
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore
her,

And with the other dashed the saucy waves
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my
prize.

I brought her, gave her to your despairing
arms.

Indeed, you thanked me, but a nobler grati-
tude

Rose in her soul; for from that hour she
loved me,

Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me—like a thief
 you stole her
 At dead of night; that cursèd hour you
 chose
 To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
 May all your joys in her prove false, like
 mine!

A sterile fortune and a barren bed
 Attend you both; continual discord make
 Your days and nights bitter and grievous
 still;

May the hard hand of a vexatious need
 Oppress and grind you, till at last you find
 The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have be-
 stowed in vain.

Heaven has already crowned our faithful
 loves

With a young boy, sweet as his mother's
 beauty.

May he live to prove more gentle than his
 grandsire,

And happier than his father.

Pri. Rather live

To bait thee for his bread and din your ears
 With hungry cries, whilst his unhappy
 mother

Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she, too, with thee;

For, living here, you're but my cursèd re-
 membrancers

I once was happy.

Jaf. You use me thus because you know
 my soul

Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive

My life feeds on her; therefore thus you treat
 me.

Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
 As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
 But I might send her back to you with con-
 tumely

And court my fortune where she would be
 kinder?

Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not:

My heart, that awes me, is too much my
 master.

Three years are past since first our vows were
 plighted,

During which time, the world must bear me
 witness,

I've treated Belvidera like your daughter—
 The daughter of a senator of Venice.

Distinction, place, attendance and observance
 Due to her birth she always has commanded:

Out of my little fortune I've done this,
 Because (though hopeless e'er to win your
 nature)

The world might see I loved her for herself,
 Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more!

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.

There's not a wretch that lives on common
 charity

But's happier than I; for I have known
 The luscious sweets of plenty; every night

Have slept with soft content about my head,
 And never waked but to a joyful morning,

Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn
 Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the
 ripening.

Pri. Home and be humble; study to re-
 trench;

Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall—
 Those pageants of thy folly;

Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
 To humble weeds fit for thy little state;

Then to some suburb cottage both retire ;
Drudge to feed loathsome life ; get brats and
starve.

Home, home, I say !

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart : home I would
go,

But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
Oh, Belvidera ! Oh, she is my wife,
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

THOMAS OTWAY.

ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once ; I'll love no more :
Thine be the grief, as is the blame.

Thou art not what thou wast before :

What reason I should be the same ?

He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain :
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown

If thou hadst still continued mine ;

Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,

I might perchance have yet been thine.

But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That it thou mightst elsewhere enthrall ;
And then how could I but disdain,
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquered thee,

And changed the object of thy will,

It had been lethargy in me—

No constancy—to love thee still.

Yea, it had been a sin to go

And prostitute affection so,

• Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice—

Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;

I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,

To see him gain what I have lost.

The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;

To love thee still, but go no more

A-begging at a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

THE DEAD LETTER.

HOW she strives her grief to smother !
Tears fall on the snowy page.

To a daughter writes the mother,

Calls her home to cheer her age ;

Weary, then, with looking, longing,

Weeks and months pass sadly by,

All the past to mem'ry thronging,

Hoping on, but no reply,

Till at last there comes a letter ;

'Tis *her own* : she traces there—

Better she had died ; far better—

"Gone away, and not known where."

From her home across the ocean,

Blotted with repentant tears,

Writes the daughter her emotion—

How she turns to earlier years ;

Prays that Heaven may bless her mother ;

Tells her of her wedded joy—

How she left her for another ;

Sends the picture of her boy.

Then she waits to be forgiven

Till another year has fled ;

Back *her* letter, torn and riven,

Comes, and on it written "DEAD !"

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE FIRE-SHIPS.

SIEGE OF ANTWERP.



APRIL 5, 1585. There lived in Antwerp a subtle Mantuan, Gianibelli by name, who had married and been long settled in the city. He had made himself busy with various schemes for victualing the place. He had especially urged upon the authorities, at an early period of the siege, the propriety of making large purchases of corn and storing it in magazines at a time when the famine-price had by no means been reached. But the leading men had then their heads full of a great ship, or floating castle, which they were building, and which they had pompously named the "War's End" ("Fin de la Guerre"). Meanwhile, Gianibelli, who knew something of shipbuilding, as he did of most other useful matters, ridiculed the design, which was likely to cost in itself, before completion, as much money as would keep the city in bread for a third of a year.

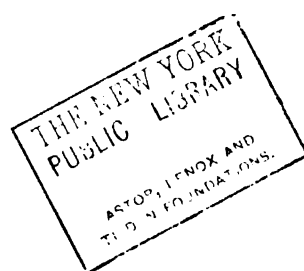
Gianibelli was no patriot. He was purely a man of science and of great acquirements who was looked upon by the ignorant populace alternately as a dreamer and a wizard. He was as indifferent to the cause of freedom as of despotism, but he had a great love for chemistry. He was also a profound mechanic, second to no man of his age in theoretic and practical engineering.

He had gone from Italy to Spain that he might offer his services to Philip and give him the benefit of many original and ingenious inventions. Forced to dance attendance, day after day, among sneering courtiers and insolent placemen, and to submit to the criticism of practical sages and philosophers of routine, while he was constantly denied an opportunity of explaining his projects, the quick-tempered Italian had gone away at last, indignant. He had then vowed revenge upon the dulness by which his genius had been slighted, and had sworn that the next time the Spaniards heard the name of the man whom they had dared to deride they should hear it with tears.

He now laid before the Senate of Antwerp a plan for some vessels likely to prove more effective than the gigantic War's End, which he had prophesied would prove a failure. With these he pledged himself to destroy the bridge. He demanded three ships which he had selected from the city fleet—the Orange, the Post and the Golden Lion, measuring, respectively, one hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty, and five hundred tons. Besides these, he wished sixty flat-bottomed scows, which he proposed to send down the river, partially submerged, disposed in the shape of a half moon, with innumerable anchors and grapnels thrusting themselves out of the water at every point. This machine was intended to operate against the raft.



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.



Ignorance and incredulity did their work, as usual, and Gianibelli's request was refused. As a quarter-measure, nevertheless, he was allowed to take two smaller vessels of seventy and eighty tons. The Italian was disgusted with this parsimony upon so momentous an occasion, but he at the same time determined, even with these slender materials, to give an exhibition of his power.

Not all his the glory, however, of the ingenious project. Associated with him were two skilful artisans of Antwerp—a clockmaker named Bory, and a mechanician named Timmerman; but Gianibelli was the chief and superintendent of the whole daring enterprise.

He gave to his two ships the cheerful names of the "Fortune" and the "Hope," and set himself energetically to justify their titles by their efficiency. They were to be floating marine volcanoes, which, drifting down the river with the ebb tide, were to deal destruction where the Spaniards deemed themselves most secure.

In the hold of each vessel, along the whole length, was laid down a solid flooring of brick and mortar, one foot thick and five feet wide. Upon this was built a chamber of marble mason-work, forty feet long, three and a half feet broad, as many high, and with side-walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to anything known, and prepared by Gianibelli himself. It was covered with a roof, six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones placed edgewise. Over this crater rose a hollow cone, or pyramid, made of heavy marble slabs and filled with mill-stones, cannon-balls, blocks of marble, chain-

shot, iron hooks, plough-coulters, and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mine and the sides of each ship were likewise filled with paving-stones, iron-bound stakes, harpoons, and other projectiles. The whole fabric was then covered by a smooth light flooring of planks and brick-work, upon which was a pile of wood. This was to be lighted at the proper time, in order that the two vessels might present the appearance of simple fire-ships, intended only to excite a conflagration of the bridge. On the *Fortune* a slow match, very carefully prepared, communicated with the submerged mine, which was to explode at a nicely-calculated moment. The eruption of the other floating volcano was to be regulated by an ingenious piece of clock-work, by which, at the appointed time, fire, struck from a flint, was to inflame the hidden mass of gunpowder below.

In addition to these two infernal machines, or "hell-burners," as they were called, a fleet of thirty-two smaller vessels was prepared. Covered with tar, turpentine, rosin, and filled with inflammable and combustible materials, these barks were to be sent from Antwerp down the river in detachments of eight every half hour with the ebb tide. The object was to clear the way, if possible, of the raft, and to occupy the attention of the Spaniards until the *Fortune* and the *Hope* should come down upon the bridge.

The 5th April, being the day following that on which the successful assault upon Liefkenshoek and St. Anthony had taken place, was fixed for the descent of the fire-ships. So soon as it should be dark, the thirty-two lesser burning-vessels, under the direction of Admiral Jacob Jacobzoon, were

to be sent forth from the neighborhood of the "Boor's Sconce"—a fort close to the city walls—in accordance with the Italian's plan. "Run-a-way Jacob," however, or "Koppen-Loppen," had earned no new laurels which could throw into the shade that opprobrious appellation. He was not one of Holland's naval heroes, but, on the whole, a very incompetent officer—exactly the man to damage the best-concerted scheme which the genius of others could invent. Accordingly, Koppen-Loppen began with a grave mistake. Instead of allowing the precursory fire-ships to drift down the stream at the regular intervals agreed upon, he despatched them all rapidly and helter-skelter, one after another, as fast as they could be set forth on their career. Not long afterward he sent the two "hell-burners," the *Fortune* and the *Hope*, directly in their wake. Thus the whole fiery fleet had set forth, almost at once, upon its fatal voyage.

It was known to Parma that preparations for an attack were making at Antwerp, but as to the nature of the danger he was necessarily in the dark. He was anticipating an invasion by a fleet from the city in combination with a squadron of Zeelanders coming up from below. So soon as the first vessels, therefore, with their trains not yet lighted, were discovered bearing down from the city, he was confirmed in his conjecture. His drums and trumpets instantly called to arms, and the whole body of his troops was mustered upon the bridge, the palisades and in the nearest forts. Thus the preparations to avoid or to contend with the danger were leading the Spaniards into the very jaws of destruction. Alexander, after crossing and recrossing the river, giving minute directions

for repelling the expected assault, finally stationed himself in the blockhouse at the point of junction on the Flemish side, between the palisade and the bridge of boats. He was surrounded by a group of superior officers, among whom Richebourg, De Billy, Gaetano, Cessis and the Englishman Sir Rowland Yorke were conspicuous.

It was a dark, mild evening of early spring. As the fleet of vessels dropped slowly down the river they suddenly became luminous, each ship flaming out of the darkness a phantom of living fire. The very waves of the Scheldt seemed glowing with the conflagration, while its banks were lighted up with a preternatural glare. It was a wild, pompous, theatrical spectacle. The array of soldiers on both sides the river, along the dykes and upon the bridge, with banners waving and spear and cuirass glancing in the lurid light; the demon fleet, guided by no human hand, wrapped in flames and flitting through the darkness with irregular movement, but portentous aspect, at the caprice of wind and tide; the deathlike silence of expectation, which had succeeded the sound of trumpet and the shouts of the soldiers; and the weird glow which had supplanted the darkness,—all combined with the sense of imminent and mysterious danger to excite and oppress the imagination.

Presently, the Spaniards, as they gazed from the bridge, began to take heart again. One after another, many of the lesser vessels drifted blindly against the raft, where they entangled themselves among the hooks and gigantic spearheads and burned slowly out without causing any extensive conflagration. Others grounded on the banks of the river before reaching their destination. Some sank in the stream.

Last of all came the two infernal ships, swaying unsteadily with the current, the pilots, of course, as they neared the bridge, having noiselessly effected their escape in the skiffs. The slight fire upon the deck scarcely illuminated the dark, phantom-like hulls. Both were carried by the current clear of the raft, which—by a great error of judgment, as it now appeared, on the part of the builders—had only been made to protect the floating portion of the bridge. The *Fortune* came first, staggering inside the raft, and then lurching clumsily against the dyke and grounding near Kalloo without touching the bridge. There was a moment's pause of expectation. At last the slow match upon the deck burned out, and there was a faint and partial explosion, by which little or no damage was produced.

Parma instantly called for volunteers to board the mysterious vessel. The desperate expedition was headed by the bold Rowland Yorke, a Londoner, of whom one day there was more to be heard in Netherland history. The party sprang into the deserted and now harmless volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smouldering on the deck and thrusting spears and long poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. There was, however, little time to pursue these perilous investigations, and the party soon made their escape to the bridge.

The troops of Parma, crowding on the palisade and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. It was but child's play, they thought, to threaten a Spanish army and a general like Alexander Farnese with such paltry fireworks as these. Nevertheless, all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the

remaining fire-ship, or "hell-burner," the *Hope*, which had now drifted very near the place of its destination. Tearing her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge on the Kalloo side, close to the blockhouse at the commencement of the floating portion of the bridge. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire upon her deck.

Marquis Richebourg, standing on the bridge, laughed loudly at the apparently impotent conclusion of the whole adventure. It was his last laugh on earth.

A number of soldiers, at Parma's summons, instantly sprang on board this second mysterious vessel, and occupied themselves, as the party on board the *Fortune* had done, in extinguishing the flames and in endeavoring to ascertain the nature of the machine. Richebourg boldly directed, from the bridge, their hazardous experiments.

At the same moment a certain Ensign De Vega, who stood near the prince of Parma, close to the blockhouse, approached him with vehement entreaties that he should retire. Alexander refused to stir from the spot, being anxious to learn the result of these investigations. Vega, moved by some instinctive and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and, plucking the general earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such passionate words and gestures to leave the place that the prince reluctantly yielded.

It was not a moment too soon. The clockwork in the *Hope* had been better adjusted than the slow match in the *Fortune*. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The *Hope*

disappeared, together with the men who had boarded her, and the blockhouse, against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops stationed upon it, had vanished into air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throb of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitchy darkness. Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of ploughshares, grave-stones and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterward at a league's distance, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time, many of them being torn to shreds beyond even the semblance of humanity.

Richebourg disappeared, and was not found until several days later, when his body was discovered doubled around an iron chain which hung from one of the bridge-boats in the centre of the river. The veteran Robles, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterward his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work of the bridge upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page who was

behind him carrying his helmet fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air.

Several strange and less tragical incidents occurred. The Viscomte de Bruxelles was blown out of a boat on the Flenish side, and descended safe and sound into another in the centre of the stream. Captain Tucci, clad in complete armor, was whirled out of a fort, shot perpendicularly into the air and then fell back into the river. Being of a cool temperament, a good swimmer, and very pious, he skilfully divested himself of cuirass and helmet, recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin and swam safely ashore. Another young officer of Parma's bodyguard, François de Liege by name, standing on the Kalloo end of the bridge, rose like a feather into the clouds, and, flying quite across the river, alighted on the opposite bank with no further harm than a contused shoulder. He imagined himself (he said afterward) to have been changed into a cannon-ball as he rushed through the pitchy atmosphere, propelled by a blast of irresistible fury.

It had been agreed that Admiral Jacobzoon should immediately after the explosion of the fire-ships send an eight-oared barge to ascertain the amount of damage. If a breach had been effected and a passage up to the city opened, he was to fire a rocket. At this signal the fleet stationed at Lillo, carrying a heavy armament, laden with provisions enough to relieve Antwerp from all anxiety and ready to sail on the instant, was at once to force its way up the river.

The deed was done. A breach two hundred feet in width was made. Had the most skilful pilot in Zeeland held the helm of the Hope, with a choice crew obedient to his

orders, he could not have guided her more carefully than she had been directed by wind and tide. Avoiding the raft which lay in her way, she had, as it were, with the intelligence of a living creature, fulfilled the wishes of the daring genius that had created her, and laid herself alongside the bridge exactly at the most telling point. She had then destroyed herself precisely at the right moment. All the effects, and more than all, that had been predicted by the Mantuan wizard had come to pass. The famous bridge was cleft through and through, and a thousand picked men—Parma's very "daintiest"—were blown out of existence. The governor-general himself was lying stark and stiff upon the bridge which he said should be his triumphal monument or his tomb. His most distinguished officers were dead, and all the survivors were dumb and blind with astonishment at the unheard-of convulsion. The passage was open for the fleet, and the fleet lay below with sails spread and oars in the rowlocks, only waiting for the signal to bear up at once to the scene of action, to smite out of existence all that remained of the splendid structure and to carry relief and triumph into Antwerp.

Not a soul slept in the city. The explosion had shook its walls, and thousands of people thronged the streets, their hearts beating high with expectation. It was a moment of exquisite triumph. The Hope—word of happy augury—had not been relied upon in vain, and Parma's seven months of patient labor had been annihilated in a moment. Sainte Aldegonde and Gianibelli stood in the "Boor's Sconce," on the edge of the river. They had felt and heard the explosion, and they were now straining their eyes

through the darkness to mark the flight of the welcome rocket.

That rocket never rose. And it is enough, even after the lapse of three centuries, to cause a pang in every heart that beats for human liberty to think of the bitter disappointment which crushed these great and legitimate hopes. The cause lay in the incompetency and cowardice of the man who had been so unfortunately entrusted with a share in a noble enterprise.

Admiral Jacobzoon, paralyzed by the explosion which announced his own triumph, sent off the barge, but did not wait for its return. The boatmen, too, appalled by the sights and sounds which they had witnessed, and by the murky darkness which encompassed them, did not venture near the scene of action, but after rowing for a short interval hither and thither came back with the lying report that nothing had been accomplished and that the bridge remained unbroken. Sainte Aldegonde and Gianibelli were beside themselves with rage, as they surmised the imbecility of the admiral, and devoted him in their hearts to the gallows, which he certainly deserved. The wrath of the keen Italian may be conceived, now that his ingenious and entirely successful scheme was thus rendered fruitless by the blunders of the incompetent Fleming.

On the other side there was a man whom no danger could appal. Alexander had been thought dead, and the dismay among his followers was universal. He was known to have been standing an instant before the explosion on the very blockhouse where the Hope had struck. After the first terrible moments had passed his soldiers found their general lying as if in a trance on the threshold of St.

Mary's fort, his drawn sword in his hand, with Cessis embracing his knees and Gaetano extended at his side, stunned with a blow upon the head.

Recovering from his swoon, Parma was the first to spring to his feet. Sword in hand, he rushed at once upon the bridge to mark the extent of the disaster. The admirable structure, the result of so much patient and intelligent energy, was fearfully shattered, the bridge, the river and the shore strewn with the mangled bodies of his soldiers. He expected as a matter of certainty that the fleet from below would instantly force its passage, destroy the remainder of his troops—stunned as they were with the sudden catastrophe—complete the demolition of the bridge, and then make its way to Antwerp with ample reinforcements and supplies. And Alexander saw that the expedition would be successful. Momently expecting the attack, he maintained his courage and semblance of cheerfulness with despair in his heart.

His winter's work seemed annihilated, and it was probable that he should be obliged to raise the siege. Nevertheless, he passed in person from rank to rank, from post to post, seeing that the wounded were provided for, encouraging those that remained unhurt, and endeavoring to infuse a portion of his own courage into the survivors of his panic-stricken army.

Nor was he entirely unsuccessful, as the night wore on and the expected assault was still delayed. Without further loss of time, he employed his men to collect the drifting boats, timber and spar-work, and to make a hasty and temporary restoration—in semblance, at least—of the ruined portion of his bridge. And thus he employed himself steadily all the night, although expecting

every instant to hear the first broadside of the Zeeland cannon. When morning broke and it became obvious that the patriots were unable or unwilling to follow up their own success, the governor-general felt as secure as ever. He at once set about the thorough repairs of his great work, and before he could be again molested had made good the damage which it had sustained.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE POPINJAY.

Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warrior fell with hollow clang.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.



THE sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wapen-schaw of a wild district called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale on a haugh or level plain near to a royal borough, the name of which is in no way essential to my story, on the morning of the 5th of May, 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the Popinjay, an ancient game formerly practised with archery, but at this period with firearms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-colored feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark held the proud title of "Captain of the Popinjay" for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighborhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

It will of course be supposed that the ladies of the country assembled to witness

this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of Puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches or tilburies there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight *insides* and six *outsides*. The insides were their Graces in person, two maids of honor, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot, and an equerry to His Grace, ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short-swords and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board behind this moving mansion-house stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacqueys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle

which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

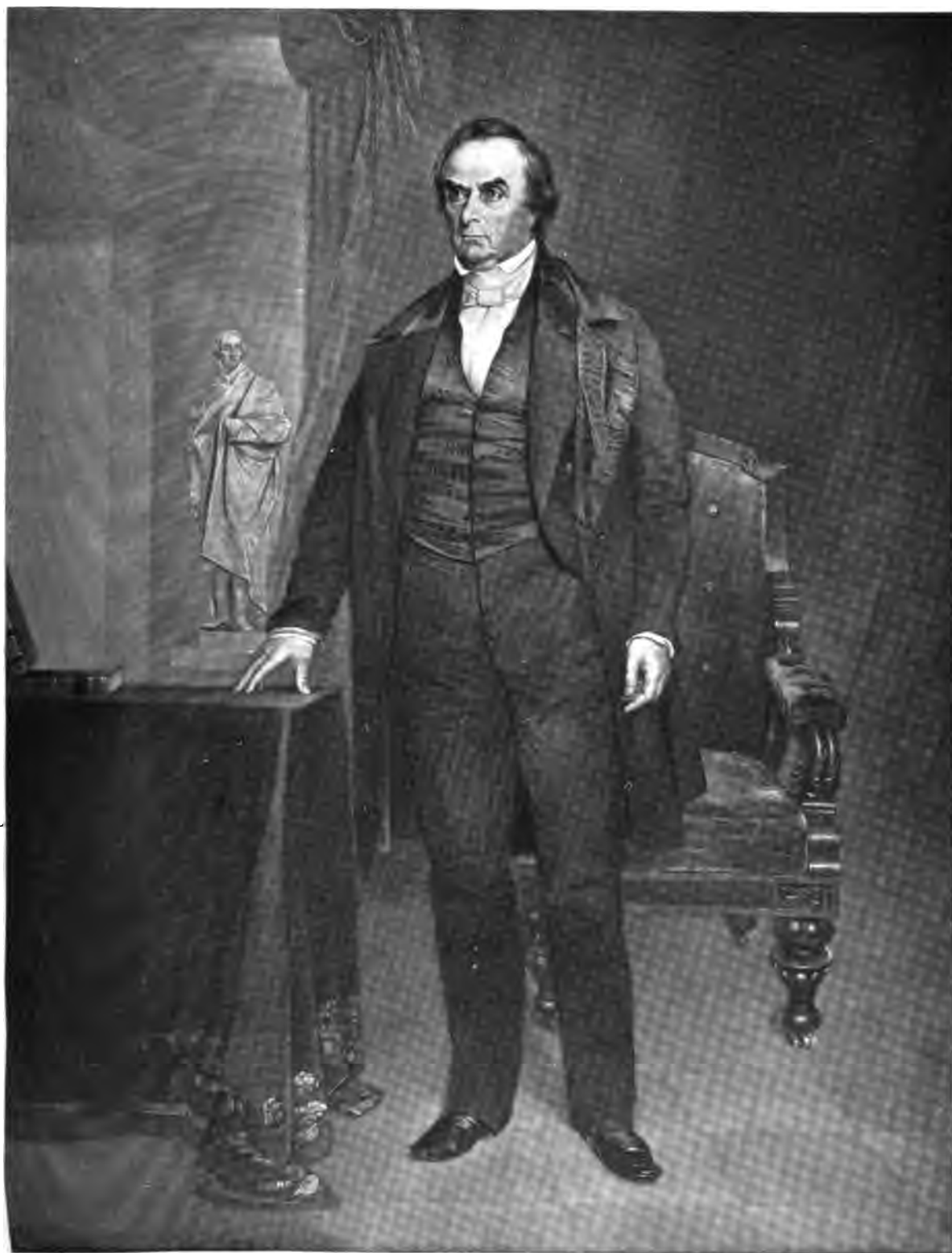
Her granddaughter and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative, like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon from wantoning over her shoulders, her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity sometimes brought against *blondes* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendor of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two servants on horseback. The truth was that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who in steel cap

and jack-boots led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horse and harness on these occasions. At last their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed Episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them in return the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough: the privy council would readily have imposed fines and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling the huntsman and the hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

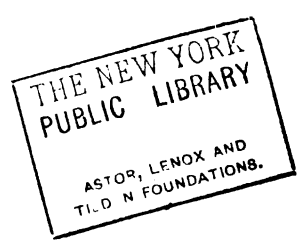
"For," said Harrison to himself, "the carles have little enough gear at any rate; and if I call in the red-coats and take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the fowler and falconer, the footman and the ploughman at the home-farm, with an old drunken cavaliering butler who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsythe and Tippermoor, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black-fishers, Mr. Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden as life-rentrix of the barony of Tillietudlem and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful



Chester Harding, artist.

DANIEL WEBSTER.



day, had mustered his *troupe dorée* before the iron gate of the tower, the mother of Cuddie Headrigg, the ploughman, appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward, demurely assuring him that "whether it were the colic, or a qualm of conscience, she couldna tak upon her to decide, but sure it was Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning. The finger of Heaven," she said, "was in it, and her bairn should gang on nae sic errands." Pains, penalties and threats of dismissal were denounced in vain: the mother was obstinate; and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would, answer only by deep groans. Mause, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favorite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma the good genius of the old butler suggested an expedient:

"He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Guse Gibbie, fight brawly under Montrose. What for no tak Guse Gibbie?"

This was a half-witted lad of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old henwife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labor. This urchin, being sent for from the stubble-field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat and girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed,

from its size, as if it had been intended to extinguish him. Thus accoutred, he was hoisted, at his own earnest request, upon the quietest horse of the party; and, prompted and supported by old Gudyill, the butler, as his front file, he passed muster tolerably enough, the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cause it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret on this eventful day amounted only to two lacqueys, with which diminished train she would on any other occasion have been much ashamed to appear in public. But for the cause of royalty she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices.

When the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay, already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the royal cause in which they were professedly embodied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded toward the goal and criticised the appearance of each competitor as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man dressed with great

simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fusee in his hand, his dark green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his lace ruff and feathered cap indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators—whether altogether favorable to the young adventurer it was difficult to discover.

“Ewhow, sirs! to see his father’s son at the like o’ thae fearless follies!” was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid Puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the playground. But the generality viewed the strife less morosely, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased Presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark should renew the strife among themselves till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face muffled in his gray cloak; the second, a gallant young cavalier remarkable for a handsome exterior sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance on

Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with the two lads who had been successful. In half a minute young Lord Evandale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the duke was with some difficulty put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses’ heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest that the competitors should take their turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half uncloaked his rustic countenance and said to the gallant in green,

“Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were any other day, I could hae wished to miss, for your sake; but Jenny Dennison is looking at us, sae I maun do my best.”

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and with a downcast look he withdrew himself from further competition and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognized. The green chasseur next advanced, and his ball a second time struck the popinjay. All shouted, and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of “The good old cause for ever!”

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evandale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and congratulations of the well-affected and aristocratical part of the audience attended his success; but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and, motioning with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set spurs, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and as he passed threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his carbine and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well bitted, and probably as well broken to the exercise, as yours," said the young lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honor to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and, yet, unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he added "that although he renounced all pretensions to the honor of the day" (which he said somewhat scornfully), "yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly embrace his obliging offer, and change horses with him for the purpose of trying a shot for love."

As he said so he looked boldly toward Miss Bellenden, and tradition says that the eyes of the young *tirailleur* travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he returned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own, giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favorite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider. Having made this speech, in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favored Lord Evandale were upon his decisive discomfiture transferred to his triumphant rival.

"Who is he? What is his name?" ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the duke's friends, with the obedient start which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her granddaughter. The Captain of the Popinjay and Miss Bellenden colored like crimson as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the sad-dlebow, in passing her.

"Do you know that young person?" said Lady Margaret.

"I—I have seen him, madam, at my uncle's and—and elsewhere occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Milnwood."

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman who sat on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who before that fought for the Covenanters both at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

"Your ladyship's memory is just," said

the gentleman, smiling; "but it were well all that were forgot now."

"*He* ought to remember it, Gilbertsleugh," returned Lady Margaret, "and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasing recollections."

"You forget, my dear lady," said her nomenclator, "that the young gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his umquhile father, is a Roundhead, I presume?" said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miser," said Gilbertsleugh, "with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions, and therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the muster to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favorite housekeeper."

"Do you know how many men and horse the lands of Milnwood are rated at?" said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

"Two horsemen, with complete harness," answered Gilbertsleugh.

"Our land," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the muster eight men, Cousin Gilbertsleugh, and often a voluntary aid of thrice the number. I remember His Sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his disjune at Tillietudlem, was particular in inquiring—"

"I see the duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertsleugh, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion—"I see the duke's carriage in motion. I presume Your Ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field? May I be permitted to convoy Your Ladyship and Miss Bellenden home? Parties of the wild Whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-affected who travel in small numbers."

"We thank you, Cousin Gilbertsleugh," said Lady Margaret; "but, as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly? He rides them toward us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand-gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health and confusion to the Covenant during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily, this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear-file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses

struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the "Gallant Græmes," which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all his power of lung.

The upshot was that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and, having gambolled hither and thither, to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed toward the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonorable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face; so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt toward the solemn equipage of the duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage,

insides and outsides, at once, which had the effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and, stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and by their ponderous weight kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide—of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme; nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbie had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the gens d'armerie of Tillietudlem furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road

lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O H, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!

If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see the rest;

Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain-water that's flowing on a rock,

How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;

Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-brows lifted up;

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine:

It's rolling down upon her neck and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before;

No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor,

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh ! but
she was gay !

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took
my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps
were so complete

The music nearly killed itself to listen to her
feet ;

The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard
her so much praised ;

But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when
once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what
you sung ;

Your smile is always in my heart, your name
beside my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd
count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little
finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in coun-
try or in town ;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast
down.

If some great lord should come this way and
see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but
right.

Oh, might we live together in lofty palace-
hall

Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet
curtains fall !

Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean
and small,

With sods of grass the only roof and mud
the only wall !

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my
distress—

It's far too beautous to be mine, but I'll
never wish it less ;

The proudest place would fit your face, and I
am poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever
you may go !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE OUTLAW.

'TIS morn, and on the mountain-top the
outlaw rested now,

And laid his good sword by his side, his bon-
net from his brow ;

Upon the lofty towers that rise o'er his ances-
tral hall

From far the weary wanderer gazed, while
tears like rain-drops fall.

An honest heart that knew not fear, to man
that would not bow,

Was seated in his eagle eye and on his man-
ly brow ;

But care and wrong and want and woe leave
scars time may not heal—

Wounds that the wicked may revenge, the
proud alone can feel.

A traitor's doom forbids him hope these walls
to enter more ;

And soon the hunted outlaw seeks a home on
foreign shore.

He started up: "I hear the sound of woman's
wail ;

I hear the sounds of ruffian strife borne up-
ward on the gale."

Then, gazing down, "Such odds, I ween, were
never heard before ;
Three sturdy knaves against my arm ! My
race of life is o'er.
Yet 'tis a woman's wail ! Shall I stand idly
looking on
While strength to strike in her defence lies in
my father's son ?"

Adown the mountain-side he sprang like a
lion in his wrath,
And soon these sturdy villains lay sore man-
gled in his path.
The lady rose up from her knees, and motion-
less she stood,
Gazing in silent wonder on the stranger's
hardihood.

Ah ! why the sudden start, the blush, the
deadly paleness then,
As on her face the outlaw turned so eagerly
his ken ?

"It is Sir Donald Bruce," she cried, for well
his crest she knew,
And well she kenned the Highland plaid and
bonnet of the blue—

"My father's foe !"—"True, lady, true," the
gallant outlaw said.
"Though I have forced thy foes to yield
'neath my victorious blade,
Thy father's foe, of him who lives, scourge of
my ruined line,
Nor leaves me aught in earth or air that I
may claim as mine,

"Save hatred deep of alien power, of tyrant
and of knave—
A love of right, a scorn of wrong, of coward
and of slave.

Farewell, farewell ! In other years think on
the outlaw lone

Whose hand is true, though tyrant foes have
turned his heart to stone."

"Nay, but thou wilt not leave me thus?
Thy task is hardly o'er :

Oh, bear me safe from forest-wilds within my
father's door.

Ascendancy of rank and power, a loyal heart
and true,

Are his ; and well my father loves the bon-
net of the blue."

"'Tis time, I own," the outlaw said, "this
fevered strife were o'er :

Yes, lady, I will bear thee safe within thy
father's door.

But sooth to quaff of foeman's cup were sorry
cheer for me,

Or see another's yoemen range where mine
were wont to be."

"Yet I thy friend," the lady said, "thy
power were easy won."

(Breathes there a man, when woman pleads,
can feel his heart his own ?)

Bright shines the sun upon the banks and
braes of bonny Clyde,

But brighter far the lovelit eyes of brave Sir
Donald's bride.

The trumpets sound, the bagpipes play and
chargers gallop round,

And high beats now Sir Donald's heart with
many an aching bound ;

The bonfires gayly gleaming o'er mountain,
hill and dell,

And bridal-favors, testify he'd done his errand
well.

Long, long may good Sir Donald wield the
blade he proved so true,
And long may bonny Scotland prize the bon-
net of the blue. M. HENDERSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

FRANCIS BACON.

THIS greatest of English philosophers, who by his inductive system opened the way to systematic scientific inquiry, was born in London on the 22d of January, 1561. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of thirteen, and soon displayed his talent in arraigning the logic and methods of Aristotle. After travelling abroad, he returned with a prurient ambition for fame and money. Having received kindness and gifts from the earl of Essex, he turned against him in the hour of trouble, and even became counsel for his prosecution. He rose steadily in his career, was distinguished in Parliament as an eloquent orator, was knighted by King James in 1603, became attorney-general in 1613, was made a member of the Privy Council in 1616, and lord high chancellor in 1618. He had also been elevated to the peerage as Baron Verulam, and was advanced in it as Viscount St. Albans. (Technically speaking, he was never *Lord Bacon*, as he is often erroneously styled.) While in his last and highest office he was accused of giving false or unjust judgments for money, and confessed the crime in the most abject manner. The fall was tremendous, and led to those epigrammatic lines of Pope in his "Essay on Man," so often quoted:

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"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined—
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

He was fined forty thousand pounds and sentenced to be imprisoned at the king's pleasure. Both punishments were remitted, and Bacon retired to pursue science with a single purpose. His philosophy is all contained under the generic title of *Instauratio Magna* ("The Great Restoration"). It is divided into six parts: 1. *De Augmentis Scientiarum* ("Survey and Extension of the Sciences"); 2. *Novum Organum*, ("The Logical Use of the Reason"); 3. *Sylva Sylvarum* ("Natural History"); 4. *Scala Intellectus* ("The Ladder of the Intellect"); 5. *Prodromi* ("Anticipations of the Second Philosophy"); 6. *Philosophia Secunda* ("Science in Practical Action"). With Bacon the "universe is a great storehouse of facts," to be combined and classified by induction. He died April 9, 1626.

THOMAS OTWAY.

AMONG the dramatists of the Restoration in England, Otway is the most distinguished in the realm of tragedy. He was born at Trotting, in Sussex, on the 3d of March, 1651, and received his education at Winchester School and at the University of Oxford. In 1672 his irregular habits caused him to leave the university and become an actor in London. His familiarity with the stage aided his genius in producing the plays of *Alcibiades*, *Don Carlos* and *Titus and Berenice*, all of which were at once successful. Having received the appointment of cornet in the army, he proceeded to Flanders, where his ungoverned life led to his being cashiered in 1677. He then returned to London and to the stage.

In 1680 he produced his *Caius Marcius* and *The Orphans*, which were followed by his *Soldier's Fortune* in 1681, and his most famous drama, *Venice Preserved*, in 1682. It is from this latter that we have taken the interesting dialogue between Priuli and Jaffier, in which the emblematic annual marriage of the doge of Venice to the Adriatic is referred to in the lines,

"You may remember scarce five years are past
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded to our duke."

His tragedies are gloomy, but grand in their portraiture of passionate affection, unnatural cruelty, unrelenting revenge, all woven into dark plots and terrible conclusions.

Otway died in 1685, in great poverty. There are two stories, both of which are significant. One is, that he was choked to death eagerly swallowing a crust of bread which was given to him by charity; and the other, that he died by drinking great draughts of water when violently heated. *Venice Preserved* is still acted upon the stage.

SIR EDWIN HENRY LANDSEER.

SIR EDWIN HENRY LANDSEER, one of the most distinguished of modern English painters, was the son of John Landseer, an engraver in London, and was born in 1802. He stood at the head of animal-painting in the world. Very precocious in the use of the pencil, his principal training was such as Nature provided, with the assistance of his father's studio. At the age of thirteen he painted and exhibited a St. Bernard dog, which was much

admired, and his pictures were soon after admitted to the exhibitions of the Academy. His chief study at this period was of dogs, but he soon extended his scope. In 1823 appeared his "Cat's-paw." He then travelled in the Highlands of Scotland and witnessed those interesting incidents in the life of mountain-deer which he has so vividly and touchingly depicted in many pictures. In 1827 he exhibited his "Monkey;" in that year he was elected associate member of the Royal Academy, and in 1830 a full R. A. In 1839 he painted his "Dignity and Impudence." His remunerations for his pictures and the copyrights of engravings from them were now very large. In 1850 he was knighted. In 1860 he became more distinguished than ever by his wonderful picture of "A Flood in the Highlands." With well-earned honors from his own country and the Continent, he passed away in October, 1873, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Among the English painters, Landseer seems to have a rare individuality of power, sentiment and expression. He has, of course, been compared to Rosa Bonheur, but, while her pictures are perfect representations of "dumb driven cattle," his are full of sentiment and moral instruction. In the days of Æsop, or should they ever return, "Dignity" would confer with "Impudence;" the animals would hold a council, with the lion in the chair, and would unanimously decree a golden crown to the shade of the artist who had done them such honor, and who, by their instinct well portrayed, had instructed the higher reason of manhood. A man of original genius, and tender heart, his animals "confabulate" and claim our sympathy as if they were human

beings. His pictures are heroic—never mock-heroic, and they range in great variety over a large expanse of animal life, in the forms of lambs and mastiffs, cats and gibbering monkeys, lions of the tropics and polar bears, and, most touching of all, “stags at bay” and “wearied stags,” whose fast-flowing tears almost compel our own.

Nor was his genius confined to the animal creation alone although to it he devoted the chief efforts of his life. The delineation of the human figure also claimed a share of his labors. One of his pictures, “Landseer and his Favorites,” is a portrait of himself at work, with his two dogs looking on over his shoulders.

JOSEPH ADDISON,

THE most famous writer of Queen Anne’s day, was born at Wiltow, in Wiltshire, in 1672. As a boy he received his instruction at the Charter-House, since so celebrated in the novels of Thackeray as *Greyfriars School*. Thence, at the age of fifteen, he went to Oxford, where, for some excellent Latin verses, he received a scholarship. At the age of twenty-two he wrote an ode to Dryden, the great poet of the day, and in 1695 another to the king, William. For this he was rewarded by a pension, and was ultimately appointed under-secretary of state. In 1701 he travelled abroad, and on his return wrote a *Poetical Epistle from Italy*. After the famous victory of Marlborough at Blenheim he wrote a poem eulogistic of that great general, entitled *The Campaign*, which for its prosaic and statistical character was called by the critics a *rhymed despatch*. He found the best vent for his talent in the newspapers of the time, *The Spectator*, *The Tat-*

ler and *The Guardian*. In the first of these, in conjunction with Steele, he wrote the description of “the club,” in which are found life-like presentations of its members in the different walks of society. Among these the most interesting member is Sir Roger de Coverley, whose life and death are described with great humor and pathos. His hymns supplied a want of the age, and are still great favorites, especially those beginning

“The Lord my pasture shall prepare,”

“When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,”

and, most popular of all,

“The spacious firmament on high.”

Addison’s style was the best that had yet appeared in English literature—clear, forcible and fluent. His writings are chiefly now of historical value. He died in 1719.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

GLIDING down the river, we were soon in the midst of islands, and found ourselves ere long at the commencement of the rapids. The first two or three which we passed were not sufficiently formidable to cause more than a slight ripple on the surface, but by and by we approached the great rapid, that called the Long Sault, and preparation was made for its descent. Even those accustomed to shoot it seemed to grow more and more excited as we approached; it was no wonder, then, that a novice like myself should partake largely of the feeling. I took my post upon deck, where I resolved to remain until the exciting

episode was over. The rapid was in sight. Independently of the fact that I was about to shoot it, it was an object of the highest interest to me; for who has not heard of the rapids of the St. Lawrence? We were close to the Canada shore, some wooded islands intervening between us and the American bank. The rapid commenced amongst the islands, but did not exhibit itself in its full force and grandeur until it emerged from them into the clear and somewhat contracted channel immediately below. As far as we could see down the river the dark, leaden-looking water was broken into billowy masses crested with spray, like the breakers upon a low rocky shore, stretching far out to sea, whilst the roar with which the delirious current was accompanied was like the sound of a cataract hard by. For nearly a quarter of a mile above the rapid the current ran smoothly, but with great velocity, which increased as it approached the line at which the channel dipped still more, agitating the mighty volume, which seemed to tear itself to pieces against the sunken rocks, over which it dashed with impetuous speed. A period, as it were, of breathless expectation ensued from the time of our entering upon the preliminary current until we crossed the line in question. The steamer seemed here to take its race for the plunge which it made from the smooth into the broken current. To one unaccustomed to such a scene, a moment or two of semi-stupefaction ensues, after getting fairly within the embraces of the rapid. It seemed to me at first that we had suddenly been brought to a halt and were standing still, with the water boiling and surging around us in a mighty caldron, whilst islands, mainland, rocks, trees, houses and every fixed thing

ashore seemed suddenly to have been loosened from their foundations and to be reeling around me. On becoming more collected I discerned the real state of things: the steamer was shooting like an arrow along the stormy descent, lashing the angry waters with her lusty paddle-wheels to give her steerage-way. She thus rushed on for miles in the course of a few minutes, the objects ashore flitting by us as do those which line a railway. By and by we reached a point where the current, although yet greatly agitated, was comparatively tranquil, when the very steamer seemed to breathe more freely after her perilous race. On looking around me, the islands were gone, the broad and broken channel was no longer to be seen, the banks had fallen from their well-wooded elevations almost to the water's edge, the stream was contracted: it was placid in front of us, but wildly agitated behind; in short, the whole scene had changed. The whole looked like a troubled dream, and it was some time ere I could recall in their proper succession the different incidents which marked it.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A QUATRAIN.

FROM THE CHINESE OF CHAOU YUNG.

Composed during the reign of Shin Tsung of the Sung Dynasty—A. D. 1068-1085.

THE moon that gleams above so bright,
The Zephyrs that beneath her light
O'er the lake gently blow,
Breathe into every human breast
A sweet, calm, tranquil sense of rest
That few may truly know.

Translation of WILLIAM T. MERCER.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while
as yet 'tis early morn—
Leave me here; and when you want me,
sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old,
the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying
over Locksley Hall—

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks
the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into
cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,
ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to
the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising
through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a
silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing
a youth sublime
With the fairy-tales of science, and the long
result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful
land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the prom-
ise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye
could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the won-
der that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets him-
self another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the
burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than
should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute
observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and
speak the truth to me:
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being
sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a
color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
Northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a
sudden storm of sighs,
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of
hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weep-
ing, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned
it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on
all the chords with might—

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we
hear the copses ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with
the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch
the stately ships,

And our spirits rushed together at the touch-
ing of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy,
mine no more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the bar-
ren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all
songs have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having
known me—to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level
day by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art
mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not
they are glazed with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty; kiss him; take
his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought:

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand—

Better thou wert dead before me, though I
slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from
the heart's disgrace,

Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a
last embrace.

Cursèd be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth!

Cursèd be the social lies that warp us from
the living truth!

Cursèd be the sickly forms that err from
honest Nature's rule!
Cursèd be the gold that gilds the straitened
forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—
Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more
than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my
heart be at the root.

Never, though my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the
clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records
of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as
I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished: sweetly did
she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at
was to lovè.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for
the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love
for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is
truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
bering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest
thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the
rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art
staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing
to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the
tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whis-
pered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ring-
ing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee
to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a
tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain
thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest
rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from
the mother's breast.

Oh, the child too clothes the father with a
dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be
worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy
petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching
down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—
she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered." Perish in
thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! where-
fore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, less I wither
by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting
upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens
but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the
markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that
which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapors, and the
winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn
that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-
drous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near
and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among
the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the won-
der that would be:

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in
the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging
through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and
the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping
through me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me
with the jaundiced eye—

Eye, to which all order festers, all things
here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping
on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion,
creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a
slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increas-
ing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest
of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat for
ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and
I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and
he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the
stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sound-
ing on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a
target for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have
loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! wo-
man's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded
in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
sions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine—

Here at least, where Nature sickens, nothing.
Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life
began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father
evil-starred—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope and breathing-space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were sun or clime ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun :
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun.

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell
to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for
me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening
over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast
a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail,
or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward,
and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PAUPER ORPHANS.

THEY never knew what 'twas to play
Without control, the long, long day,
In wood and field at will;
They knew no tree, no bird, no bud,
They got no strawberries from the wood,
No wild thyme from the hill.

They played not on a mother's floor:
They toiled amidst the hum and roar
Of bobbins and of wheels;
The air they drew was not the mild
Bounty of Nature, but defiled;
And scanty were their meals.

Their lives can know no passing joy;
Dwindled and dwarfed are girl and boy,
And even in childhood old,
With hollow eye and anxious air,
As if a heavy grasping care
Their spirits did infold.

Their limbs are swollen, their bodies bent,
And, worse, no noble sentiment
Their darkened minds pervade;

Feeble and blemished by disease,
Nothing their marble hearts can please
But doings that degrade.

Oh, hapless heirs of want and woe!
What hope of comfort can they know?
Them man and law condemn;
They have no guide to lead them right,
Darkness they have not known from light;
Heaven be a friend to them!

MARY HOWITT.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

The incident narrated in the following poem occurred in the fourteenth century, at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians.

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried,
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood—
A wall where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear
Till time to dust their frames should wear.
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land—
Peasants whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke

And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gained
In many a mortal fray maintained.
Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
When he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell.

Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin.
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
The line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be! This day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power.
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly, she cannot yield;
She must not fall: her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host.

And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed:
Behold him, Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how

But 'twas no sooner thought than done:
The field was in a moment won.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp:
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly:
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart
As rushed the spears through Arnold's
heart;

While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PARRHASIUS.

ARTIST AND CAPTIVE.

"PARRHASIUS, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man, and when he had him at his house put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."
—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*



HERE stood an unsold captive
in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic
old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was
almost night,
And the last seller from his
place had gone,
And not a sound was heard
but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall
a refuse bone,

Or the dull echo from the pavement rung
As the faint captive changed his weary
feet.

He had stood there since morning, and had
borne

From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted
him

For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast
And touched his unhealed wounds, and with
a sneer

Passed on; and when, with weariness o'er-
spent,

He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,
'Th' inhuman soldier smote him, and with
threats

Of torture to his children summoned back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had
borne up

With a stout heart that long and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrongs,
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he leaned
Prone on his massy chain and let his thoughts
Throng on him as they would. Unmarked
of him,

Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. Th' Athenian's cheek
Flushed as he measured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
Stained with the oozing blood, were laced
with veins

Swollen to purple fulness; the gray hair,
Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes:
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.

The walls were hung with armor, and about,
In the dim corners, stood the sculptured
forms

Of Cytheris and Dian and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and
true,

And like a veil of filmy mellowness
The lint-specters floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Cau-
casus,

The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the
dim,

Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick
curl

Of his thin nostril and his quivering lip
Were like the winged god's, breathing from
his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hands feel skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens, around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here.
Quick, or he faints! Stand with the cordial
near.

Now bend him to the rack;
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh,
And tear agape that healing wound afresh.

"So! let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick! my good pencil
now.

What a fine agony works upon his brow!

Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

" 'Pity' thee! So I do.
I pity the dumb victim at the altar,
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine:
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

" 'Hereafter'! Ay, *hereafter*!
A whip to keep a coward to his track.
What gave Death ever from his kingdom
back
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that
story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! We die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe
away
Our life upon the chance wind even as they.
Strain well thy fainting eye;
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee
more.

"Yet there's a deathless *name*,
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn.
And, though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on!

"Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened
first,
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet
child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went
wild—

"All—I would do it all
Sooner than die like a dull worm, to rot,
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot,
Oh heavens! But I appal
Your heart, old man: forgive. Ha! on
your lives
Let him not faint! Rack him till he revives.

"Vain, vain! Give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace, He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his
brow.

Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one, till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now: that was a difficult breath:
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders, gasps! Jove help him! So
he's dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace for ever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns

The heart to ashes, and, with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish. Yet hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well, and love-touched dreams for
some;

And passions, many a wild one; and fair
schemes

For gold and pleasure; yet will only this
Balk not the soul: ambition only gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker full.

Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best; love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken;
Gain is a grovelling care, and folly tires,
And quiet is a hunger never fed;

And from love's very bosom, and from gain,
Or folly, or a friend, or from repose—

From all but keen ambition—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.

Oh, if there were not better hopes than
these—

Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame;
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffers; if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more;
If the deep-yearning love that hath not found
Its like in the cold world must waste in tears;
If truth and fervor and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fulness; if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide
air

The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself,—what thrice-mocked fools
are we!

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

FROM FARM BALLADS.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make
 'em good and stout,
 For things at home are crossways, and Betsey
 and I are out:
 We who have worked together so long as man
 and wife
 Must pull in single harness for the rest of our
 nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan,
 it's hard to tell—
 Most of the years behind us we've passed by
 very well;
 I have no other woman, she has no other
 man—
 Only we've lived together as long as we ever
 can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has
 talked with me,
 And so we've agreed together that we can't
 never agree;
 Not that we've catched each other in any
 terrible crime:
 We've been a-gathering this for years, a lit-
 tle at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had
 for a start,
 Although we never suspected 'twould take
 us two apart;
 I had my various failings, bred in the flesh
 and bone,
 And Betsey, like all good women, had a tem-
 per of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we dis-
 agreed
 Was something concerning heaven—a differ-
 ence in our creed:
 We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed
 the thing at tea;
 And the more we arg'ed the question, the
 more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when
 we lost a cow;
 She had kicked the bucket for certain: the
 question was only "How?"
 I held my own opinion, and Betsey another
 had;
 And when we were done a-talkin', we both
 of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in
 a joke;
 But full for a week it lasted, and neither of
 us spoke.
 And the next was when I scolded because
 she broke a bowl,
 And she said I was mean and stingy and
 hadn't any soul.

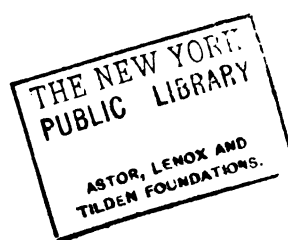
And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in
 our cup;
 And so that blamed cow-critter was **always**
 a-comin' up;
 And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us
 got,
 But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thou-
 sand times as hot.



WILL CARLETON

Will Carleton.

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And so the thing kept workin', and all the
selfsame way—

Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin'
sharp to say;

And down on us came the neighbors, a couple
dozen strong,

And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the
thing along.

And there has been days together—and many
a weary week—

We was both of us cross and spunky, and
both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the
whole of the winter and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why,
then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Bet-
sey has talked with me,

And we have agreed together that we can't
never agree;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is
mine shall be mine,

And I'll put it in the agreement and take it
to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first
paragraph—

Of all the farm and livestock that she shall
have her half;

For she has helped to earn it through many
a weary day,

And it's nothing more than justice that Bet-
sey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead. A man
can thrive and roam,

But women are skeery critters unless they
have a home;

E 14½

And I have always determined, and never
failed to say,

That Betsey should never want a home if I
was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin'
tol'able pay—

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a
rainy day,

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to
get at:

Put in another clause there, and give her half
of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so
much;

Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock
in such:

True and fair I married her when she was
blithe and young,

And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin'
with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so
smart, perhaps,

For me she mitted a lawyer and several
other chaps;

And all of them was flustered and fairly
taken down,

And I for a time was counted the luckiest
man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it
soon—

I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a
loon;

Never an hour went by me when she was
out of sight:

She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to
me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a
kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I
ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of
her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled and told each
other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go
home to-night
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's
all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin'
man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and
out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper that first to
me didn't occur—
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me
back to her
And lay me under the maples I planted years
ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quar-
relled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would
be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we
will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't
think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we
quarrelled here.

WILL CARLETON.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer! How
do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper: I s'pose you want
your pay.

Don't cut down your figures; make it an X
or a V,
For that 'ere written agreement was just the
makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was
blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles and what I was
goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest
team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I could-
n't see where to drive.

No, for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No, for I was travellin' an entirely different
road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives
ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and
where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to
a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper and
driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over, the more
these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was
the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in
my mind—
Of little matters betwixt us where Betsey
was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me, as
you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness and
everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track;
And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn back,
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hilltop I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper 's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself—
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyer's writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire,
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the
 night,
 And opened our hearts to each other until
 they both grew light;
 And the days when I was winnin' her away
 from so many men
 Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her
 over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to
 call on us,
 Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle
 another fuss;
 But when she went to pryin' and openin' of
 old sores,
 My Betsey rose politely and showed her out
 of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a
 word or two,
 But we've got our eyes wide open and know
 just what to do:
 When one speaks cross the other just meets
 it with a laugh,
 And the first one's ready to give up consider-
 able more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in
 this style,
 But somehow it does me lots of good to tell
 it once in a while;
 And I do it for a compliment: 'tis so that
 you can see
 That that there written agreement of yours
 was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer. Don't
 stop short of an X:
 Make it more if you want to, for I have got
 the checks.

I'm richer than a national bank, with all its
 treasures told,
 For I've got a wife at home now that's
 worth her weight in gold.

WILL CARLETON.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

LET to-morrow take care of to-mor-
 row;

Leave things of the future to fate:
 What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
 Life's troubles come never too late.
 If to hope overmuch be an error,
 'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
 And how often have hearts been in terror
 Of evils that never occurred!

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain
 thee;

Permit not suspicion and care
 With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
 But bear what God gives thee to bear.
 By his Spirit supported and gladdened,
 Be ne'er by forebodings deterred,
 But think how oft hearts have been sad-
 dened
 By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow:
 Short and dark as our life may appear,
 We may make it still darker by sorrow,
 Still shorter by folly and fear.
 Half our troubles are half our invention.
 And often from blessings conferred
 Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
 Of evils that never occurred.

CHARLES SWAIN.

HARVEST.



ERE, 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth,
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardor which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears
When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.

No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows :

Children of want, for you the bounty flows,
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark ! where the sweeping scythe now rips along,

Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work and every sinew tries,
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health ! come, Jollity ! lightfooted,
come ;

Here hold your revels and make this your home :

Each heart awaits and hails you as its own,
Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown.

Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed ;

E'en the domestic laughing dairymaid

Hies to the field the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbersome grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down,
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye
And rouses at the stranger passing by,
Whilst unrestrained the social converse flows
And every breast love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE EARLY DAWN.

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF MORNING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

HOW beautiful is morning ! I have been,
Painter, like thee, a wanderer when the hills

Slept in their own great shadows, and have
 seen
 The dawn kiss out the stars, have heard
 the rills
 Warbling unseen and sending forth the
 thrills
 Of soothing melody. Methinks thou art
 My spirit's own interpreter: we gaze
 In kindred feelings; gaze—ay, heart to
 heart—
 As friend with friend.

GEORGE HUME.

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of
 clay:
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
 flowers—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away
 Ere they have blossomed for a few short
 hours.

Love not!

Love not! The thing ye love may change;
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and
 strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be
 true.

Love not!

Love not! The thing you love may die—
 May perish from the gay and gladsome
 earth,
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not!

Love not! Oh warning vainly said
 In present hours as in years gone by!

Love flings a halo round the dear ones'
 head,
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or
 die.

Love not!

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

HOW gayly is at first begun
 Our life's uncertain race,
 Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun
 With which we just set out to run
 Enlightens all the place!

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
 How tempting to go through!
 Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes
 From Pisgah with a sweet surprise
 Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
 Which wander through our minds!
 How full the joys, how free the love,
 Which does that early season move
 As flowers the western wind!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
 But April-drops our tears;
 Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
 Whilst beauty compensates our care
 And youth each vapor clears.

But oh, too soon, alas! we climb,
 Scarce feeling we ascend,
 The gently rising hill of Time,
 From whence with grief we see that prime
 And all its sweetness end,

The die now cast, our station known,
 Fond expectation past,

The thorns which former days had sown
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last,

Whilst every care's a driving harm
That helps to bear us down,
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter storm,
And every look's a frown.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

A COMMON STORY.

SO! the truth's out! I'll grasp it like a
snake;
It will not slay me. My heart shall not
break
A while, if only for the children's sake.

For his too, somewhat. Let him stand un-
blamed,
None say he gave me less than honor
claimed,
Except one trifle scarcely worth being
named—

The heart. That's gone. The corrupt dead
might be
As easily raised up, breathing, fair to see,
As he could bring his whole heart back to
me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls
short.

I only loved him—any woman would—
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest,
So happy that I was his first and best,
As he mine when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my
due!

Or had he told me ere the deed was done
He only raised me to his heart's dear
throne—

Poor substitute!—because the queen was
gone;

Or had he whispered when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss
He had kissed another woman like to this,—

It were less bitter. Sometimes I could weep
To be so cheated, like a child asleep,
Were not the anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground,
Mocked with a heart just caught at the
rebound—

A cankered thing that looked so firm and
sound.

And when that heart grew colder—colder
still—

I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All—anything but him! It was to be:
The full draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again he gives me all I claimed;
I and my children never shall be shamed;
He is a just man: he will live unblamed.

Only—O God! O God!—to cry for bread
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love's dead!

Dead? Fool! It never lived: it only
stirred
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None
heard;
So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight;
I know not if her face be foul or bright:
I only know that it was his delight,

As his was mine: I only know he stands
Pale at the touch of these long-severed
hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve or jealous anger show.
He need not. When the ship's gone down,
I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends:
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity
of friends
Or sneers of foes, with this my torment
blends.

None knows. None needs: I have a little
pride—
Enough to stand up wife-like by his side
With the same smile as when I was a bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms;
They will not miss these fading, worthless
charms:
Their kiss—ah! unlike his—all pain dis-
arms.

And haply, as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes with regretful sigh
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK
(Mrs. D. M. Craik).

ASPIRATION.

THE planted seed, consigned to common
earth,

Disdains to moulder with the baser clay,
But rises up to meet the light of day,
Spreads all its leaves and flowers and ten-
drils forth,

And, bathed and ripened in the genial
ray,
Pours out its perfume on the wandering
gales,

Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
So this immortal germ within my breast
Would strive to pierce the dull, dark clod
of sense

With aspirations winged and intense—
Would so stretch upward in its tireless quest
To meet the central Soul, its source, its rest;
So in the fragrance of the immortal flower,
High thoughts and noble deeds its life it
would outpour.

ANNE C. LYNCH
(Mrs. A. C. Botta).

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire
Thy science learn to bound desire;

By happy alchemy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find ;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen
 And meretricious arts of dress
 To feign a joy and hide distress ;
 Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose,
 And, covered by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly ;
 Nor, meddling with the gods' affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares,
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possessed.

Thus sheltered, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life,
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind so much as to themselves,
 Cursed with such souls of base alloy
 As can possess, but not enjoy,
 Debarred the pleasure to impart
 By avarice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth hard earned by guilty cares
 Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look ungloomed by guile
 And weary virtue's livery-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's power
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blustering rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,—

E 15

When Fate extends its gathering gripe
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale ;
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
 Experience holds the cautious glass
 To shun the breakers as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead
 To see what dangers may be hid.
 Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way ;
 With store sufficient for relief
 And wisely still prepared to reef,
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may Heaven propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end !),
 Neither becalmed nor overblown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

MATTHEW GREEN.

TO THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

YOU violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are you when the rose is blown ?
 So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind—
 By virtue first, then choice, a queen—
 Tell me if she were not designed
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS.

CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS (A. D. 72) distinguished himself at Rome by his eloquence at the bar. The place of his birth is supposed to have been either Italica in Spain or Corfinium in Italy, which during the Social War received the name of Italica. He filled the rank of consul the same year that Nero was assassinated. He died in his seventy-fifth year.

HANNIBAL LEADING HIS ARMY ACROSS THE ALPS.

FROM THE LATIN OF CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS.

Moved Hannibal undaunted and serene ;
Indignant sadness only changed his brow
As with exhorting words he quickened now
Their languid hopes and hearts.
He spoke, nor they delayed : the troops he
drew
Up the steep hills, their promised spoil in
view,
Transgressed the Herculean road and first
made known
Tracks yet untrodden and a path their own :
Where inaccessible the desert rose
He burst a passage through forbidden snows ;
He first the opposing ridge ascending tried,
And bade the unconquerable cliff subside,
Cheered on the lingering troops, and, beckon-
ing high,
Stood on the crag and shouted from the sky.
Oft where the slippery path belied the tread
And concrete frost the whitening cliff be-
spread,
Through the reluctant ice his arm explored
The upward track that opened to his sword ;
Oft the thawed surface from the footstep
shrank :
Sucked in the absorbing gulf, the warriors
sank ;

Or from high ridge the mass of rushing snow
In humid ruin whelmed the ranks below ;
On dusky wings the west wind swept the
heaven :
Full in their face the snowy whirls were
driven ;
Now from their empty grasp the arms are
torn
And sudden on the howling whirlwind borne ;
Snatched on the blast, the wrested weapons
fly
And wheel in airy eddies round the sky.
When, striving o'er the ascent, the height
they gain
With planted foot, increasing toils remain ;
Yet other heights their upward view surprise,
And opening mountains upon mountains
rise.
No joy results from breathless efforts past ;
The plains are won, yet still the mountains
last :
Repeated summits fright their aching eyes,
While one white heap of frost in circling
prospect lies.
Thus in mid-sea the mariner explores
With fruitless longing the receded shores
When no fresh wind with spirit-stirring gale
Bends the tall mast or fills the flagging sail ;
O'er boundless deeps his eyes exhausted
rove,
And rest relieved upon the skies above.
O'er jagged heights and icy fragments rude
Thus climb they 'midst the mountain-soli-
tude,
And from the rocky summits, haggard, show
Their half-wild visage clotted thick with
snow ;
Continual drizzlings of the drifting air
Scar their rough cheeks and stiffen in their
hair.

Now poured from craggy dens, a headlong
force,
The Alpine hordes hang threatening on their
course,
Track the known thickets, beat the moun-
tain-snow,
Bound o'er the steeps and hovering hem the
foe.
Here changed the scene: the snows were
crimsoned o'er,
The hard ice trickled to the tepid gore;
With pawing hoof the courser delved the
ground,
And rigid frost his clinging fetlock bound,
Nor yet his slippery fall the peril ends:
The fracturing ice the bony socket rends.
Twelve times they measured the long light
of day
And night's bleak gloom, and urged through
wounds their way,
Till on the topmost ridge their camp was
flung
High o'er the steepy crags in airy distance
hung.

Translation of JAMES ROSS.

NONNUS PANOPOLITES.

NONNUS PANOPOLITES, who flour-
ished in the fifth century, was so named
from Panopolis, in Egypt, the city of his
birth. Nothing further is known of him
than that he undertook an embassy into
Ethiopia, of which he wrote an account.
Exclusive of the Dionysiaca, he is the author
of an elegant poetical paraphrase of the Gos-
pel of John.

NICÆA.

FROM THE GREEK OF NONNUS PANOPOLITES.

With crooked bow a dweller of the woods
Was there—a nymph who, nourished on the
grape,

Bloomed in the forest's leafy wilderness,
Fair-shaped Nicæa, huntress of the swift,
A second Dian, strange to love. Untaught
The rites of Venus, she with arrows chased
The beasts and tracked the mountains. No
soft bower
Of maidens chambered her in green recess
With fragrant foliage hid, but in a place
Of rocks, a desert haunt, in gloomy glen
She dwelt. Her spindle was the bending bow,
Her threads the feathered arrows, and with
poles
Of meshy nets this mountain Pallas spread
The web, more pleased to weave the close-
wrought lines
Of wonted chase on snare-set rocks the whilst
Following the chaste and arrow-shooting
queen,
Her comrade of the forest. Ne'er her dart
Had touched the feeble dappled fawn, nor
struck
The fugitive scared deer nor trembling hare.
She harnessed lions to the yoke, and lashed
Their shaggy backs with blood-discolored
thong.

Her cup,

With honey-tempered draught, she dipped in
streams
Cold-gushing from the torrent. In a cave
Arched in the natural rock her mansion was,
'Midst desert hill-crags inaccessible;
And oft, o'erwearied by the running chase,
She sat beside the panthers, or beneath
The hollow rock in mid-noon lay at length
Where the recumbent lioness had teemed
With her young lion, but the gentle beast
Smoothed its rough brows in blandishment,
and licked
The maiden's limbs, and sheathed its bend-
ing claws,

That mangled not her flesh; the dreadful
mouth

E'en of the littering lioness—those jaws
Devouring like a dog's in querulous joy—
Skimmed fondly moaning with forbearing lips,
And touched her without harm. The lion's
self,

Deeming her Dian, trailed his head on earth
Suppliant, and bowed his shaggy-ruffled mane
Low at her feet. Translation of C. A. ELTON.

NICANDER.

NICANDER was a physician and gram-
marian, born at Colophon, a town of
Ionia, and flourished under the second Atta-
lus, king of Pergamus, B. C. 137. He was a
voluminous author, and wrote a poem on ser-
pents entitled "Ophiaca," a commentary in
verse on the "Prognostics" of Hippocrates,
"Georgics" and "Metamorphoses," besides
historical dissertations on Colophon, Ætna
and Sicily. Of all his literary labors noth-
ing remains but two poems on antidotes.

OF THE SERPENT CERASTES.

FROM THE GREEK OF NICANDER.

Now mayst thou learn the subtle hornèd snake
That steals upon thee, viperous in his make;
But, while the viper's forehead maimed ap-
pears,

Horns two or four the bold cerastes rears.
Lean, dun of hue, the snake in sands is laid,
Or haunts within the trench that wheels have
made.

Against thee straight on onward spires he
rides,

And with long path on trailing belly glides,
But, sidelong tottering, rolls his middle track,
And wins his crooked way, and twines his
scaly back,

As, with long stern, some galley cleaves the
tide,

Wavering with gusts and dips its diving side,
While, as the vessel cuts its channelled way,
Dashed on the wind recoils the scattered
spray.

When bites the serpent, straight the puncture
round

A callous tumor like a nail is found,
And livid pustules large as drops of rain
Spread round the bite, of dull and faintish
stain.

Feeble the smart; but when nine suns have
shone,

The agonizing symptoms hasten on.

In whom the horny snake, with dead malign,
Has fleshed his tooth, that foams with rage
canine,

The loins and knees a restless pain invades,
And the whole skin is streaked with purple
shades;

Scarce lingers in his frame the laboring
breath,

And scarce he struggles from the toils of
death.

FATE.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARCUS MANILIUS (ABOUT B. C. 50).

O MORTALS! ease your troubles; cease
to grieve;

Of all superfluous plaints your souls relieve.
Fates rule the globe; fixed laws the world
control,

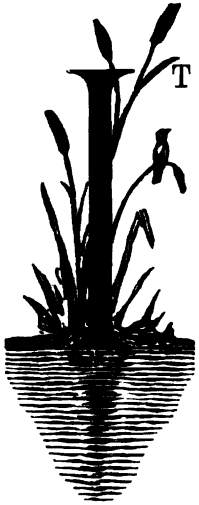
And marked by sure events the ages roll.

While born, we die, the hour that gave us
breath

Linked to our end, our birth entwined with
death.

THE CONGRESS OF 1774.

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA, ON
THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FIRST MEETING.



It was only a month ago that the inhabitants of a little island in the northern corner of the Atlantic Ocean met on their Law Mount and celebrated, with song and saga, their one thousandth anniversary. That hardy race, which counts among its achievements the first discovery of this continent, has witnessed many memorable and strange events. Locked up in snow and ice, protected by the warring elements, it has watched the growth and decay of empires, the rise and fall of nations, the most wonderful changes in every quarter of the globe. But it has seen no spectacle more extraordinary than that which we commemorate to-day, and in all the sterile pages of its thousand years of history it can point to no such achievements as fill up the first century of this younger nation.

The tendency of the American colonies toward union had frequently shown itself before 1774. There was, of course, little sympathy at the outset between the Puritan of New England and the Virginian cavalier, the Roman Catholic of Maryland and the Pennsylvania Quaker. Each had in times past suffered at the other's hands, and the smart of their injuries was not soon forgotten. But Time, that great healer, came after a while to efface its sharpness; and when the

third generation had grown up, little bitterness remained. For, after all, there is no sympathy like that which is begotten by common suffering. The trials of these men had been much the same. The spirit of persecution had driven forth all alike. Their ideas of liberty—narrow as they were at first—did not materially differ, and their devotion to them had led all alike across the seas. They spoke the same language, inherited the same traditions, revered the same examples, worshipped the same God. Nor had the obstacles which they had overcome been different. Heat and cold, fire and sword, hunger and thirst,—they had all experienced these. The Frenchman on the North and the Indian along the Western frontier had constantly threatened them with a common danger; and when the news of Braddock's defeat came down the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, it sent a thrill through hearts in Georgia and New Hampshire, as well as in Pennsylvania and Maryland. As early as the year 1754 the Indian troubles and the necessity for united action had led to the assembling of a convention or council at Albany, at which seven colonies were represented. The scheme for a perpetual union which the genius of Franklin had then devised was not successful, it is true, but the meeting under such circumstances awakened a strong desire for union among his countrymen; and when, in 1765, the times had changed, and the mother-

country, victorious over France, turned her hand against her children, the sense of danger found expression in the convention which the Stamp Act brought together in New York.

I pass without comment over the years which intervened between 1765 and 1774. The Stamp Act had been repealed, but a succession of severer measures had brought things from bad to worse. Great Britain was in the zenith of her power. The colonies were thirteen in number, and contained about two millions and a half of inhabitants.* Let us, then, in the course of the hour which we are to spend together here, endeavor to go back in imagination to the summer of 1774.

Here in Philadelphia there have been feverish days. The news of the determination of the ministry to shut up the port of Boston, followed, as it is soon after, by the attempt to do away with the ancient charter of Massachusetts, and to remove to Great Britain the trial of offences committed in America, has aroused the patriotic resistance of the whole country. In every town and hamlet, from New Hampshire to the southern boundary of Georgia, bold protests are recorded by the people, and Boston is declared to be suffering in the common cause. The first day of June, when the Port Bill goes into effect, is everywhere kept as a day of fasting and humiliation. Flags are lowered to half-mast, shops shut up and the places of worship crowded with thoughtful men. Nine-tenths of the houses in Philadelphia are closed in mourning, and the famous bells of Christ Church are muffled in distress. Nor are the fellow-countrymen of the Bostonians content with this manifestation of their sympathy. From every part of the

colonies come contributions for the suffering poor. Money, provisions and articles of clothing pour in from every side. There is but one sentiment in the great majority of the people—a determination to support the men of Massachusetts to the end. They were not unconscious of the dangers of such a course. The disparity between the power of Great Britain and their own was far more apparent to them than it can ever be to us. They saw her the first power of the age—fresh from the memorable wars in which she had destroyed the naval and colonial power of France. The air still rang with the cheers with which they had greeted her successive triumphs, each of which they had come to look upon as their own. Her armies had been victorious in every land, her fleets triumphant on the most distant seas, and whatever of spirit, of courage and of endurance they might believe themselves to possess they had inherited from her. “We have not fit men for the times,” wrote one of the leading actors in the drama that was about to begin; “we are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune—in everything. I feel unutterable anxiety.”† But there is no thought of yielding in anybody’s breast. “God grant us wisdom and fortitude!” writes John Adams in June; and he speaks the universal sentiment of countrymen. “Should the opposition be suppressed, should this country submit, what infamy and ruin! God forbid! Death in any form is less terrible.”‡ It was out of this consciousness of weakness that the strength of the Revolution grew. Had Massachusetts stood alone, had a feeling of strength seduced the colonies to remain divided, the end would have been far differ-

* Bancroft's *History of the United States*, vol. vii. p. 128.

† *Works of John Adams*, vol. ii. p. 338.

‡ *Ibid.*

ent. Singly, they would have offered but a slight resistance; together, they were invincible. And the blind policy of the English king and ministry steadily fostered this sentiment of union. The closing of the port of Boston was intended by its authors to punish Massachusetts alone, but the merchant of Charleston or New York saw in the act the attempt to exercise a power which might one day be directed against him, and the Pennsylvanian could have little feeling of security in submitting his valued institutions to the mercy of those who sought by an act of Parliament to sweep away the ancient charter of Massachusetts. The cause of one colony became the cause of all. The rights of Massachusetts were the rights of America.

All through the spring and summer there has been earnest consultation. Couriers are riding here and there with messages from the Committees of Correspondence which, thanks to Samuel Adams, have been established in every village. A constant interchange of counsels has soon begotten confidence; with better understanding has come a sense of strength. Each colony seems ready for her share of the responsibility, and no town, however feeble, feels alone. Boston is strengthened in her glorious martyrdom as her sister-towns reach forth to clasp her shackled hands, and the cry goes forth, at last, for the assembling of a Continental Congress. "Permit me to suggest a general Congress of deputies from the several Houses of Assembly on the continent,"* John Hancock says on the 4th of March, "as the most effectual method of establishing a union for the security of our rights and liberties."

* Bancroft's *History of the United States*, vol. vi. p. 508.

"A Congress, and then an assembly of States,"† cries Samuel Adams in April, 1773. Here is a call for a general Congress in the newspaper which I hold in my hand—a journal published in Philadelphia on the 11th of October, 1773. "A Congress," suggest the Sons of Liberty of New York in the spring of the following year; and in all parts of the country the cry meets with a response. The first official call comes from Virginia, dated May 28, 1774. On the 20th of that month the Whigs of Philadelphia have met, to the number of three hundred, in the long room of the City Tavern, on Second Street, and after consultation unanimously resolved that the governor be asked at once to call a meeting of the Assembly of this province, and a Committee of Correspondence be appointed to write to the men of Boston "that we consider them as suffering in the general cause;" "that we truly feel for their unhappy situation;" "that we recommend to them firmness, prudence and moderation;" and that "we shall continue to evince our firm adherence to the cause of American liberty."‡

The messenger who bears this letter finds the country all alive. The Boston committee sends southward a calm statement of the situation, and asks for general counsel and support.

Rumor follows rumor as the days go by,

† *Ibid.*, p. 456.

‡ *Pennsylvania Packet* for June 6, 1774. The reply to the Bostonians was written by the Rev. Dr. William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania (who did service afterward as one of the Provincial Convention of 1774). An interesting account of this will be found on pages 41 and 42 of the valuable *Memoirs of the Rev. William Smith, D. D.*, for a copy of which I am indebted to its author, Charles J. Stillé, Esq., LL.D., the present provost of the university.

and presently a courier comes riding down the dusty king's highway from the North, and never draws rein till he reaches the Merchants' Coffee-House, where the patriots are assembled in committee. The intelligence he brings is stirring, for men come forth with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. And soon it is on every lip. Behold, great news! Bold Sam Adams has locked the Assembly door on the king's officers at Salem, and the General Court has named Philadelphia and the 1st of September as the place and time for the assembling of a congress of deputies from all the colonies. Twelve hundred miles of coast is soon aflame. Nor is the enthusiasm confined to youth alone. Hopkins and Hawley in New England, and Gadsden in Carolina, are as full of fire as their younger brethren; and far away, in a corner of the British capital, a stout old gentleman in a suit of gray cloth, with spectacles on his nose and a bright twinkle in his eye, is steadily preparing for the struggle which he—wise, far-sighted, great-souled Franklin—has long foreseen and hoped for. One by one the colonies choose delegates—Connecticut first, Massachusetts next, Maryland the third, New Hampshire on the 21st of July, Pennsylvania on the 22d, and so on until all but Georgia have elected representatives. Yet still king and Parliament are deaf and blind, royal governors are writing, "Massachusetts stands alone; there will be no Congress of the other colonies." Boston lies still, the shipping motionless in her harbor, the merchandise rotting on her wharves; and elsewhere, as of old, the dull routine of provincial life goes jogging on. The creaking stages lumber to and fro. Ships sail slowly up to town or swing

out into the stream, waiting for a wind to take them out to sea. Men rise and go to work, eat, lie down and sleep. The sun looks down on hot, deserted streets, and so the long days of summer pass until September comes.

With the first days of the new month there is excitement among the Philadelphia Whigs. All through the week the delegates to Congress have been arriving. Yesterday, Christopher Gadsden and Thomas Lynch, Esquires, landed at the wharf, having come by sea from Charleston, South Carolina; to-day, Colonel Nathaniel Folsom and Major John Sullivan, the delegates from New Hampshire, ride into town.* The friends of liberty are busy. The great coach-and-four† of John Dickinson rolls rapidly through the streets as he hastens to greet the Virginian gentlemen who have just arrived, and in the northern suburbs a company of horsemen has galloped out the old King's Road to welcome the delegates from Massachusetts, who have arrived at Frankford with Sam Adams at their head.‡ With Saturday night they are all here, save those from North Carolina, who were

* *Pennsylvania Packet* for August 29, 1774.

† "Mr. Dickinson, the farmer, of Pennsylvania, came in his coach-and-four, with four beautiful horses, to Mr. Ward's lodgings, to see us."—*J. Adams, Works*, vol. ii. p. 360.

‡ *J. Adams's Works*, vol. ii. p. 357: "After dinner we stopped at Frankford, about five miles out of town. A number of carriages and gentlemen came out of Philadelphia to meet us. . . . We were introduced to all these gentlemen, and cordially welcomed to Philadelphia. We then rode into town, and, dirty, dusty and fatigued as we were, we could not resist the importunity to go to the tavern, the most genteel one in America." The important consequences of this meeting at Frankford are set forth in a letter of Adams to T. Pickering in 1822, printed in a note on page 512 of the same volume.—*Vide*, also, vol. i. p. 151.

not chosen till the 25th, but are on their way.

Sunday comes—the last Sabbath of the old provincial days. The bells of Christ church chime sweetly in the morning air, and her aisles are crowded beyond their wont; but the solemn service glides along, as in other days, with its prayer for king and queen, so soon to be read for the last time within those walls; and the thought, perhaps, never breaks the stillness of the Quakers' meeting-house that a thing has come to pass that will make their quiet town immortal. Then the long afternoon fades away, and the sun sinks down yonder over Valley Forge.

The fifth day of September dawns at last. At ten in the morning the delegates assemble at the Merchants' Coffee-House.* From that point they march on foot along the street until they reach the threshold of this hall. And what a memorable procession! The young men cluster around them as they pass, for these are their chosen leaders in the struggle that has come. The women peep at them wonderingly from the bowed windows of their low-roofed houses, little dreaming, perhaps, that these are the fathers of a republic for the sake of which their hearts are soon to be wrung and their homes made desolate. Here a royalist—"Tory" he is soon to be called—turns out for them to pass, scarcely attempting to hide the sneer that

trembles on his lips, or some stern-browed Friend, a man of peace, his broad-brimmed hat set firmly on his head, goes by, with measured footsteps, on the other side. Yonder urchin playing by the roadside turns his head suddenly to stare at the stately company. Does he dream of the wonders he shall live to see? Men whose names his children shall revere through all descending generations have brushed by him while he played, and yet he knows them not. And so along the street and down the narrow court and up the broad steps the Congress takes its way.

The place of meeting has been well chosen. Some of the Pennsylvanians would have preferred the State-House, but that is the seat of government, and the Assembly, which has adjourned, has made no provision for the meeting of Congress there. Here, too, have been held the town-meetings at which the people have protested against the acts of Parliament, and the Carpenters' Company, which owns the hall, is made up of the friends of liberty. It has offered its hall to the delegates, and the place seems fit. It is "a spacious hall," says one of them,† and above there is "a chamber with an excellent library," "a convenient chamber opposite to this, and a long entry where gentlemen may walk." The question is put whether the gentlemen are satisfied, and passed in the affirmative; the members are soon seated, and the doors are shut. The silence is first broken by Mr. Lynch of South Carolina. "There is a gentleman present," he says, "who has presided with great dignity over a very respectable society, and greatly to the advantage

* Then called the City Tavern. It stood on the west side of Second street, above Walnut, at the corner of Gold street (or Bank alley), and had been recently opened by Daniel Smith. It was already the rendezvous of the Whigs, as the London Coffee-House (still standing), at Front and Market, had long been of the Tory party.—*Vide Westcott's History of Philadelphia*, Philadelphia Library copy, vol. ii. p. 364.

† John Adams, from whose Journal of Correspondence I have taken the personal description in nearly every instance.

of America;" and he "moves that the Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, one of the delegates from Virginia, be appointed chairman." He doubts not it will be unanimous. It is so, and yonder "large, well-looking man," carefully dressed, with well-powdered wig and scarlet coat, rises and takes the chair.* The commissions of the delegates are then produced and read, after which Mr. Lynch nominates as secretary Mr. Charles Thomson, "a gentleman," he says, "of family, fortune and character." And thereupon, with that singular wisdom which our early statesmen showed in their selection of men for all posts of responsibility, the Congress calls into his country's service that admirable man, "the Sam Adams of Philadelphia and the life of the cause of liberty."†

While preliminaries are being despatched, let us take a look at this company, for it is the most extraordinary assemblage America has ever seen. There are fifty delegates present, the representatives of eleven colonies. Georgia has had no election, the North Carolinians have not yet arrived, and John Dickinson—that "shadow, slender as a reed

and pale as ashes;" that Pennsylvania farmer who has sown the seeds of empire—is not a member yet.‡ Directly in front, in a seat of prominence, sits Richard Henry Lee. His brilliant eye and Roman profile would make him a marked man in any company. One hand has been injured, and is wrapped, as you see, in a covering of black silk: but when he speaks, his movements are so graceful and his voice so sweet that you forget the defect of gesture, for he is an orator—the greatest in America, perhaps, save only one. That tall man with the swarthy face and black unpowdered hair is William Livingston of New Jersey—"no public speaker, but sensible and learned." Beside him, with his slender form bent forward and his face lit with enthusiasm, sits his son-in-law, John Jay, soon to be famous. He is the youngest of the delegates; and yonder sits the oldest of them all. His form is bent, his thin locks fringing a forehead bowed with age and honorable service, and his hands shake tremulously as he folds them in his lap. It is Stephen Hopkins, once chief-justice of Rhode Island. Close by

* During the delivery of this address an original portrait of Mr. Randolph hung above the chair in which he sat during the sessions of Congress.

† The Hon. Eli K. Price has kindly sent me the following interesting account of the manner in which this was made known to Mr. Thomson. The allusion in the address "reminded me," writes a lady of Mr. Price's family, Miss Rebecca Embree, "of the great simplicity of that appointment, as I have heard it related by Deborah Logan, wife of Dr. George Logan, of Stenton, viz.: 'Charles Thomson had accompanied his wife on a bridal-visit to Deborah Logan's mother, Mary Parker Norris, who resided on Chestnut street above Fourth, where the Custom-House now stands. Whilst there a messenger arrived inquiring for Mr. Thomson, and informed him that he was wanted at Carpenters' Hall. Being introduced to the company there assembled, he was requested to act as their secretary, which he accordingly did.'"

‡ Justice is not done nowadays to the patriotic labors of John Dickinson. The effect of his "Farmer's Letters" in preparing the minds of his countrymen for resistance to Great Britain can hardly be exaggerated, and to him they owed the phrase "No taxation without representation." When the Congress of 1774 assembled, no man in the colonies was more prominent than the Farmer, and his influence upon its deliberations was very great. On page 13 of the valuable *Early History of the Falls of Schuylkill, etc., etc.*, by Charles V. Hagner, Esq., will be found an interesting account, taken partly from the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of May 12, 1768, of the presentation of a laudatory address to Mr. Dickinson by the Society of Fort St. David's. Other similar addresses were sent to him from various parts of the colonies, one especially worthy of note being signed by Dr. Benjamin Church, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren and John Rowe, and enclosing resolutions adopted at a town-meeting held in Boston.

him is his colleague, Samuel Ward, and Sherman of Connecticut—that strong man whose name is to be made honorable by more than one generation. Johnson of Maryland is here—“that clear, cool head”—and Paca, his colleague, “a wise deliberator.” Bland of Virginia is that learned-looking, “bookish man” beside “zealous, hot-headed” Edward Rutledge. The Pennsylvanians are grouped together at one side—Morton, Humphreys, Mifflin, Rhoads, Biddle, Ross and Galloway, the Speaker of the Assembly. Bending forward to whisper in the latter’s ear is Duane of New York—that sly-looking man, a little “squint-eyed” (John Adams has already written of him), “very sensible and very artful.” That large-featured man with the broad, open countenance is William Hooper; that other, with the Roman nose, McKean of Delaware. Rodney, the latter’s colleague, sits beside him, “the oddest-looking man in the world—tall, thin, pale, his face no bigger than a large apple, yet beaming with sense and wit and humor.” Yonder is Christopher Gadsden, who has been preaching independence to South Carolina these ten years past. He it is who, roused by the report that the regulars have commenced to bombard Boston, proposed to march northward and defeat Gage at once, before his reinforcements can arrive, and when some one timidly says that in the event of war the British will destroy the seaport-towns turns on the speaker with this grand reply: “Our towns are built of brick and wood: if they are burned down, we can rebuild them; but liberty, once lost, is gone for ever.” In all this famous company perhaps the men most noticed are the Massachusetts members. That colony has

thus far taken the lead in the struggle with the mother-country. A British army is encamped upon her soil; the gates of her chief town are shut; against her people the full force of the resentment of king and Parliament is spent. Her sufferings called this Congress into being, and now lend sad prominence to her ambassadors. And of them surely Samuel Adams is the chief. What must be his emotions as he sits here to-day—he who “eats little, drinks little, and thinks much;” * that strong man whose undaunted spirit has led his countrymen up to the possibilities of this day? It is his plan of correspondence, adopted, after a hard struggle, in November, 1772, that first made feasible a union in the common defence. He called for union as early as April, 1773. For that he had labored without ceasing and without end, now arousing the drooping spirits of less sanguine men, now repressing the enthusiasm of rash hearts, which threatened to bring on a crisis before the time was ripe, and all the while thundering against tyranny through the columns of the *Boston Gazette*. As he was ten years ago, he is to-day, the master-spirit of the time—as cool, as watchful, as steadfast, now that the hour of his triumph is at hand, as when, in darker days, he took up the burden James Otis could no longer bear. Beside him sits his younger kinsman, John Adams, a man after his own heart—bold, fertile, resolute, an eloquent speaker and a leader of men. But whose is yonder tall and manly form? It is that of a man of forty years of age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. He has not spoken, for he is no

* *Historical and Political Reflections on the Rise and Progress of the American Rebellion*, by Joseph Galloway. London, 1780.

orator; but there is a look of command in his broad face and firm-set mouth that marks him among men and seems to justify the deference with which his colleagues turn to speak with him. He has taken a back seat, as becomes one of his great modesty—for he is great even in that—but he is still the foremost man in all this company. This is he who has just made in the Virginian Convention that speech which Lynch of Carolina says is the most eloquent that ever was made: "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them, at their head, for the relief of Boston." These were his words—and his name is Washington. Such was the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

Its members were met by a serious difficulty at the very outset. The question at once arose, How should their votes be cast—by colonies, by interest or by the poll? Some were for a vote by colonies, but the larger ones at once raised the important objection that it would be unjust to allow to a little colony the same weight as a large one. "A small colony," was the reply of Major Sullivan of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake, as well as a large one." Virginia responded that the delegates from the Old Dominion will never consent to waive her full representation; and one of them went so far as to intimate that if she were denied an influence in proportion to her size and numbers she would never again be represented in such an assembly. On the other hand, it was confessed to be impossible to determine the relative weight which should be assigned to each colony. There were no tables of population, of products or of trade, nor had there been a

common system in the choice of delegates. Each province had sent as many as it liked—Massachusetts, four; South Carolina, five; Virginia, seven; Pennsylvania, eight. In one case they had been chosen by a convention of the people; in another, by a general election; in most, by the Assembly of the province. There was no rule by which the members could be guided. Nor was this the only point of difference among the delegates. On no one thing did they seem at first sight to agree. Some were for resting their rights on an historical basis; others, upon the law of nature. These acknowledged the power of Great Britain to regulate trade; those denied her right to legislate for America at all. One would have omitted the Quebec Bill from the list of grievances; another held it to be of them all the very worst. Some were for paying an indemnity for the destruction of the tea; others cried out that this were to yield the point at once. One was defiant; a second, conciliatory. Gadsden desired independence; Washington believed that it was wished for by no thinking man. It was with a full sense of the diversity of these views, of the importance of a speedy decision and of the danger of dissension, that the Congress reassembled the next morning.

When the doors had been closed and the preliminaries gone through with, it is related that an oppressive silence prevailed for a long time before any man spoke. No one seemed willing to take the lead. It was a season of great doubt, and greater danger. Now, for the first time perhaps, when the excitement of the assembling had passed away and reflection had come to calm men's minds, the members realized completely the importance of their acts. Their countrymen watched

and waited everywhere. In the most distant hamlet beyond the mountains, in the lonely cabin by the sea, eyes were turned to this place with anxious longing; and yonder, in the North, the brave town lay patient in her chains, resting her hopes for deliverance upon them. And not Boston only, nor Massachusetts, depended upon them: the fate of humanity for generations was to be affected by their acts. Perhaps in the stillness of this morning hour there came to some of them a vision of the time to come. Perhaps to him on whose great heart was destined so long to lie the weight of all America it was permitted to look beyond the present hour, like that great leader of an earlier race when he stood silent upon a peak in Moab and overlooked the Promised Land. Like him, he was to be the chosen of his people; like him, soldier, lawgiver, statesman; like him, he was destined to lead his brethren through the wilderness, and, happier than he, was to behold the fulfilment of his labor. Perhaps, as he sat here in the solemn stillness that fell upon this company, he may have seen in imagination the wonders of the century that is complete to-day. If he had spoken, might he not have said: "I see a winter of trouble and distress, and then the smoke of cannon in the North. I see long years of suffering to be borne—our cities sacked, our fields laid waste, our hearts made desolate; men trudging heavily through blood-stained snow, and wailing women refusing to be comforted. I see a time of danger and defeat, and then a day of victory. I see this people, virtuous and free, founding a government on the rights of man. I see that government grown strong, that people prosperous, pushing its way across a conti-

nent. I see these villages become wealthy cities; these colonies, great States; the Union we are about to found, a power among the nations; and I know that future generations shall rise up and call us blessed."

Such might have been his thoughts as these founders of an empire sat for a while silent, face to face. It was the stillness of the last hour of night before the morning breaks; it was the quiet which precedes the storm.

Suddenly, in some part of this hall, a man rose up. His form was tall and angular, and his short wig and coat of black gave him the appearance of a clergyman. His complexion was swarthy, his nose long and straight, his mouth large, but with a firm expression on the thin lips, and his forehead exceptionally high. The most remarkable feature of his face was a pair of deep-set eyes of piercing brilliancy, changing so constantly with the emotions which they expressed that none could tell the color of them. He began to speak in a hesitating manner, faltering through the opening sentences, as if fully convinced of the inability—which he expressed—to do justice to his theme. But presently, as he reviewed the wrongs of the colonies through the past ten years, his cheek glowed, and his eye flashed fire, and his voice rang out rich and full like a trumpet through this hall. He seemed not to speak like mortal man, thought one who heard him ten years before in the Virginia House of Burgesses; and a recent essayist in a leading English review has spoken of him as one of the greatest orators that ever lived.* There was no report made of his speech that day, but from the notes

* *Essays*, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C., 3d series, p. 50.

which John Adams kept of the debate we may learn what line of argument he took. He spoke of the attacks made upon America by the king and ministry of Great Britain, counselled a union in the general defence, and predicted that future generations would quote the proceedings of this Congress with applause. A step in advance of his time, as he had ever been, he went far beyond the spirit of the other delegates, who, with the exception of the Adamses and Gadsden, did not counsel or desire independence. "An entire new government must be founded," was his cry; "This is the first in a never-ending succession of Congresses," his prophecy. And, gathering up, as it was the gift of his genius to do, the thought that was foremost in every mind about him, he spoke it in a single phrase: "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies: I am not a Virginian, but an American."

My countrymen, we cannot exaggerate the debt we owe this man. The strength of his intellect, the fervor of his eloquence, the earnestness of his patriotism and the courage of his heart placed him in the front rank of those early patriots, and he stands among them the model of a more than Roman virtue. His eloquence was one of the chief forces of the American Revolution, as necessary to that great cause as the intelligence of Franklin, the will of Samuel Adams, the pen of Thomas Jefferson or the sword of Washington. In such times of a nation's trial there is always one voice which speaks for all. It echoes the spirit of the age—proud or defiant, glad or mournful, now raised in triumph, now lifted up in lamentation. Greece stood on the Bema with Demosthenes; indignant Rome thundered against Catiline with

the tongue of Cicero; the proud eloquence of Chatham rang out the triumphs of the English name; and France stood still to hear her Mirabeau. Ireland herself pleaded for liberty when Henry Grattan spoke, and the voice of Patrick Henry was the voice of America struggling to be free.

Rest in peace, pure and patriotic heart! Thy work is finished and thy fame secure. Dead for three-quarters of a century, thou art still speaking to the sons of men. Through all descending time thy countrymen shall repeat thy glowing words, and, as the pages of their greatest bard kept strong the virtue of the Grecian youth, so from the grave shalt thou, who "spoke as Homer wrote,"* inspire in the hearts of men to be that love of liberty which filled thine own.

Great as were at first the differences of interest and opinion among the members of the Congress of 1774, there were none which their patriotic spirits could not reconcile. It was the salvation of the Americans that they had chosen for their counsellors men who believed, with Thomas Jefferson, that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest,"† and who were enthusiastic lovers of their country. No matter how strong had been their individual opinions, or how dear the separate interests involved, there seemed to these men no sacrifice too great to make for the common cause. As the debates progressed different views were reconciled and pet theories sacrificed to the general judgment. Day after day they became more united, and confidence increased. "This," wrote John Adams on the 17th of Septem-

* *Memoir of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. i. p. 3.

† *Ibid.*, p. 115.

ber, "was one of the happiest days of my life. In Congress we had noble sentiments and manly eloquence. This day convinced me that America will support the Massachusetts or perish with her."* After a full and free discussion, in which the subject was considered in all its aspects, it was decided that each colony was entitled to a single vote. By this means the integrity of the provinces was preserved, and out of it grew the theory—so familiar to us—of the sovereignty of the State. It was next agreed upon to rest the rights of the colonies on an historical basis. By this wise determination the appearance of a revolution was avoided, while the fact remained the same. Nor was there a sudden break in the long chain of the nation's history: the change was gradual, not abrupt. The common law of England, under the benign influence of which the young colonies had grown up, remained unchanged; and when, in less than two years, the Declaration of Independence created a new government, the commonwealth quietly took the place of king. The revolution was then complete: the struggle which followed was merely to secure it; and the American grew strong with the belief that it was his part to defend, not to attack—to preserve, not to destroy—and that he was fighting over again on his own soil the battle for civil liberty which his forefathers had won in England more than a century before. We cannot too highly prize the wisdom which thus shaped the struggle.

Having decided these points, the Congress agreed upon a declaration of rights. First, then, they named as natural rights the en-

joyment of life, liberty and fortune. They next claimed, as British subjects, to be bound by no law to which they had not consented by their chosen representatives (excepting such as might be mutually agreed upon as necessary for the regulation of trade). They denied to Parliament all power of taxation, and vested the right of legislation in their own Assemblies. The common law of England they declared to be their birthright, including the rights of trial by a jury of the vicinage, of public meetings and petition. They protested against the maintenance in the colonies of standing armies without their full consent, and against all legislation by councils depending on the Crown. Having thus proclaimed their rights, they calmly enumerated the various acts which had been passed in derogation of them. These were eleven in number, passed in as many years—the Sugar Act, the Stamp Act, the Tea Act, those which provided for the quartering of the troops, for the superseding of the New York Legislature, for the trial in Great Britain of offences committed in America, for the regulation of the government of Massachusetts, for the shutting of the port of Boston, and the last straw, known as the Quebec Bill.

Their next care was to suggest the remedy. On the 18th of October they adopted the Articles of American Association, the signing of which (on the 20th) should be regarded as the commencement of the American Union. By its provisions, to which they individually and as a body solemnly agreed, they pledged the colonies to an entire commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, Ireland, the West Indies, and such North American provinces as did not join the As-

* *Journal of John Adams*, vol. ii. p. 380.

sociation, until the acts of which America complained were all repealed. In strong language they denounced the slave-trade, and agreed to hold non-intercourse with all who engaged therein. They urged upon their fellow-countrymen the duties of economy, frugality and the development of their own resources; directed the appointment of committees in every town and village to detect and punish all violators of the Association and inform each other from time to time of the condition of affairs; and bound themselves, finally, to carry out the provisions of the Association by the sacred ties of "virtue, honor and the love of country."

Having thus declared their rights, and their fixed determination to defend them, they sought to conciliate their English brethren. In one of the most remarkable state-papers ever written they called upon the people of Great Britain, in a firm but affectionate tone, to consider the cause for which America was contending as one in which the inhabitants of the whole empire was concerned, adroitly reminding them that the power which threatened the liberties of its American might more easily destroy those of its English subjects. They rehearsed the history of their wrongs, and "demanded nothing but to be restored to the condition in which they were in 1763." Appealing at last to the justice of the British nation for a Parliament which should overthrow the "power of a wicked and corrupt ministry," they used these bold and noble words: "Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the empire; we shall consider your ene-

mies as our enemies, your interests as our own. But if you are determined that your ministers shall sport wantonly with the rights of mankind—if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the constitution nor the suggestions of humanity can restrain your hands from shedding blood in such an impious cause—we must then tell you that we will never submit to be hewers of wood or drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world."

In an address to the people of Quebec they described the despotic tendency of the late change in their government effected by the Quebec Bill, which threatened to deprive them of the blessings to which they were entitled on becoming English subjects, naming particularly the rights of representation, of trial by jury, of liberty of person and *habeas corpus*, of the tenure of land by easy rents instead of oppressive services, and especially that right so essential "to the advancement of truth, science, art and morality," "to the diffusion of liberal sentiments" and "the promotion of union"—"the freedom of the press." "These are the rights," said they, "without which a people cannot be free and happy," and "which we are, with one mind, resolved never to resign but with our lives." In conclusion, they urged the Canadians to unite with their fellow-colonists below the St. Lawrence in the measures recommended for the common good. They also prepared letters to the people of St. John's, Nova Scotia, Georgia and East and West Florida, who were not represented in this Congress, asking for their co-operation and support.

Nor was anything omitted by these men which could soften the hearts of their oppressors. Declining to petition Parliament, they

had addressed themselves to the people, recognizing in them, for the first time, the sovereign power. They now decided to petition the king. In words both humble and respectful they renewed their allegiance to his crown, detailed the injuries inflicted on them by his ministers, and besought his interference in their behalf. "We ask," they said, "but for peace, liberty and safety. We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favor. Your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavor to support and maintain." Solemnly professing that their "counsels were influenced by no other motive than a dread of impending destruction," they earnestly besought their "Most Gracious Sovereign, in the name of his faithful people in America," "for the honor of almighty God," "for his own glory," the interest of his family, and the good and welfare of his kingdom, to suffer not the most sacred "ties to be further violated" in the vain hope "of effects" which, even if secured, could "never compensate for the calamities through which they must be gained."

There remained now for the Congress but one thing to do—to render to its countrymen an account of its stewardship. In a long letter to their constituents the delegates gave a summary of their proceedings, of the difficulties they had encountered, the opinions they had formed, the policy they had agreed to recommend, and, with a mournful prophecy of the trials that were at hand, urged their fellow-countrymen "to be in all respects prepared for every contingency."

Such were, in brief, the memorable state-papers issued by the First Continental Con-

gress. And, terrible as were the dangers which seemed to threaten them from without, its members were to be subjected to a trial from within. On the 28th of September, Joseph Galloway of Pennsylvania submitted to the Congress his famous plan.* A man of talent and address, at one time high in the opinion and confidence of Franklin, he stood at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation. The Speaker of the House of Assembly, he had wielded great influence in the policy of the province. Cold, cautious and at heart a thorough royalist, he determined, if possible, to nip the patriotic movement in the bud. Seconded by Duane of New York, he moved that the Congress should recommend the establishment of a British and American government, to consist of a president-general, appointed by the king, and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the several Legislatures; that the council should have co-ordinate powers with the British House of Commons, either body to originate a law, but the consent of both to be necessary to its passage; the members of the council to be chosen for three years, the president-general to hold office at the pleasure of the king. Here, then, was an ingenious trap in the very path of the infant nation. Some men—and good ones, too—fell into it. The project was earnestly supported by Duane. The younger Rutledge thought it "almost perfect," and it met with the warm approbation of the conservative Jay. But wiser men prevailed. The Virginian and Massachusetts members opposed it earnestly. Samuel Adams saw in it the doom of all hope for liberty, and

* *Vide* Tucker's *History*, vol. i. p. 111; Sabine's *American Loyalists*, vol. i. p. 309; John Adams's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 389.

Henry condemned, in every aspect, the proposal to substitute for "a corrupt House of Commons" a "corruptible legislature," and entrust the power of taxation to a body not elected directly by the people. His views were those of the majority, and the dangerous proposition met with a prompt defeat. The Suffolk County resolutions, adopted on the 9th of September, at Milton, Massachusetts, had reached Philadelphia and the Congress on the 17th, and awakened in every breast the warmest admiration and sympathy. Resolutions were unanimously adopted expressing these feelings in earnest language, recommending to their brethren of Suffolk County "a perseverance in the same firm and temperate conduct," and urging upon the people of the other colonies the duty of contributing freely to the necessities of the Bostonians.

There now came a still more touching appeal from Massachusetts. "The governor," it said, "was suffering the soldiery to treat both town and country as declared enemies;" the course of trade was stopped; the administration of law obstructed, a state of anarchy prevailed. Filled with the spirit which in olden times had led the Athenians to leave their city to the foe and make their ships their country, this gallant people promised to obey should the Congress advise them to "quit their town;" but if it is judged, they added, "that by maintaining their ground they can better serve the public cause, they will not shrink from hardship and danger."*

* The spirit of this people is reflected in a letter from Boston, printed in *The Pennsylvania Packet* for October 10, 1774, describing a conversation which the writer had with a fisherman: "I said, 'Don't you think it time to submit, pay for the tea and get the harbor opened?'—'Submit? No! It can never be time to become slaves. I

Such an appeal as this could not have waited long for a worthy answer from the men of the First American Congress. The letter was received upon October 6th. Two days later the official journal contains these words: "Upon motion, it was resolved that this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay to the execution of the late acts of Parliament; and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution, all America ought to support them in their opposition." This," says the historian, "is the measure which hardened George III. to listen to no terms."† In vain conciliation and kind words; in vain all assurances of affection and of loyalty. The men of Massachusetts are traitors to their king, and the Congress of all the colonies upholds them in rebellion. "Henceforth," says Bancroft, "conciliation became impossible."

Having thus asserted their rights to the enjoyment of life, liberty and fortune, their resistance to taxation without representation, their purpose to defend their ancient charters from assault; having denounced the slave-trade in language which startled the world, and recognized, for the first time in history, the people as the source of authority; having laid the firm foundations of a union based upon freedom and equality,—the First Congress passed out of existence on the 26th of October, after a session of two and fifty days. Half a hundred men, born in a new country, bred amid trials and privations, chosen from every rank of life, untried in diplomacy, un-

have yet some pork and meal; and when they are gone I will eat clams; and after we have dug up all the clam-banks, if the Congress will not let us fight, I will retreat to the woods. I am always sure of acorns.'"

† Bancroft's *History of the United States*, vol. vii. p. 145.

skilled in letters, untrained in statecraft, called suddenly together in a troubled time to advise a hitherto divided people, they had shown a tact, a judgment, a self-command and a sincere love of country hardly to be found in the proudest annals of antiquity. And their countrymen were worthy of them. If the manner in which they had fulfilled their duties had been extraordinary, the spirit with which their counsels were received was still more remarkable. In every part of the country the recommendations of the Congress were obeyed as binding law. No despotic power in any period of history exercised over the mind and hearts of men a more complete control. The Articles of Association were signed by tens of thousands, the spirit of union grew strong in every breast, and the Americans steadily prepared to meet the worst.

The stirring influence of this example penetrated to the most distant lands. The "Congress," wrote Dr. Franklin from London in the following winter, "is in high favor here among the friends of liberty."* "For a long time," cried the eloquent Charles Botta, "no spectacle has been offered to the attention of mankind of so powerful an interest as this of the present American Congress."† "It is impossible," says the Scotch writer Grahame, "to read of its transactions without the highest admiration."‡ "There never was a body of delegates more faithful to the interests of their constituents," was the opinion of David Ramsey, the historian.§

* Letter to Charles Thomson, 5th February, 1775. Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, vol. i. p. 421.

† Otis's *Botta*, vol. i. p. 128.

‡ *History of the United States*, by James Grahame, LL.D., vol. ii. p. 496.

§ *History of the American Revolution*, by David Ramsey, M. D., vol. i. p. 174.

"From the moment of their first debates," De Tocqueville says, "Europe was moved."|| The judgment of John Adams declared them to be, "in point of abilities, virtues and fortunes, the greatest men upon the continent."¶ Charles Thomson, in the evening of his well-spent life, pronounced them "the purest and ablest patriots he had ever known;"** and in the very face of king and Parliament the illustrious Chatham spoke of them the well-known words: "I must avow and declare that in all my reading of history—and it has been my favorite study: I have read Thucydides and admired the master-states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress assembled in Philadelphia."†† Long years have passed, and there have been many changes in the governments of men; the century which has elapsed has been crowded with great events; but the calm judgment of posterity has confirmed that opinion, and mankind has not ceased to admire the spectacle which was once enacted here.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

CONTENTMENT.

TEN poor men sleep in peace on one straw-heap, as Saadi sings,
But the immensest empire is too narrow for two kings.

ORIENTAL.

|| *La Democratie en Amérique*, by Alexis de Tocqueville, vol. iii. p. 182.

¶ *John Adams's Letters to his Wife*, vol. i. p. 21.

** *Field-Book of the Revolution*, by B. J. Lossing, vol. ii. p. 60.

†† Speech in favor of the removal of troops from Boston, January 20, 1775.

A FALSE STEP.

SWEET, thou hast trod on a heart.
 Pass! there's a world full of men;
 And women as fair as thou art
 Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware—
 Malice not one can impute;
 And why should a heart have been there
 In the way of a fair woman's foot?

It was not a stone that could trip,
 Nor was it a thorn that could rend;
 Put up thy proud underlip:
 'Twas merely the heart of a friend.

And yet peradventure one day
 Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
 Remarking the bloom gone away,
 Where the smile in its dimplement was,

And seeking around thee in vain
 From hundreds who flattered before,
 Such a word as, "Oh, not in the main
 Do I hold thee less precious, but more!"—

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part,
 "Of all I have known or can know,
 I wish I had only that heart
 I trod upon ages ago!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath
 bid the trumpet sound,
 He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from
 the hills and plains around;
 From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
 They have come with helm and cuirass of
 gold and twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in roy-
 alty and state,
 And they have closed the spacious lists beside
 the Alhambra's gate;
 In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within
 the tented ring,
 Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in
 presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stal-
 wart arm and true,
 The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping
 furious through;
 The deeds they've done, the spoils they've
 won, fill all with hope and trust;
 Yet ere high in heaven appears the sun they
 all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; then clangs
 the loud tambour:
 Make room, make room for Gazul! Throw
 wide, throw wide the door!
 Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more
 loudly strike the drum:
 The alcaide of Algava to fight the bull doth
 come!

And first before the king he passed, with rev-
 erence stooping low,
 And next he bowed him to the queen, and
 the infantas all a-rowe;
 Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she
 to him did throw
 A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter
 than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords
 all slippery is the sand,
 Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en
 his stand;

And ladies look with heaving breast, and
 lords with anxious eye,
 But the lance is firmly in its rest and his look
 is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and
 two come roaring on ;
 He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his
 rejon ;
 Each furious beast upon the breast he deals
 him such a blow
 He blindly totters and gives back, across the
 sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn !" the people cry ; " the
 third comes up behind ;
 Low to the sand his head holds he, his nos-
 trils snuff the wind."
 The mountaineers that lead the steers with-
 out stand whispering low :
 "Now thinks this proud alcaide to stun
 Harpado so?"

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not
 from Xenil,
 From Guadalquivir of the plain or Barves of
 the hill ;
 But where from out the forest burst Xarama's
 waters clear,
 Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this
 proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood
 within doth boil,
 And the dun hide glows as if on fire as he
 paws to the turmoil ;
 His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal
 rings of snow,
 But now they stare with one red glare of
 brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand
 close and near,
 From out the broad and wrinkled skull like
 daggers they appear ;
 His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old
 knotted tree,
 Whereon the monster's shagged mane like
 billows curled ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his
 hoofs are black as night,
 Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierce-
 ness of his might ;
 Like something molten out of iron or hewn
 from forth the rock,
 Harpado of Xarama stands to bide the al-
 cayde's shock.

Now stops the drum ; close, close they come ;
 thrice meet, and thrice give back ;
 The white foam of Harpado lies on the char-
 ger's breast of black—
 The white foam of the charger on Harpado's
 front of dun :
 Once more advance upon his lance—once
 more, thou fearless one !

Once more, once more ! In dust and gore to
 ruin must thou reel ;
 In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with
 furious heel ;
 In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see
 thee stagger ;
 Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the
 stern alcaide's dagger.

They have slipped a noose around his feet ;
 six horses are brought in,
 And away they drag Harpado with a loud
 and joyful din.—

Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and
the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Har-
pado low.

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

DO not lift him from the bracken ;
Leave him lying where he fell :
Better bier ye cannot fashion ;
None beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather,
And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
To the judgment-seat of God.
Winding-sheet we cannot give him :
Seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering
Showered from heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it—
Bent and broken with the blow
That before he died avenged him
On the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom :
Wash not off that sacred stain,
Let it stiffen on the tartan,
Let his wounds unclosed remain
Till the day when he shall show them
At the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered
Meet before their Judge's eye.

Nay ; ye should not weep, my children :
Leave it to the faint and weak ;
Sobs are but a woman's weapon,
Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald !
Weep not thou, his orphan heir !

Not in shame, but stainless honor,
Lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not ; but when years are over,
And thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady
On the mountain and the muir,
Let thy heart be hard as iron,
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh
For the race that slew thy sire—
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
Rise a louder shriek of woe
Than at midnight, from their eyrie,
Scared the eagles of Glencoe ;
Louder than the screams that mingled
With the howling of the blast
When the murderer's steel was clashing,
And the fires were rising fast ;
When thy noble father bounded
To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
Pealed throughout the startled glen ;
When the herd of frantic women
Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their father's houses blazing
And their dearest dead below.
Oh, the horror of the tempest
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roofs went thundering down !
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woeful night,
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge
Only in a far halloo ;
Till the silence once more settled
O'er the gorges of the glen,

Broken only by the Cona
Plunging through its naked den.

Slowly from the mountain-summit
Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
In the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never
Dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness
Rose the spectral ruins there;
But the sight of these was nothing
More than wings the wild dove's breast
When she searches for her offspring
Round the relics of her nest,
For in many a spot the tartan
Peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald
Lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering
From each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning
On the cold ones of the dead.
And I left them with their dearest—
Dearest charge had every one—
Left the maiden with her lover,
Left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless,
Far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover
Where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley,
Till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom
And the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered,
Where he wooed me long ago.

Woman's weakness shall not shame me:
Why should I have tears to shed?

Could I rain them down like water,
O my hero, on thy head,
Could the cry of lamentation
Wake thee from thy silent sleep,
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing,
It were mine to wail and weep.
But I will not waste my sorrow
Lest the Campbell women say
That the daughters of Clanranald
Are as weak and frail as they.

I had wept thee hadst thou fallen,
Like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen
Camped upon a Scottish field;
I had mourned thee hadst thou perished
With the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble
Died around the dauntless Græme;
But I will not wrong thee, husband,
With my unavailing cries
Whilst thy cold and mangled body
Stricken by the traitor lies,
Whilst he counts the gold and glory
That this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph
At the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten,
Other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
Wither in the autumn rain.
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,
And I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee,
Dearer than my bridal-bed.
And I'll give thee tears, my husband,
If the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foeman
Cry the coronach for thee.

WILLIAM EDMONSTONE ATTOUN.
BLACKWOOD.

ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL DEBT OF ENGLAND.



DURING the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution the riches of the nation had been rapidly increasing. Thousands of busy men found every Christmas that, after the expenses of the year's house-keeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and how that surplus was to be employed was a question of some difficulty. In our time to invest such a surplus at something more than three per cent. on the best security that has ever been known in the world is the work of a few minutes. But in the seventeenth century a lawyer, a physician, a retired merchant, who had saved some thousands, and who wished to place them safely and profitably, was often greatly embarrassed. Three generations earlier a man who had accumulated wealth in a profession generally purchased real property or lent his savings on mortgage. But the number of acres in the kingdom had remained the same, and the value of those acres, though it had greatly increased, had by no means increased so fast as the quantity of capital which was seeking for employment. Many, too, wished to put their money where they could find it at an hour's notice, and looked about for some species of property which could be more readily transferred than a house or a field. A capitalist might lend

on bottomry or on personal security; but if he did so, he ran a great risk of losing interest and principal. There were a few joint-stock companies, among which the East India Company held the foremost place; but the demand for the stock of such companies was far greater than the supply. Indeed, the cry for a new East India company was chiefly raised by persons who had found difficulty in placing their savings at interest on good security. So great was that difficulty that the practice of hoarding was common. We are told that the father of Pope, the poet, who retired from business in the city about the time of the Revolution, carried to a retreat in the country a strong-box containing near twenty thousand pounds, and took out from time to time what was required for household expenses; and it is highly probable that this was not a solitary case. At present the quantity of coin which is hoarded by private persons is so small that it would, if brought forth, make no perceptible addition to the circulation. But in the earlier part of the reign of William III. all the greatest writers on currency were of opinion that a very considerable mass of gold and silver was hidden in secret drawers and behind wainscots.

The natural effect of this state of things was that a crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, employed themselves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word "stock-

jobber' was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence—the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl-Fishery Company, the Glass-Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Sword-Blade Company. There was a Tapestry Company, which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlors of the middle class, and for all the bedchambers of the higher. There was a Copper Company, which proposed to explore the mines of England and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company, which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armor. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye like that of a cyclops, and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river and return laden with old iron and ships' tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company, which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herding busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company, which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the

Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery; two thousand prizes were to be drawn, and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, japanning, fortification, bookkeeping and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares. Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the coggling dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave senators of the city, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier,

and much more lucrative, to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst and was forgotten.

The new form which covetousness had taken furnished the comic poets and satirists with an excellent subject; nor was that subject the less welcome to them because some of the most unscrupulous and most successful of the new race of gamesters were men in sad-colored clothes and lank hair, men who called cards the devil's books, men who thought it a sin and a scandal to win or lose two pence over a backgammon-board. It was in the last drama of Shadwell that the hypocrisy and knavery of these speculators was for the first time exposed to public ridicule. He died in November, 1692, just before his stock-jobbers came on the stage, and the epilogue was spoken by an actor dressed in deep mourning. The best scene is that in which four or five stern nonconformists clad in the full Puritan costume, after discussing the prospects of the Mouse-Trap Company and the Flea-Killing Company, examine the question whether the godly may lawfully hold stock in a company for bringing over Chinese rope-dancers. "Considerable men have shares," says one austere person in cropped hair and bands; "but verily I question whether it be lawful or not." These doubts are removed by a stout old Round-head colonel who had fought at Marston

Moor, and who reminds his weaker brother that the saints need not themselves see the rope-dancing, and that, in all probability, there will be no rope-dancing to see. "The thing," he says, "is like to take; the shares will sell well; and then we shall not care whether the dancers come over or no." It is important to observe that this scene was exhibited and applauded before one farthing of the national debt had been contracted. So ill-informed were the numerous writers who at a later period ascribed to the national debt the existence of stock-jobbing and of all the immoralities connected with stock-jobbing. The truth is that society had, in the natural course of its growth, reached a point at which it was inevitable that there should be stock-jobbing whether there were a national debt or not, and inevitable also that if there were a long and costly war there should be a national debt.

How, indeed, was it possible that a debt should not have been contracted, when one party was impelled by the strongest motives to borrow and another was impelled by equally strong motives to lend? A moment had arrived at which the government found it impossible, without exciting the most formidable discontents, to raise by taxation the supplies necessary to defend the liberty and independence of the nation; and at that very moment numerous capitalists were looking round them in vain for some good mode of investing their savings, and for want of such a mode were keeping their wealth locked up or were lavishing it on absurd projects. Riches sufficient to equip a navy which would sweep the German Ocean and the Atlantic of French privateers, riches sufficient to maintain an army which might retake Namur and avenge the

disaster of Steinkirk, were lying idle or were passing away from the owners into the hands of sharpers. A statesman might well think that some part of the wealth which was daily buried or squandered might, with advantage to the proprietor, to the taxpayer and to the state, be attracted into the treasury. Why meet the extraordinary charge of a year of war by seizing the chairs, the tables, the beds, of hardworking families, by compelling one country gentleman to cut down his trees before they were ready for the axe, another to let the cottages on his land fall to ruin, a third to take away his hopeful son from the university, when Change Alley was swarming with people who did not know what to do with their money, and who were pressing everybody to borrow it?

It was often asserted at a later period by Tories, who hated the national debt most of all things, and who hated Burnet most of all men, that Burnet was the person who first advised the government to contract a national debt. But this assertion is proved by no trustworthy evidence, and seems to be disproved by the bishop's silence. Of all men he was the least likely to conceal the fact that an important fiscal revolution had been his work. Nor was the Board of Treasury at that time one which much needed, or was likely much to regard, the counsels of a divine. At that board sat Godolphin the most prudent and experienced, and Montague the most daring and inventive, of financiers. Neither of these eminent men could be ignorant that it had long been the practice of the neighboring states to spread over many years of peace the excessive taxation which was made necessary by one year of war. In Italy this practice had existed

through many generations. France had during the war which began in 1672 and ended in 1679 borrowed not less than thirty millions of our money. Sir William Temple, in his interesting work on the Batavian federation, had told his countrymen that when he was ambassador at The Hague, the single province of Holland, then ruled by the frugal and prudent De Witt, owed about five millions sterling, for which interest at four per cent. was always ready to the day, and that when any part of the principal was paid off the public creditor received his money with tears, well knowing that he could find no other investment equally secure. The wonder is not that England should have at length imitated the example both of her enemies and of her allies, but that the fourth year of her arduous and exhausting struggle against Lewis should have been drawing to a close before she resorted to an expedient so obvious.

On the 15th of December, 1692, the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee of ways and means. Somers took the chair. Montague proposed to raise a million by way of loan; the proposition was approved, and it was ordered that a bill should be brought in. The details of the scheme were much discussed and modified, but the principle appears to have been popular with all parties. The moneyed men were glad to have a good opportunity of investing what they had hoarded. The landed men, hard pressed by the load of taxation, were ready to consent to anything for the sake of present ease. No member ventured to divide the House. On the 20th of January the bill was read a third time, carried up to the Lords by Somers and passed by them without any amendment.

By this memorable law new duties were

imposed on beer and other liquors. These duties were to be kept in the exchequer separate from all other receipts, and were to form a fund on the credit of which a million was to be raised by life-annuities. As the annuitants dropped off their annuities were to be divided among the survivors till the number of survivors was reduced to seven. After that time whatever fell in was to go to the public. It was therefore certain that the eighteenth century would be far advanced before the debt would be finally extinguished. The rate of interest was to be ten per cent. till the year 1700, and after that year seven per cent. The advantages offered to the public creditor by this scheme may seem great, but were not more than sufficient to compensate him for the risk which he ran. It was not impossible that there might be a counter-revolution; and it was certain that if there were a counter-revolution, those who had lent money to William would lose both interest and principal.

Such was the origin of that debt which has since become the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers. At every stage in the growth of that debt the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage in the growth of that debt it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. Yet still the debt went on growing, and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever. When the great contest with Lewis XIV. was finally terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, the nation owed about fifty millions; and that debt was considered—not merely by the rude multitude, not merely by fox-hunting squires and coffee-

house orators, but by acute and profound thinkers—as an encumbrance which would permanently cripple the body politic. Nevertheless, trade flourished; wealth increased; the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian Succession, and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians and orators pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increasing prosperity—signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed—ought to have satisfied observant and reflecting men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England which was governed by Pelham than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford. Soon war again broke forth; and under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt the debt rapidly swelled to a hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had now really arrived. The only statesman, indeed, active or speculative, who did not share in the general delusion was Edmund Burke. David Hume, undoubtedly one of the most profound political economists of his time, declared that our madness had exceeded the madness of the crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion and St. Lewis had not gone in the face of arithmetical demonstration. It was impossible to prove by figures that the road to Paradise did not lie through the Holy Land, but it was possible to prove by figures that the road to national ruin was through the national debt. It was idle, however, now to talk about the road: we had done with the road; we had reached the goal. All was over; all the revenues of the island north

of Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged. Better for us to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria than to be saddled with the interest of a hundred and forty millions. And yet this great philosopher—for such he was—had only to open his eyes and to see improvement all around him: cities increasing, cultivation extending, marts too small for the crowd of buyers and sellers, harbors insufficient to contain the shipping, artificial rivers joining the chief inland seats of industry to the chief seaports, streets better lighted, houses better furnished, richer wares exposed to sale in statelier shops, swifter carriages rolling along smoother roads. He had, indeed, only to compare the Edinburgh of his boyhood with the Edinburgh of his old age. His prediction remains to posterity, a memorable instance of the weakness from which the strongest minds are not exempt. Adam Smith saw a little, and but a little, farther. He admitted that, immense as the burden was, the nation did actually sustain it and thrive under it in a way which nobody could have foreseen. But he warned his countrymen not to repeat so hazardous an experiment. The limit had been reached. Even a small increase might be fatal. Not less gloomy was the view which George Grenville, a minister eminently diligent and practical, took of our financial situation. The nation must, he conceived, sink under a debt of a hundred and forty millions unless a portion of the load were borne by the American colonies. The attempt to lay a portion of the load on the American colonies produced another war. That war left us with an additional hundred millions of debt, and without the colonies whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again

England was given over, and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming in spite of all the diagnostics and prognostics of state-physicians. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of a hundred and forty millions than with a debt of fifty millions, so she was visibly more prosperous with a debt of two hundred and forty millions than with a debt of a hundred and forty millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprang from the French Revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, tasked the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest, the funded debt of England amounted to eight hundred millions. If the most enlightened man had been told in 1792 that in 1815 the interest on eight hundred millions would be duly paid to the day at the Bank, he would have been as hard of belief as if he had been told that the government would be in possession of the lamp of Aladdin or of the purse of Fortunatus. It was, in truth, a gigantic, a fabulous, debt, and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again that cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. After a few years of exhaustion England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's valetudinarian, who continued to whimper that he was dying of consumption till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining that she was sunk in poverty till her wealth showed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous. The beggared, the bankrupt, society not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but, while meeting those obligations, grew richer and richer so fast that the growth could almost

be discerned by the eye. In every county we saw wastes recently turned into gardens; in every city we saw new streets and squares and markets, more brilliant lamps, more abundant supplies of water; in the suburbs of every great seat of industry we saw villas multiplying fast, each embosomed in its gay little paradise of lilacs and roses. While shallow politicians were repeating that the energies of the people were borne down by the weight of the public burdens, the first journey was performed by steam on a railway. Soon the island was intersected by railways. A sum exceeding the whole amount of the national debt at the end of the American war was in a few years voluntarily expended by this ruined people in viaducts, tunnels, embankments, bridges, stations, engines. Meanwhile, taxation was almost constantly becoming lighter and lighter, yet still the exchequer was full. It may be now affirmed without fear of contradiction that we find it as easy to pay the interest of eight hundred millions as our ancestors found it, a century ago, to pay the interest of eighty millions.

It can hardly be doubted that there must have been some great fallacy in the notions of those who uttered and of those who believed that long succession of confident predictions so signally falsified by a long succession of indisputable facts. To point out that fallacy is the office rather of the political economist than of the historian. Here it is sufficient to say that the prophets of evil were under a double delusion. They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual and the case of a society which is in debt to a part of itself; and this analogy led them

into endless mistakes about the effect of the system of funding. They were under an error not less serious touching the resources of the country. They made no allowance for the effect produced by the incessant progress of every experimental science, and by the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew, and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt.

A long experience justifies us in believing that England may in the twentieth century be better able to bear a debt of sixteen hundred millions than she is at the present time to bear her present load. But be this as it may, those who so confidently predicted that she must sink—first under a debt of fifty millions, then under a debt of eighty millions, then under a debt of a hundred and forty millions, then under a debt of two hundred and forty millions, and lastly under a debt of eight hundred millions—were, beyond all doubt, under a twofold mistake. They greatly overrated the pressure of the burden; they greatly underrated the strength by which the burden was to be borne.

It may be desirable to add a few words touching the way in which the system of funding has affected the interests of the great commonwealth of nations. If it be true that whatever gives to intelligence an advantage over brute force and to honesty an advantage over dishonesty has a tendency to promote the happiness and virtue of our race, it can scarcely be denied that in the largest view the effect of this system has been salutary. For it is manifest that all credit depends on two things—on the power of a debtor to pay debts, and on his inclination to pay them. The power of a society

to pay debts is proportioned to the progress which that society has made in industry, in commerce and in all the arts and sciences which flourish under the benignant influence of freedom and of equal law. The inclination of a society to pay debts is proportioned to the degree in which that society respects the obligations of plighted faith. Of the strength which consists in extent of territory and in number of fighting-men, a rude despot who knows no law but his own childish fancies and headstrong passions, or a convention of socialists which proclaims all property to be robbery, may have more than falls to the lot of the best and wisest government. But the strength which is derived from the confidence of capitalists such a despot, such a convention, never can possess. That strength—and it is a strength which has decided the event of more than one great conflict—flies, by the law of its nature, from barbarism and fraud, from tyranny and anarchy, to follow civilization and virtue, liberty and order.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

MADAME DE STAËL.

AFTER THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

SHE was happy in her heart as she was glorious in her genius. She had two children—a son, who did not display the *éclat* of his mother, but who promised to have all the solid and modest qualities of a patriot and a good man; and also a daughter, since married to the duke De Broglie, who resembled the purest and most beautiful thought of her mother, incarnate in an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven and to represent holiness in beauty. While

scarcely yet in the middle age of life, and blooming with that second youth which renews the imagination, that essence of love, Madame de Staël had married the dearest idol of her sensibility. She loved, and she was loved. She prepared herself to publish her *Considerations on the Revolution*, which she had so closely observed, and the personal and impassioned narrative of her *Ten Years of Exile*. Finally, a book on the genius of Germany (in which she had poured out, and as it were filtered drop by drop, all the springs of her soul, of her imagination and of her religion) appeared at the same time in France and England and excited the attention of all Europe. Her style, especially in the work on Germany, without lacking the splendor of her youth, seemed to be imbued with lights more lofty and more eternal in approaching the evening of life and the mysterious shrine of thought. It was no longer painting, nor merely poetry: it was perfect adoration. The incense of a soul was inhaled from its pages; it was “Corinne” become a priestess and catching a glimpse from the verge of life of the unknown deity in the remotest horizon of humanity. About this period she died in Paris, leaving a bright resplendence in the heart of her age. She was the Jean-Jacques Rousseau of women, but more tender, more sensitive and more capable of great action than he was—a genius of two sexes, one for thought and one for love—the most impassioned of women and the most masculine of writers in the same being. Her name will live as long as the literature and history of her country.

ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE.

NOVELS.

FROM TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



NO man can work long at any trade without being brought to consider much whether that which he is daily doing tends to evil or to good. I have written many novels, and have known many writers of novels, and I can assert that such thoughts have been strong with them and with myself. But in acknowledging that these writers have received from the public a full measure of credit for such genius, ingenuity or perseverance as each may have displayed, I feel that there is still wanting to them a just appreciation of the excellence of their calling and a general understanding of the high nature of the work which they perform.

By the common consent of all mankind who have read, poetry takes the highest place in literature. That nobility of expression and all but divine grace of words which she is bound to attain before she can make her footing good is not compatible with prose. Indeed, it is that which turns prose into poetry. When that has been in truth achieved, the reader knows that the writer has soared above the earth and can teach his lessons somewhat as a god might teach. He who sits down to write his tale in prose makes no such attempt, nor does he dream that the poet's honor is within his reach; but his teaching is of the same nature, and his lessons all tend to the same end. By either,

false sentiments may be fostered, false notions of humanity may be engendered, false honor, false love, false worship, may be created; by either, vice instead of virtue may be taught; but by each, equally, may true honor, true love, true worship and true humanity be inculcated, and that will be the greatest teacher who will spread such truth the widest. But at present, much as novels, as novels, are bought and read, there exists still an idea, a feeling, which is very prevalent, that novels at their best are but innocent. Young men and women, and old men and women too, read more of them than of poetry, because such reading is easier than the reading of poetry; but they read them as men eat pastry after dinner—not without some inward conviction that the taste is vain, if not vicious. I take upon myself to say that it is neither vicious nor vain.

But all writers of fiction who have desired to think well of their own work will probably have had doubts on their minds before they have arrived at this conclusion. Thinking much of my own daily labor and of its nature, I felt myself at first to be much afflicted, and then to be deeply grieved, by the opinion expressed by wise and thinking men as to the work done by novelists. But when, by degrees, I dared to examine and sift the sayings of such men, I found them to be sometimes silly, and often arrogant. I began to inquire what had been the nature of English novels since they first became common in our own language, and to be de-

sirous of ascertaining whether they had done harm or good. I could well remember that in my own young days they had not taken that undisputed possession of drawing-rooms which they now hold. Fifty years ago, when George IV. was king, they were not, indeed, treated as Lydia had been forced to treat them in the preceding reign, when, on the approach of elders, *Peregrine Pickle* was hidden beneath the bolster and *Lord Ainsworth* put away under the sofa. But the families in which an unrestricted permission was given for the reading of novels were very few, and from many they were altogether banished. The high poetic genius and correct morality of Walter Scott had not altogether succeeded in making men and women understand that lessons which were good in poetry could not be bad in prose. I remember that in those days an embargo was laid upon novel-reading as a pursuit, which was to the novelist a much heavier tax than that want of full appreciation of which I now complain.

There is, we all know, no such embargo now. May we not say that people of an age to read have got too much power into their own hands to endure any very complete embargo? Novels are read right and left, above stairs and below, in town houses and in country parsonages, by young countesses and by farmers' daughters, by old lawyers and by young students. It has not only come to pass that a special provision of them has to be made for the godly, but that the provision so made must now include books which a few years since the godly would have thought to be profane. It was this necessity which a few years since induced the editor of *Good Words* to apply to me

for a novel—which, indeed, when supplied was rejected, but which now, probably, owing to further change in the same direction, would have been accepted.

If such be the case—if the extension of novel-reading be so wide as I have described it—then very much good or harm must be done by novels. The amusement of the time can hardly be the only result of any book that is read, and certainly not so with a novel which appeals especially to the imagination and solicits the sympathy of the young. A vast proportion of the teaching of the day—greater, probably, than many of us have acknowledged to ourselves—comes from these books, which are in the hands of all readers. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them and what they are to expect when lovers come, and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are or should be or may be the charms of love, though I fancy that few young men will think so little of their natural instincts and powers as to believe that I am right in saying so. Many other lessons also are taught. In these times, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard, is so violently assaulted by the ambition to be great; in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others; when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch which so many are handling will defile him if it be touched,—men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. The woman who is described as having obtained all that the world holds to be precious by lavishing

her charms and her caresses unworthily and heartlessly will induce other women to do the same with theirs, as will she who is made interesting by exhibitions of bold passion teach others to be spuriously passionate. The young man who in a novel becomes a hero, perhaps a member of Parliament, and almost a prime-minister, by trickery, falsehood and flash cleverness, will have many followers whose attempts to rise in the world ought to lie heavily on the conscience of the novelists who create fictitious Cagliostros. There are Jack Sheppards other than those who break into houses and out of prisons, Macheaths who deserve the gallows more than Gay's hero.

Thinking of all this, as a novelist surely must do—as I certainly have done through my whole career—it becomes to him a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes to interest his readers. It will very frequently be the case that he will be tempted to sacrifice something for effect, to say a word or two here or to draw a picture there for which he feels that he has the power, and which, when spoken or drawn, would be alluring. The regions of absolute vice are foul and odious. The savor of them, till custom has hardened the palate and the nose, is disgusting. In these he will hardly tread. But there are outskirts on these regions on which sweet-smelling flowers seem to grow and grass to be green. It is in these borderlands that the danger lies. The novelist may not be dull; if he commit that fault, he can do neither harm nor good. He must please, and the flowers and the grass in these neutral territories sometimes seem to give him so easy an opportunity of pleasing.

The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or no. How shall he teach lessons of virtue and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? That sermons are not in themselves often thought to be agreeable we all know, nor are disquisitions on moral philosophy supposed to be pleasant reading for our idle hours; but the novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his readers instead of wearying them, then I think Mr. Carlyle need not call him distressed, nor talk of that long ear of fiction, nor question whether he be or not the most foolish of existing mortals.

I think that many have done so—so many that we English novelists may boast, as a class, that such has been the general result of our own work. Looking back to the past generation, I may say with certainty that such was the operation of the novels of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen and Walter Scott. Coming down to my own times, I find such to have been the teaching of Thackeray, of Dickens and of George Eliot. Speaking—as I shall speak to any who may read these words—with that absence of self-personality which the dead may claim, I will boast that such has been the result of my own writing. Can any one, by search through the works of the six great English novelists I have named, find a scene, a passage or a word that would teach a girl to be immodest or a man to be dishonest? When men in their pages have been described as

dishonest and women as immodest, have they not ever been punished? It is not for the novelist to say baldly and simply, "Because you lied here or were heartless there, because you, Lydia Bennet, forgot the lessons of your honest home, or you, Earl Leicester, were false through your ambition, or you, Beatrix, loved too well the glitter of the world, therefore you shall be scourged with scourges either in this world or in the next;" but it is for him to show, as he carries on his tale, that his Lydia or his Leicester or his Beatrix will be dishonored in the estimation of all readers by his or her vices. Let a woman be drawn clever, beautiful, attractive—so as to make men love her and women almost envy her—and let her be made also heartless, unfeminine and ambitious of evil grandeur, as was Beatrix, what a danger is there not in such a character! To the novelist who shall handle it, what peril of doing harm! But if at last it have been so handled that every girl who reads of Beatrix shall say, "Oh, not like that! let me not be like that!" and that every youth shall say, "Let me not have such a one as that to press to my bosom! anything rather than that!"—then will not the novelist have preached his sermon as perhaps no clergyman can preach it?

Very much of a novelist's work must appertain to the intercourse between young men and young women. It is admitted that a novel can hardly be made interesting or successful without love. Some few might be named, but even in those the attempt breaks down, and the softness of love is found to be necessary to complete the story. *Pickwick* has been named as an exception to the rule, but even in *Pickwick* there are three or four sets of lovers whose little amatory longings

give a softness to the work. I tried it once with Miss Mackenzie, but I had to make her fall in love at last. In this frequent allusion to the passion which most stirs the imagination of the young there must be danger; of that the writer of fiction is probably well aware. Then the question has to be asked whether the danger may not be so averted that good may be the result—and to be answered.

In one respect, the necessity of dealing with love is advantageous—advantageous from the very circumstance which has made love necessary to all novelists. It is necessary because the passion is one which interests, or has interested, all. Every one feels it, has felt it or expects to feel it, or else rejects it with an eagerness which still perpetuates the interest. If the novelist, therefore, can so handle the subject as to do good by his handling, as to teach wholesome lessons in regard to love, the good which he does will be very wide. If I can teach politicians that they can do their business better by truth than by falsehood, I do a great service; but it is done to a limited number of persons. But if I can make young men and women believe that truth in love will make them happy, then, if my writings be popular, I shall have a very large class of pupils. No doubt the cause for that fear which did exist as to novels arose from an idea that the matter of love would be treated in an inflammatory and generally unwholesome manner. "Madam," says Sir Anthony, in the play, "a circulating library in a town is an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms through the year; and depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit

at last." Sir Anthony was no doubt right, but he takes it for granted that the longing for the fruit is an evil. The novelist who writes of love thinks differently, and thinks that the honest love of an honest man is a treasure which a good girl may fairly hope to win, and that if she can be taught to wish only for that she will have been taught to entertain only wholesome wishes.

I can easily believe that a girl should be taught to wish to love by reading how Laura Bell loved Pendennis. Pendennis was not, in truth, a very worthy man, nor did he make a very good husband; but the girl's love was so beautiful, and the wife's love, when she became a wife, so womanlike, and at the same time so sweet, so unselfish, so wifely, so worshipful in the sense in which wives are told that they ought to worship their husbands, that I cannot believe that any girl can be injured, or even not benefited, by reading of Laura's love.

There once used to be many who thought, and probably there still are some even here in England who think, that a girl should hear nothing of love till the time come in which she is to be married. That, no doubt, was the opinion of Sir Anthony Absolute and of Mrs. Malaprop. But I am hardly disposed to believe that the old system was more favorable than ours to the purity of manners. Lydia Languish, though she was constrained by fear of her aunt to hide the book, yet had *Peregrine Pickle* in her collection. While human nature talks of love so forcibly it can hardly serve our turn to be silent on the subject. "*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*" There are countries in which it has been in accordance with the manners of the upper classes that the girl should be

brought to marry the man almost out of the nursery—or rather, perhaps, out of the convent—without having enjoyed that freedom of thought which the reading of novels and of poetry will certainly produce; but I do not know that the marriages so made have been thought to be happier than our own.

Among English novels of the present day, and among English novelists, a great division is made. There are sensational novels and anti-sensational, sensational novelists and anti-sensational, sensational readers and anti-sensational. The novelists who are considered to be anti-sensational are generally called realistic. I am realistic; my friend Wilkie Collins is generally supposed to be sensational. The readers who prefer the one are supposed to take delight in the elucidation of character; those who hold by the other are charmed by the continuation and gradual development of a plot. All this is, I think, a mistake; which mistake arises from the inability of the imperfect artist to be at the same time realistic and sensational.* A good novel should be both, and both in the highest degree. If a novel fail in either, there is a failure in art. Let those readers who believe that they do not like sensational scenes in novels think of some of those passages from our great novelists which have charmed them most—of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of Burley in the cave with Morton; of the mad lady tearing the veil of the expectant bride in *Jane Eyre*; of Lady Castlewood as, in her indignation, she explains to the duke of Hamilton Henry Esmond's right to be present at the marriage of His Grace with Beatrix. May I add, of Lady Mason as she makes her confession at the feet of Sir Peregrine Orme? Will any

one say that the authors of these passages have sinned in being over-sensational? No doubt a string of horrible incidents bound together without truth in detail and told as affecting personages without character—wooden blocks who cannot make themselves known to the reader as men and women—does not instruct or amuse, or even fill the mind with awe. Horrors heaped upon horrors, and which are horrors only in themselves and not as touching any recognized and known person, are not tragic, and soon cease even to horrify. And such would-be tragic elements of a story may be increased without end and without difficulty. I may tell you of a woman murdered—murdered in the same street with you, in the next house; that she was a wife murdered by her husband—a bride not yet a week a wife. I may add to it for ever. I may say that the murderer roasted her alive. There is no end to it. I may declare that a former wife was treated with equal barbarity, and may assert that as the murderer was led away to execution he declared his only sorrow, his only regret, to be that he could not live to treat a third wife after the same fashion. There is nothing so easy as the creation and the cumulation of fearful incidents after this fashion. If such creation and cumulation be the beginning and the end of the novelist's work—and novels have been written which seem to be without other attractions—nothing can be more dull or more useless. But not on that account are we averse to tragedy in prose fiction. As in poetry, so in prose, he who can deal adequately with tragic elements is a greater artist and reaches a higher aim than the writer whose efforts never carry him above the mild walks of every-day life. The *Bride*

of *Lammermoor* is a tragedy throughout, in spite of its comic elements; the life of Lady Castlewood, of whom I have spoken, is a tragedy; Rochester's wretched thralldom to his mad wife in *Jane Eyre* is a tragedy; but these stories charm us not simply because they are tragic, but because we feel that men and women with flesh and blood—creatures with whom we can sympathize—are struggling amid their woes. It all lies in that. No novel is anything for the purposes either of comedy or tragedy unless the reader can sympathize with the characters whose names he finds upon the pages. Let an author so tell his tale as to touch his reader's heart and draw his tears, and he has so far done his work well. Truth let there be—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the Six Hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered.

Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why ;
 Theirs but to do or die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode, and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MUSINGS IN A LIBRARY.

SPEAK low ; tread softly through these
 halls :

Here Genius lives enshrined ;
 Here reign in silent majesty
 The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host, they come
 From every age and clime ;
 Above the buried wrecks of years
 They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence-chamber here
 They hold their regal state,
 And round them throng a noble train,
 The gifted and the great.

O child of Earth, when round thy path
 The storms of life arise,
 And when thy brothers pass thee by
 With stern, unloving eyes,

Here shall the poets chant for thee
 Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
 And prophets wait to guide thy steps
 In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come ! with these God-anointed kings
 Be thou companion here,
 And in the mighty realm of mind
 Thou shalt go forth a peer.

ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

THE HOME OF THE BADGER.



ONCE, in the North of Scotland, I fell in with a perfect colony of badgers; they had taken up their abode in an unfrequented range of wooded rocks, and appeared to have been little interrupted in their possession of them. The footpaths to and from their numerous holes were beaten quite hard, and, what is remarkable and worthy of note, they had different small pits dug at a certain distance from their abodes, which were evidently used as receptacles for all offensive filth; every other part of their colony was perfectly clean. A solitary badger's hole, which I once had dug out during the winter season, presented a curious picture of his domestic and military arrangements. A hard and long job it was for two men to achieve. The passage here and there turned in a sharp angle round some projecting corners of rock, which he evidently made use of, when attacked, as points of defence, making a stand at any of these angles, where a fox could not take him at an advantage or a dog scratch to enlarge the aperture, and fighting from behind his stone buttress.

After tracing out a long winding passage the workmen came to two branches in the hole, each leading to good-sized chambers. In one of these was stored a considerable quantity of dried grass, rolled up into balls as large as a man's fist, and evidently in-

tended for food; in the other chamber there was a bed of soft dry grass and leaves. The sole inhabitant was a peculiarly large old dog-badger.

Besides coarse grasses, their food consists of various roots; amongst others, I have frequently found about their hole the bulb of the common wild blue hyacinth. Fruit of all kinds and esculent vegetables form his repast, and I fear that he must plead guilty to devouring any small animal that may come in his way, alive or dead; though, not being adapted for the chase, or even for any very skilful strategy of war, I do not suppose that he can do much in catching an unwounded bird or beast. Eggs are his delight, and a partridge's nest with seventeen or eighteen eggs must afford him a fine meal, particularly if he can surprise and kill the hen-bird also, snails and worms, which he finds above ground during his nocturnal rambles, are likewise included in his bill of fare.

I was one summer evening walking home from fishing in Loch Ness, and having occasion to fasten up some part of my tackle, and also expecting to meet my keeper, I sat down on the shore of the loch. I remained some time enjoying the lovely prospect; the perfectly clear and unruffled loch lay before me, reflecting the northern shore in its quiet water. The opposite banks consisted, in some parts, of bright green sward, sloping to the water's edge and studded with some of the most beautiful birch trees in Scotland, several of the trees spreading out like the oak,

and with their ragged and ancient-looking bark resembling the cork-tree of Spain, others drooping and weeping over the edge of the water in the most ladylike and elegant manner. Parts of the loch were edged in by old lichen-covered rocks, while farther on a magnificent scaur of red stone rose perpendicularly from the water's edge to a very great height. So clearly was every object on the opposite shore reflected in the lake below that it was difficult—nay, impossible—to distinguish where the water ended and the land commenced, the shadow from the reality. The sun was already set, but its rays still illuminated the sky. It is said that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step; and I was just then startled from my reverie by a kind of grunt close to me, and the apparition of a small waddling gray animal who was busily employed in hunting about the grass and stones at the edge of the loch. Presently another and another appeared in a little grassy glade which ran down to the water's edge, till at last I saw seven of them busily at work within a few yards of me, all coming from one direction. It at first struck me that they were some farmer's pigs taking a distant ramble, but I shortly saw that they were badgers, come from their fastnesses rather earlier than usual, tempted by the quiet evening and by a heavy summer shower that was just over, and which had brought out an infinity of large black snails and worms, on which the badgers were feeding with good appetite. As I was dressed in gray and sitting on a gray rock, they did not see me, but waddled about, sometimes close to me, only now and then, as they crossed my track, they showed a slight uneasiness, smelling the ground and grunting

gently. Presently a very large one, which I took to be the mother of the rest, stood motionless for a moment, listening with great attention, and then, giving a loud grunt, which seemed perfectly understood by the others, she scuttled away, followed by the whole lot. I was soon joined by my attendant, whose approach they had heard long before my less acute ears gave me warning of his coming.

In trapping other vermin in these woods we constantly caught badgers; sometimes several were found in the traps. I always regretted this, as my keeper was most unwilling to spare their lives, and, I fancy, seldom did so. His arguments were terribly cogent, I must confess. When I tried to persuade him that they were quite harmless, he answered me by asking,

“Then why, sir, have they got such teeth, if they don't live, like a dog or fox, on flesh? And why do they get caught so often in traps baited with rabbits?”

I could not but admit that they had most carnivorous-looking teeth.

CHARLES ST. JOHN.

THE BADGER.

THE badger's legs are so short that its belly seems to touch the ground; this, however, is but a deceitful appearance, as it is caused by the length of the hair, which is very long all over the body and makes it seem much more bulky than it really is. It is a solitary, stupid animal that finds refuge remote from man and digs itself a deep hole with great assiduity. It seems to avoid the light and seldom quits its retreat by day, only stealing out at night to find subsistence.

It burrows in the ground very easily, its legs being short and strong and its claws stiff and horny. As it continues to bury itself it throws the earth behind it to a great distance and thus forms to itself a winding hole, at the bottom of which it remains in safety. As the fox is not so expert at digging into the earth, it often takes possession of that which has been quitted by the badger.

This animal, however, is not long in making itself a new habitation, from which it seldom ventures far, as it flies but slowly and can find safety only in the strength of its retreat. When it is surprised by the dogs at some distance from its hole, it then combats with desperate resolution; it falls upon its back, defends itself on every side, and seldom dies unrevenged in the midst of its enemies.

The badger, like the fox, is a carnivorous animal, and nothing that has life can come amiss to it. It sleeps the greatest part of its time, and thus, without being a voracious feeder, it still keeps fat, particularly in winter. They always keep their hole very clean, and the female makes a comfortable warm bed of hay, at the bottom of her hole, for the reception of her young. She brings forth in summer, generally to the number of three or four, which she feeds at first with her milk and afterward with such petty prey as she can surprise. She seizes the young rabbits in their warren, robs birds' nests, finds out where the wild bees have laid up their honey, and brings all to her expecting brood.

The young ones when taken are easily tamed, but the old still continue savage and incorrigible; the former, after a short time, play with the dogs, follow their master about the house, but seem of all other animals the most fond of the fire. They often approach

it so closely that they even burn themselves in a dangerous manner. They are sometimes also subject to the mange. The poor of some countries eat their flesh, which, though fat, is at best but rank and ill-tasted.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ANECDOTE OF A BADGER.

THE following instance of faithful attachment in the badger was related by a gentleman who resided at the château De Vernours, in France:

Two persons on a journey having occasion to pass through a hollow way accompanied by a dog, he started a badger and pursued it till it took shelter in a burrow under a tree, and from which it was at length hunted and killed. As they were only a few miles from the village of Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag the badger thither, so that they might receive the reward offered by the commune for every one which was killed, and, besides, to sell its skin to the manufacturer of badger-hair brushes. Having no rope, they twisted some twigs and drew the animal along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far on their way when they heard the cry of an animal apparently in distress. They stopped to listen from whence it proceeded, when another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, but this did not deter it from approaching its dead companion, which it no sooner reached than it began to lick, and made a mournful cry. The men, observing this, desisted from offering it any further offence, and continued to draw the dead body along as before. The faithful animal continued to follow the dead one, and, lying down on it, took it gently by

the ear, and in this manner was actually dragged into the village, and even amid the crowd of boys and dogs which were soon collected around it could not be induced to quit its situation; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill this affectionate creature and afterward burn it, declaring that it could be no other than a witch.

BLACKIE'S NOTES ON GOLDSMITH.

THE ASTRONOMER NEVER DIES.

THE curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared his glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in these bright orbs, have clung to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered, through the long lapse of six thousand years. Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by, but each has swelled by its contribution the stream of discovery. The astronomer has ever lived and never dies. The sentinel upon the watch-tower is relieved from duty, but another takes his place; and the vigil is unbroken. No; the astronomer never dies. He commences his investigations on the hill-tops of Eden; he studies the stars through the long centuries of antediluvian life. The deluge sweeps from the earth its inhabitants, their cities and their monuments; but when the storm is hushed and the heavens shine forth in beauty, from the summit of Mount Ararat the astronomer resumes his endless vigils. In Babylon he keeps watch, and among the Egyptian priests he inspires a thirst for the sacred mysteries of the stars. The plains of Shinar, the temples of India, the pyramids of Egypt, are

equally his watching-places. When Science fled to Greece, his home was in the schools of her philosophers; and when darkness covered the earth for a thousand years, he pursued his never-ending task from amidst the burning deserts of Arabia. When science dawned on Europe, the astronomer was there, toiling with Copernicus, watching with Tycho, suffering with Galileo, triumphing with Kepler. Six thousand years have rolled away since the grand investigation commenced. We stand at the terminus of this vast period, and, looking back through the long vista of departed years, mark with honest pride the successive triumphs of our race. Midway between the past and future, we sweep backward and witness the first rude effort to explain the celestial phenomena; we may equally stretch forward thousands of years, and, although we cannot comprehend what shall be the condition of astronomical science at that remote period, of one thing we are certain—the past, the present and the future constitute but one unbroken chain of observations, condensing all time, to the astronomer, into one mighty *now*.

O. M. MITCHEL.

SYMPATHETIC FELLOWSHIP.

THE heart—the heart! Oh, let it spare
A sigh for others' pain:
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain;
And, though it throb at gentlest touch
Or Sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much
Than never ache at all.
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

ELIZA COOK.

THE SENTRY.

NARRATED BY HIS SON.



GOOD many years ago my father 'listed in the North Cork just to oblige Mr. Barry, the landlord there; "for," says he, "Phil," says he, "it's not a soldier ye'll be at all, but my own man—to brush my clothes and go errands, and the like o' that; and the king—long life to him!—will help to pay ye for your trouble. Ye understand me?" Well, my father agreed, and Mr. Barry was as good as his word. Never a guard did my father mount, nor as much as a drill had he, nor a roll-call, nor anything at all save and except wait on the captain, his master, just as pleasant as need be, and no inconvenience in life.

Well, for three years this went on as I'm telling, and the regiment was ordered down to Banthry because of a report that the "boys" was rising down there; and the second evening there was a night-party patrolling with Captain Barry for six hours in the rain, and the captain—God be merciful to him!—tuk cowld and died. More betoken they said it was drink, but my father said it wasn't; "for," says he, "after he tuk eight tumblers comfortable," my father mixed the ninth, and the captain waved his hand this way, as much as to say he'd have no more. "Is it that ye mean?" says my father; and the captain nodded. "Musha,

but it's sorry I am," says my father, "to see you this way, for ye must be bad entirely to leave off in the beginning of the evening." And, thrue for him, the captain was dead in the morning.

A sorrowful day it was for my father when he died. It was the finest place in the world: little to do, plenty of divarsion, and a kind man he was—when he was drunk. Well, then, when the captain was buried and all was over, my father hoped they'd be for letting him away, as he said, "Sure, I'm no use in life to anybody save the man that's gone, for his ways are all I know, and I never was a sodger." But, upon my conscience, they had other thoughts in their heads; for they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before.

"Musha, isn't this hard?" said my father. "Here I am an ould vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension, with two-and-sixpence a day, obliged to go capering about the barrack-yard practising the goose step, or some other nonsense not becoming my age nor my habits;" but so it was. Well, this went on for some time, and, sure, if they were hard on my father, hadn't he his revenge? for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity. Oh, nothing in life could equal him; devil a thing, no matter how easy, he could learn at all, and, so far from caring for being in confinement, it was that he liked best. Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good, and he seemed

striving so hard to learn all the while that they were loath to punish him, the ould rogue!

This was going on for some time, when one day news came in that a body of the rebels, as they called them, was coming down from the Gap of Mulnavick to storm the town and burn all before them. The whole regiment was, of coorse, under arms, and great preparations was made for a battle. Meanwhile, patrols were ordered to scour the roads, and sentries posted at every turn of the way and every rising ground to give warning when the boys came in sight, and my father was placed at the bridge of Drumsnag, in the wildest and bleakest part of the whole country, with nothing but furze mountains on every side, and a straight road going over the top of them.

"This is pleasant," said my father as soon as they left him there alone by himself, with no human crayture to speak to, nor a whiskey-shop within ten miles of him. "Cowld comfort," says he, "on a winter's day, and faix but I've a mind to give ye the slip."

Well, he put his gun down on the bridge, and he lit his pipe, and he sat down under an ould tree and began to ruminate upon his affairs.

"Oh, then, it's wishing it well I am," says he, "for sodgering, and bad luck to the hammer that struck the shilling that listed me, that's all!" for he was mighty low in his heart.

Just then a noise came rattling down near him. He listened, and before he could get on his legs down comes the general, ould Cohoon, with an orderly after him.

"Who goes that?" says my father.

"The round," says the general, looking about all the time to see where was the

sentry; for my father was snug under the tree.

"What round?" says my father.

"The grand round," says the general, more puzzled than afore.

"Pass on, grand round, and God save you kindly," says my father, putting his pipe in his mouth again; for he thought all was over.

"Where are you?" says the general, for sorrow bit of my father could he see yet.

"It's here I am," said he, "and a cowld place I have of it; and av it wasn't for the pipe, I'd be lost entirely."

The words wasn't well out of his mouth when the general began laughing till ye'd think he'd fall off his horse; and the dragoon behind him—more by token, they say, it wasn't right for him—laughed as loud as himself.

"Yer a droll sentry," says the general as soon as he could speak.

"Be gorra, it's little fun there's left in me," says my father, "with this drilling, and parading, and blaguarding about the roads all night."

"And is this the way you salute your officer?" says the general.

"Just so," says my father. "Divil a more politeness ever they taught me."

"What regiment do you belong to?" says the general.

"The North Cork, bad luck to them!" says my father, with a sigh.

"They ought to be proud of ye," says the general.

"I'm sorry for it," says my father, sorrowfully, "for maybe they'll keep me the longer."

"Well, my good fellow," says the general, "I haven't more time to waste here; but let

me teach you something before I go: Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to present arms to him."

"Arrah, it's jokin' ye are," says my father.

"No, I'm in earnest," says he, "as ye might learn to your cost if I brought you to a court-martial."

"Well, there's no knowing," says my father, "what they'd be up to; but sure, if that's all, I'll do it with all 'the veins' whenever yer coming this way again."

The general began to laugh again here, but said,

"I'm coming back in the evening," says he, "and mind you don't forget your respect to your officer."

"Never fear, sir," says my father; "and many thanks to you for your kindness for telling me."

Away went the general, and the orderly after him, and in ten minutes they were out of sight.

The night was falling fast, and one half of the mountain was quite dark already, when my father began to think they were forgetting him entirely. He looked one way and he looked another, but sorra bit of a sergeant's guard was coming to relieve him. There he was, fresh and fasting, and daren't go for the bare life.

"I'll give you a quarter of an hour more," says my father, "till the light leaves that rock up there. After that," says he, "by the mass, I'll be off, av it costs me what it may."

Well, sure enough, his courage was not needed this time; for what did he see at the same moment but the shadow of something coming down the road opposite the bridge.

He looked again, and then he made out the general himself, that was walking his horse down the steep part of the mountain, followed by the orderly. My father immediately took up his musket off the wall, settled his belts, shook the ashes out of his pipe and put it into his pocket, making himself as smart and neat-looking as he could be, determining, when ould Cohoon come up, to ask him for leave to go home—at least for the night.

Well, by this time, the general was turning a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look five miles round on every side.

"He sees me," says my father; "but I'll be just as quick as himself."

No sooner said than done; for, coming forward to the parapet of the bridge, he up with his musket to his shoulder and presented it straight at the general. It wasn't well there when the officer pulled up his horse quite short and shouted out,

"Sentry! sentry!"

"Anan!" says my father, still covering him.

"Down with your musket, you rascal! Don't you see it's the grand round?"

"To be sure I do," says my father, never changing for a minute.

"The ruffian will shoot me," says the general.

"Devil a fear," says my father, "av it doesn't go off of itself."

"What do you mean by that, you villain?" says the general, scarce able to speak with fright; for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed with the gun. "What do you mean?"

"Sure, ain't I presenting?" says my father,

"Blood and ages, do you want me to fire next?"

With that the general drew a pistol from his holster and took deliberate aim at my father, and there they both stood for five minutes looking at each other, the orderly all the while breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for, ye see, the general knew av he retreated that my father might fire on purpose, and av he came on that he might fire by chance, and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done.

"Are ye going to pass the evening up there, grand round?" says my father; "for it's tired I'm gettin' houldin' this so long."

"Port arms!" shouted the general, as if on parade.

"Sure, I can't till yer passed," says my father, angrily, "and my hand's trembling already."

"Zounds! I shall be shot," says the general.

"Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid of," says my father; and the words wasn't out of his mouth before off went the musket, bang! and down fell the general, smack on the ground, senseless.

Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it wasn't a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father—God be kind to him!—ye see, could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of the cartridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it.

Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant the general dropped he sprung over the bridge wall and got away; and what between living in a lime-kiln for two months, eating nothing but black-

berries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but ever after took to a civil situation and driv a hearse for many years.'

CHARLES LEVER.

THE DIFFERENCE.

ONLY a few more notes,
Only a finer tone,
And, lo! the world bows down
Before a singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound,
And, lo! a poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill,
And, lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace,
And, lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.

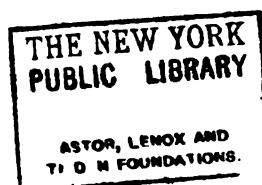
Yet, though so slight the cause
For which men call us great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.

For few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier, fixed yet fine,
We may not cross at will.

GRACE S. WELLS.



DAVID HUME.



MAGNA CHARTA.

REIGN OF KING JOHN.

DEMANDS OF THE BARONS.



HE barons appeared in London on the day appointed (January 6, 1215), and demanded of the king that in consequence of his own oath before the primate, as well as in deference to their just rights, he should grant them a renewal of Henry's charter and a confirmation of the laws of St. Edward. The king, alarmed with their zeal and unanimity, as well as with their power, required a delay, promised that at the festival of Easter he would give them a positive answer to their petition, and offered them the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Ely and the earl of Pembroke, the mareschal, as sureties for his fulfilling this engagement. The barons accepted of the terms and peaceably returned to their castles.

INSURRECTION.

On the approach of the festival of Easter, when they were to expect the king's answer to their petition, they met by agreement at Stamford, and assembled a force consisting of above two thousand knights, besides their retainers and inferior persons without number. Elated with their power, they advanced in a body to Brackley (27th of April), within fifteen miles of Oxford, the place where the

court then resided; and they there received a message from the king, by the archbishop of Canterbury and the earl of Pembroke, desiring to know what those liberties were which they so zealously challenged from their sovereign. They delivered to these messengers a schedule containing the chief articles of their demands, which was no sooner shown to the king than he burst into a furious passion and asked why the barons did not also demand of him his kingdom, swearing that he would never grant them such liberties as must reduce himself to slavery.

No sooner were the confederated nobles informed of John's reply than they chose Robert Fitz-Walter their general, whom they called the mareschal of the army of God and of holy Church, and they proceeded without further ceremony to levy war upon the king. They besieged the castle of Northampton during fifteen days, though without success. The gates of Bedford Castle were willingly opened to them by William Beauchamp, its owner. They advanced to Ware (24th of May) in their way to London, where they held a correspondence with the principal citizens; they were received without opposition into that capital, and, finding now the great superiority of their force, they issued proclamations requiring the other barons to join them and menacing them, in case of refusal or delay, with committing devastation on their houses and estates. In order to show what might

be expected from their prosperous arms, they made incursions from London and laid waste the king's parks and palaces, and all the barons who had hitherto carried the semblance of supporting the royal party were glad of this pretence for openly joining a cause which they always had secretly favored. The king was left at Odiham, in Hampshire, with a poor retinue of only seven knights; and after trying several expedients to elude the blow, after offering to refer all differences to the pope alone or to eight barons, four to be chosen by himself and four by the confederates, he found himself at last obliged to submit at discretion.

MAGNA CHARTA.

A conference between the king and the barons was appointed at Runnemede, between Windsor and Staines, a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event. The two parties encamped apart like open enemies, and after a debate of a few days the king, with a facility somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the charter which was required of him (June 19). This famous deed, commonly called the GREAT CHARTER, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom—to the clergy, to the barons and to the people.

The freedom of elections was secured to the clergy; the former charter of the king was confirmed, by which the necessity of a royal *congé d'elire* and confirmation was superseded; all check upon appeals to Rome was removed by the allowance granted every man to depart the kingdom at pleasure; and the fines to be imposed on the clergy for any

offence were ordained to be proportional to their lay estates, not to their ecclesiastical benefices.

The privileges granted to the barons were either abatements in the rigor of the feudal law or determinations in points which had been left by that law or had become by practice arbitrary and ambiguous. The reliefs of heirs succeeding to a military fee were ascertained—an earl's and baron's at a hundred marks, a knight's at a hundred shillings. It was ordained by the charter that if the heir be a minor he shall immediately upon his majority enter upon his estate without paying any relief; the king shall not sell his wardship; he shall levy only reasonable profits upon the estate, without committing waste or hurting the property; he shall uphold the castles, houses, mills, parks and ponds; and if he commit the guardianship of the estate to the sheriff or any other, he shall previously oblige them to find surety to the same purpose. During the minority of a baron, while his lands are in wardship and are not in his own possession, no debt which he owes to the Jews shall bear any interest. Heirs shall be married without disparagement, and before the marriage be contracted the nearest relations of the person shall be informed of it. A widow, without paying any relief, shall enter upon her dower, the third part of her husband's rents; she shall not be compelled to marry so long as she chooses to continue single; she shall only give security never to marry without her lord's consent. The king shall not claim the wardship of any minor who holds lands by military tenure of a baron, on pretence that he also hold lands of the crown by soccage or

any other tenure. Scutages shall be estimated at the same rate as in the time of Henry I.; and no scutage or aid, except in the three general feudal cases—the king's captivity, the knighting of his eldest son and the marrying of his eldest daughter—shall be imposed but by the great council of the kingdom; the prelates, earls and great barons shall be called to this great council, each by a particular writ; the lesser barons by a general summons of the sheriff. The king shall not seize any baron's land for a debt to the crown, if the baron possesses as many goods and chattels as are sufficient to discharge the debt. No man shall be obliged to perform more service for his fee than he is bound to by his tenure. No governor or constable of a castle shall oblige any knight to give money for castle-guard, if the knight be willing to perform the service in person or by another able-bodied man; and if the knight be in the field himself, by the king's command, he shall be exempted from all other service of this nature. No vassal shall be allowed to sell so much of his land as to incapacitate himself from performing his service to his lord.

These were the principal articles calculated for the interest of the barons, and, had the charter contained nothing further, national happiness and liberty had been very little promoted by it, as it would only have tended to increase the power and independence of an order of men who were already too powerful, and whose yoke might have become more heavy on the people than even that of an absolute monarch. But the barons, who alone drew and imposed on the prince this memorable charter, were necessitated to insert in it other

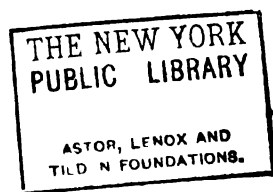
clauses of a more extensive and more beneficent nature: they could not expect the concurrence of the people without comprehending, together with their own, the interest of inferior ranks of men; and all provisions which the barons, for their own sake, were obliged to make in order to ensure the free and equitable administration of justice tended directly to the benefit of the whole community. The following were the principal clauses of this nature:

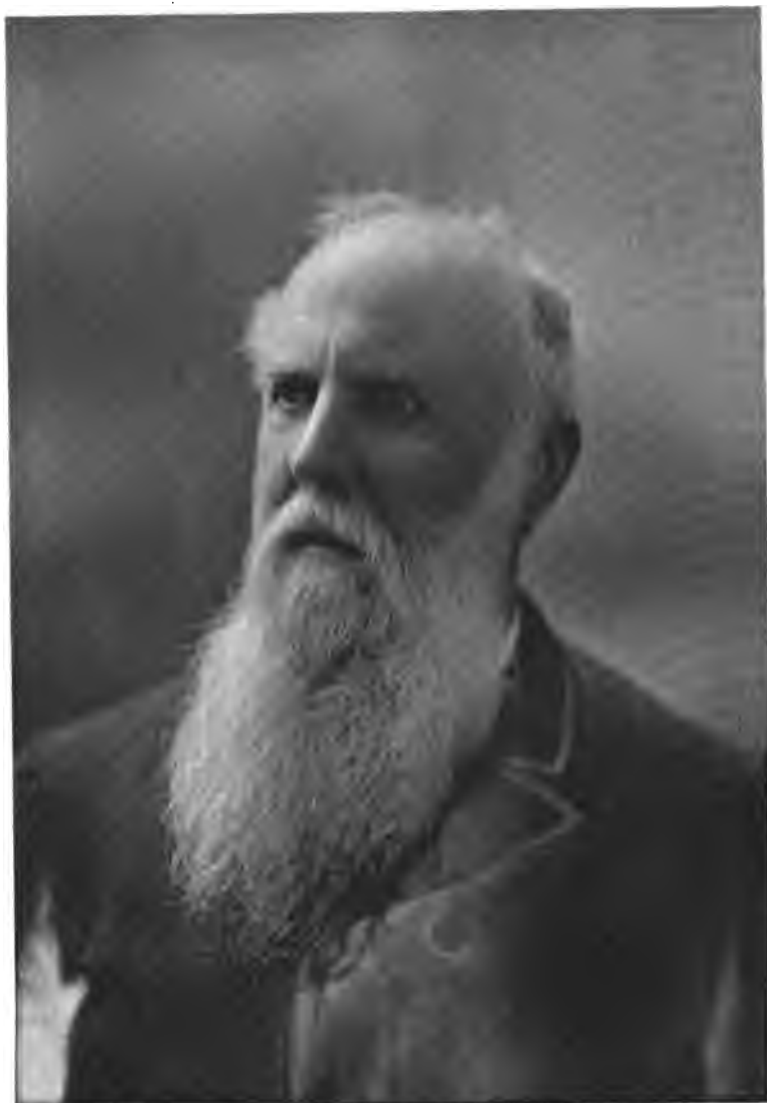
It was ordained that all the privileges and immunities above mentioned granted to the barons against the king should be extended by the barons to their inferior vassals. The king bound himself not to grant any writ empowering a baron to levy aid from his vassals except in the three feudal cases. One weight and one measure shall be established throughout the kingdom. Merchants shall be allowed to transact all business without being exposed to any arbitrary tolls and impositions; they and all free men shall be allowed to go out of the kingdom and return to it at pleasure. London and all cities and burghs shall preserve their ancient liberties, immunities and free customs; aids shall not be required of them but by the consent of the great council. No towns or individuals shall be obliged to make or support bridges but by ancient custom. The goods of every freeman shall be disposed of according to his will; if he die intestate, his heirs shall succeed to them. No officer of the crown shall take any horses, carts or wood without the consent of the owner. The king's courts of justice shall be stationary, and shall no longer follow his person; they shall be open to every one, and justice shall no longer be sold, refused or delayed

by them. Circuits shall be regularly held every year; the inferior tribunals of justice—the county court, sheriff's turn and court-leet—shall meet at their appointed time and place; the sheriffs shall be incapacitated to hold pleas of the crown, and shall not put any person upon his trial from rumor or suspicion alone, but upon the evidence of lawful witnesses. No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement and liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or any wise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land, and all who suffered otherwise in this or the two former reigns shall be restored to their rights and possessions. Every freeman shall be fined in proportion to his fault, and no fine shall be levied on him to his utter ruin; even a villain or rustic shall not by any fine be bereaved of his carts, ploughs and implements of husbandry. This was the only article calculated for the interests of this body of men—probably at that time the most numerous in the kingdom.

It must be confessed that the former articles of the Great Charter contain such mitigations and explanations of the feudal law as are reasonable and equitable, and that the latter involve all the chief outlines of a legal government and provide for the equal distribution of justice and free enjoyment of property, the great objects for which political society was at first founded by men, which the people have a perpetual and unalienable right to recall, and which no time nor precedent nor statute nor positive institution ought to deter them from keeping ever uppermost in their thoughts and attention. Though the provisions made by this charter might, con-

formably to the genius of the age, be esteemed too concise and too bare of circumstances to maintain the execution of its articles in opposition to the chicanery of lawyers, supported by the violence of power, time gradually ascertained the sense of all the ambiguous expressions; and those generous barons who first extorted this concession still held their swords in their hands, and could turn them against those who dared on any pretence to depart from the original spirit and meaning of the grant. We may now, from the tenor of this charter, conjecture what those laws were of King Edward which the English nation during so many generations still desired with such an obstinate perseverance to have recalled and established. They were chiefly these latter articles of Magna Charta; and the barons who at the beginning of these commotions demanded the revival of the Saxon laws undoubtedly thought they had sufficiently satisfied the people by procuring this concession, which comprehended the principal objects to which they had so long aspired. But what we are most to admire is the prudence and moderation of those haughty nobles themselves, who were enraged by injuries, inflamed by oppositions and elated by a total victory over their sovereign. They were content, even in this plenitude of power, to depart from some articles of Henry I.'s charter which they made the foundation of their demands, particularly from the abolition of wardships—a matter of the greatest importance; and they seem to have been sufficiently careful not to diminish too far the power and revenue of the crown. If they appear, therefore, to have carried other demands to too great a height, it can be ascribed only to





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Brown

Yours very faithfully,
Henry Coppée.

the faithless and tyrannical character of the king himself, of which they had long had experience, and which they foresaw would, if they provided no further security, lead him soon to infringe their new liberties and revoke his own concessions. This alone gave birth to those other articles, seemingly exorbitant, which were added as a rampart for the safeguard of the Great Charter.

The barons obliged the king to agree that London should remain in their hands and the Tower be consigned to the custody of the primate till the 15th of August ensuing, or till the execution of the several articles of the Great Charter. The better to ensure the same end, he allowed them to choose five and twenty members from their own body, as conservators of the public liberties, and no bounds were set to the authority of these men, either in extent or duration. If any complaint were made of a violation of the charter, whether attempted by the king, justiciaries, sheriffs or foresters, any four of these barons might admonish the king to redress the grievance; if satisfaction were not obtained, they could assemble the whole council of twenty-five, who, in conjunction with the great council, were empowered to compel him to observe the charter, and in case of resistance might levy war against him, attack his castles and employ every kind of violence, except against his royal person and that of his queen and children. All men throughout the kingdom were bound, under the penalty of confiscation, to swear obedience to the twenty-five barons; and the freeholders of each county were to choose twelve knights, who were to make report of such evil customs as required redress, conformably to the tenor of the Great

Charter. The names of these conservators were the earls of Clare, Albemarle, Gloucester, Winchester, Hereford, Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk, Robert de Vere, earl of Oxford, William Mareschal the younger, Robert Fitz-Walter, Gilbert de Clare, Eustace de Vescey, Gilbert Delaval, William de Moubray, Geoffrey de Say, Roger de Mombazon, William de Huntingfield, Robert de Ros, the constable of Chester, William de Aubenie, Richard de Perci, William Malet, John Fitz-Robert, William de Lanvalay, Hugh de Bigod and Roger de Montfichet. These men were by this convention really invested with the sovereignty of the kingdom: they were rendered co-ordinate with the king, or rather superior to him, in the exercise of the executive power; and as there was no circumstance of government which, either directly or indirectly, might not bear a relation to the security or observance of the Great Charter, there could scarcely occur any incident in which they might not lawfully interpose their authority.

DAVID HUME.

THE MALADY.

FROM THE TARTAR.

THE Mollah came: I prayed him in kindness to devise
A cure for sickness felt within, but hid from human eyes;
The Mollah peered into my face, and said,
"What ails ye now?
There's madness in your fiery glance, and fever on your brow."
Then opened I my heart to him, and, like a plaining dove,
I said, "O Mollah! O my soul! Alas! I am in love."

Translation of WILLIAM T. MERCER.

FAIR WYOMING.



MATCHLESS vale! when first
 the white man's eye
 Caught a bright glimpse from
 yonder fissure high,*
 He saw the ideal of the poet's
 dream,
 And claimed thy beauties for
 the poet's theme.
 To him no fairer region had
 the sun
 In his revolving journeys
 beamed upon—

Pure, limpid rills, bright skies and balmy air;
 Rich plains, glad promise to the planter's care;
 The painted hills, in checkered beauty proud,
 Flecked with the varying shadows of the cloud,
 From Lackawanna's gap to Nanticoke
 Crowned with embattled pine and vine-
 wreathed oak.

The mighty river pours its brimming tide,
 While, bending o'er the marge on either side,
 Scarlet and purple flowers inflame the woods
 And on the stream reflect their mantling blood.
 The red deer, pencilled on the clear blue sky,
 Tosses in pride his antlered crest on high,
 Then, bounding swift to shun the gaze of men,
 Seeks his sure covert in the tangled glen;
 While soaring high, in majesty serene,
 The fierce gray eagle hovers o'er the scene—
 Unconscious symbol, in the days to come,
 Of patriot valor and fair Freedom's home.

* Campbell's Ledge, a precipitous ledge, about five hundred feet high, on the east bank of the river, at the point where it enters the valley from the north.

What wonder that of this romantic vale
 To distant lands went forth the alluring tale?
 That blue-eyed Saxon and mercurial Celt
 Came to find homes where perfect freedom
 dwelt?

That bleak New England sent her thrifty men
 To seek for richer fields in this fair glen?
 That, warmed to life by Campbell's tender tale
 Of Gertrude, fairest flower of all the vale,
 Old Pantisocracy would fain renew
 The social fabric which a Plato drew?

But one there was who, in a nobler quest,
 Came with the zeal of heaven within his
 breast—

Good, pious Zinzendorf, who journeyed far,
 Not for the greed of gold or spoils of war;
 Gentle and honored in his native land,
 He left his friends and home at God's com-
 mand,

And, counting earthly riches but as dross,
 Plunged deep into the forest with his cross,
 And fearless stood where wondering natives ran
 To hear strange tidings of the SON OF MAN.

See, as he lies beside the forest fire,
 Like Paul at Melita 'mid dangers dire,
 The wily Indian glides, the axe is raised:
 What stays his arm, what hath his vision
 dazed?

O'er the reclining form innocuous creeps
 The deadly serpent while the good man sleeps;
 The murderous foe starts back: "The man is
 blest;

'Tis the Great Manitou that guards his rest!"

The days of settler strife and feud are o'er;
Peace spreads her wings on Susquehanna's
shore.

If hardy life condemn to daily toil,
What rich rewards rise teeming from the
soil!

How large the promise made to honest worth
Of a new Eden on this troubled earth,
On Susquehanna's banks an age of gold
Like the pure age by ancient poets told,
When man once more, as in his first abode,
Secure from sin and ill might walk with God!

If day brought toil, when the soft waning
light

Recalled to rest with "voices of the night,"
A holy calm, with swift but noiseless wing,
Came down in angel-guise on Wyoming.
The moon is up: one broad and dazzling gleam
Of rippling glory lies athwart the stream;
The groups of gray-haired men—your sires
of yore—

Meet on the sward around the cottage door,
Or wander thoughtful by the river's brim
And chant in unison the holy hymn;
While to the sound of measured music sweet
The youths and maidens ply the nimble feet
With shout and song, with laughing game
and jest,
Till thought of morning labor warns to rest.

Years pass. The days of peace are num-
bered now;

Thick clouds are gathering on the mountain's
brow,

For, darkly hovering on the western verge,
With English scorn and Tory hate to urge,
The red man lurks, with rankling vengeance
filled,

To blast these fields by patient labor tilled.

Brief the delay; the portents quick expand;
The first blood spilt, war rages through the
land.

Our country calls; her valiant sons reply,
Where honor beckons them to do or die.

All who are strong to fight have left the glen;
Its only guards are boys and ancient men.
Yet in that desperate hour no laggards
they;

Quick they build forts to hold the foe at bay;
Nor yet too soon, for ere the work is done
Under the burning of the summer sun,
Hark! from the western notch the distant
drums

Give token dread that heartless Butler comes;
Behind him streams a wild and cruel band
From the Six Nations of the Northern land.

Never, since old Thermopylæ was fought,
Had sterner issue met the patriots' thought:
They cannot fly—red ruin lies in flight;
No succor promised, naught remains but fight:
'Tis thus the council gives its last report,
'Mid the tumultuous scenes of Forty Fort.
And valiant Butler,* doubting ere they go,
Leads forth his little band to meet the foe;
Not far, for serried ranks in proud array
Are marching fast to bar their onward way.

THE BATTLE.

Oh for a Muse like his who sung
Of Flodden Field with fiery tongue,
And Scotland desolate!
Oh for a strain to touch with tears
Your eyelids through a hundred years
Since Wyoming's sad fate!

* Col. Zebulon Butler commanded the patriots, and Col John Butler the Tories and Indians. It is not known that there was any relationship between them.

Fierce Butler holds the left with rank
Firm posted on the river-bank,

While, stretching far away
To where the hill and valley meet,
The red man in his veiled retreat
Lies panting for the fray.

The host is hushed, no sound is heard
Till rings the leader's clarion word:
"Stand firm, my boys! To-day we fight
For wives and babes and country's right,
For liberty and life!"

Then, glimmering in the noonday sun,
The fated band sweeps bravely on
And plunges in the strife.
A thousand musket-shots ring out,
A thousand voices wildly shout;
And groans and shrieks that rise in air
Tell of the dreadful carnage there.
The war-whoop shrills from foe unseen;
Then, bounding from the leafy screen
Like tiger from his lair,
The painted Indian comes amain,
With arrow-flight like stormy rain,
And tomahawk in air.

With rapid glances cast around,
Our leader seeks a surer ground.
"Fall back!" he shouts. The unhappy word
Through battle din is faintly heard.
A fatal echo sounds: "Retreat!"
The meadow swarms with flying feet;
And Panic, with its withering breath,
Strides o'er the field in league with death.

What anguish fills the leader's soul
When rank on rank, beyond control,
Reels back and back, a stricken host,
And flies the field before 'tis lost,
Nor hears the frenzied cry:

"Stand firm, my lads! Oh, stay, yet stay!
And victory still may crown the day;
Or let us stand and die!"

Too late, alas! the huddling ranks
Rush to the hills and river-banks.
On these the tomahawk is plied;
On those who seek the flowing tide
A thousand bullets spend their force,
And strew the stream with many a corse.

Mark but one fiendish deed—the worst
In annals of war-crime accurst.
You know the tale. With words of cheer
And smiling promises to spare,
A brother lured his brother back
From the swift river's devious track.

"Come safe to land," he cried.
His father's son comes faint to land,
And there, instead of rescuing hand,
He cleaves him down with fiendish scream
And throws him backward in the stream,
Dead, floating on the tide!

A ghastly scene the morrow's sun
In lurid brightness shines upon.
The Mohawk war-whoop echoes round,
The mangled bodies strew the ground;
The eager vulture, swooping low,
Follows the track of cruel foe
To glut itself with blood;
Till silent desolation's gloom
Settles upon that field of doom
By Susquehanna's flood.

THE FLIGHT.

Or all the band that saw the morning light
But few were found to guide the fearful flight.
The war-whoop peals upon the Western
wind;
The wilderness before and flames behind;

Fear lends them speed ; by broken paths they
fly,

To cross the desert, o'er yon mountain high.

And who the horrors of that flight can hear
Nor shed even now the sympathetic tear ?

Old women, taxed beyond the strength of
years,

Drop on the sand o'erwhelmed with mortal
fears.

Through Pocano they press with scanty
breath,

And call the marshy heights "The Shades
of Death."

There, helpless mothers, sinking to the earth
In fearful travail of untimely birth,

Bear their dead babies by the dusty road

And leave them naked to a chastening God,

Or, wandering on in Nature's sorest pain,

Clasp the dead blossoms with a frenzied strain,

Till generous hearts come forth to greet and
save,

And give each waxen form its little grave.

The strife seems o'er, though desolation reign ;

The wasted settler ventures back again.

A touching story crowns that later time ;

No sadder tale is found in poet's rhyme :

One child there was who met the bitterest
fate,

Snatched by an Indian from her flying mate,

While, rushing wild, like Grecian Pythoness,

The mother shrieked her impotent distress.

Poor little Frances,* sought by friends in vain

Through weary years of hope deferred and
pain—

Sad supplemental trophy of the war,

Borne through the wilds to Western lands
afar—

* Frances Slocum, named by her captors Maconaqua.

At last by Wabash stream, a willing slave,
She grew an Indian—squaw of Indian brave.

No more remembered Susquehanna's tide,

Her dusky brood around her rose in pride,

And yet strange visions o'er her soul would
stray,

Delicious glimpses of an earlier day ;

Till, when long years had past, her kinsmen
came,

Traced the old features, called her by her
name,

Back rushed the past with overwhelming tide.

Once more she stands on Susquehanna's side,

Beholds as in a dream her mother's face

As once it shimmered in a last embrace.

'Tis passing strange. We read her story now ;

Poor Maconaqua ! with her furrowed brow,

The lonely wigwam by the prairie broad,

No lingering memory of her mother's God !

We cross the vale of intervening years,

And give her yet the tribute of our tears.

A hundred years ! How changed the scene
to-day !

Nature still smiles, though man and art decay ;

Industrial Science waves her magic wand,

And Wealth and Comfort crown the happy
land.

Where once the settler tilled his little field

The yawning depths a richer treasure yield,

And genii of the mine, with clang and tramp,

Show greater marvels than Aladdin's lamp,

Turn earth to ashes with a glory bright,

And fill our homes with genial warmth and
light.

A hundred years ! Where your great-grand-
sires bled

Their honored record still with pride is read ;

Their children's children still possess the soil
Which yielded scant subsistence to their toil.
Where Butler faced the fearful battle-shock,
Your Butlers vindicate the proud old stock.

Here, where Fort Jenkins frowned upon the
plain,

An heir of Jenkins keeps the old domain ;*
With patriot zeal and antiquarian taste
Gathers rare relics of the battle waste.
Dorrance,† at home, looks out upon the flood
Once crimson with his brave ancestral blood ;
While Denisons and Bennets proudly tell
How in those days their fathers fought and
fell.

Blame not the poet that he may not name
All who illumine this bright roll of fame

One man there was, allied to many there,
Ever in Wyoming to memory dear ;
Fashioned in Nature's best and stateliest
mould,

A frame of iron and a heart of gold ;
Knightly but gentle, lofty but devout,
Ever for truth his manly voice rang out ;
When this fair vale of Wyoming is sung,
His noble life is theme for every tongue :
When native worth and honor are proclaimed,
Let John N. Conyngham be proudly named.‡

And thou, O friend of youth's illusive hour,
Illusive in all else save friendship's power,
Shall we forget how, on the hostile plains
Where Montezuma's spirit yet complains,

* Steuben Jenkins, Esq.

† Col. Charles Dorrance, grandson of Lieut.-Col. George Dorrance, who fell in the battle.

‡ Judge John Nesbitt Conyngham was for thirty years on the bench of Luzerne County as president judge. He married Miss Butler, a granddaughter of Col. Zebulon Butler

We read our Greek or sang our roundelays
On weary march or by the camp-fire's blaze ?
Time hath wrought changes, but with stead-
fast truth

Thou hast well kept the promise of thy youth ;
An upright judge, a patriot soldier true,
O man of arts and arms, I sing to you,
Well pleased if, when another century end,
The poet shall be known as Dana's friend.§

A hundred years ! The seed our fathers
sowed

Grew to rich verdure watered by their blood ;
A century plant, by Heaven's peculiar grace
It stands to-day a glory in its place ;
And now the unsealed petals wide expand
To send rich perfume through the smiling
land.

A hundred years ! Fair town, whose stones
were laid

When Wilkes endured and generous Barré
plead,

Proud is thy lot to-day ! A nation comes ||
To the glad welcome of thy river homes !
As long as rolls bright Susquehanna's wave,
Be thou proud warder of the patriot's grave ;
Peace be for aye beneath thy mountain eaves,
And Plenty fill thee with her bursting sheaves !

And thou, my country, land of every clime,
From flowery tropic to the Arctic rime,

§ Edmund L. Dana, a captain of Pennsylvania volunteers in the Mexican war ; colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers during the war of the rebellion ; brevet brigadier-general ; additional law judge of Luzerne County. He is the great-grandson of Adjutant Anderson Dana, who fell in the Massacre.

|| The President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, the governor of the State and his staff, were present at this celebration.

Land of the pomp of streams and mountain
pride ;

Land of the ocean borders, stretching wide ;

Land of our flag, bright galaxy of stars—

In peace a guide, a meteor in wars ;

Whose stripes, by danger's tempest wide un-
furled,

Stream proud defiance to the unfriendly world ;

Fair land, where honest toil has meed and
worth,

And man is man, whate'er his rank and
birth,—

Centennial land, for thee our prayers ascend :

God keep thee ever until time shall end !

While flocking to thy light the peoples come,
To share thy plenty and to find a home.

In Faith's perspective glass I see revealed
A larger harvest in a wider field.

Oh, let us labor in this fruitful ground,

That when a hundred years shall run their
round,

Treading the noble path our fathers trod,

Our motto "Love to man and love to God,"

Our harvest-home, by future poet told,

Shall be *centennial fruit—a hundred fold.*

My task is done ; the struggling Muse takes
flight

To higher regions of empyreal light ;

Yet, as her rising form in air grows dim,

She leaves to future bard this parting hymn :

Sing of our sires' heroic deeds

A spirit-stirring song ;

Let hill and stream and fertile meads

The grateful sound prolong.

Here, where upon this hallowed land

They fell before their foes,

E 184

Here, where wild nature 'neath their hand
Has blossomed with the rose ;

Here, where above their honored dust

Their memory still is bright,

A beacon-ray to guide the just

Onward to perfect light,—

Here tell again in loftier strain

Their virtues and their fame,

Till every ear shall thrill to hear

Each loved ancestral name.

O Thou who wast our fathers' God

In danger's darksome hour,

Still be their children's sure abode,

Their refuge and their tower !

HENRY COPPÉE.

OLD LOVE.

I MET her. She was thin and old ;

She stooped, and trod with tottering feet ;

The hair was gray that once was gold,

The voice was harsh that once was sweet ;

Her hands were wrinkled, and her eyes,

Robbed of the girlish light of joy,

Were dim : I felt a sad surprise

That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air

Restored me to the vanished time ;

My heart grew young, and seemed to wear

The brightness of my youthful prime.

I took her withered hand in mine :

Its touch recalled a ghost of joy ;

I kissed it with a reverent sigh,

For I had loved her when a boy.

ANON.

THE BRAHMIN'S LAMENT.

FROM THE HINDUSTANEE OF THE MAHABHÁRATA.



THE hostility of the kindred races of Pandu and Kuru forms one of the great circles of Indian fable. It fills great part of the immense poem the Mahabharata. At this period the five sons of Pandu and their mother Kunti had been driven into the wilderness from the court of their uncle Dritarashtra at Nāgapur. The brothers, during their residence in the forest, have an encounter with a terrible giant, Hidimba, the prototype of the Cyclops of Homer, and of the whole race of those giants of Northern origin who, after amusing our ancestors, children of larger growth, descended to our nurseries, from whence they are now exploded. After this adventure the brothers take up their residence in the city of Eka-chara, where they are hospitably received in the house of a Brahmin. The neighborhood of this city is haunted by another terrible giant, Baka, whose cannibal appetite has been glutted by a succession of meaner victims. It is now come to the Brahmin's turn to furnish the fatal banquet; they overhear the following complaint of their host, whose family, consisting of himself, his wife, a grown-up daughter and a son, a little child, must surrender one to become the horrible repast of the monster.

In turn, the father, the mother, in what may be fairly called three singularly pathetic Indian elegies, enforce each their claim to the privilege of suffering for the rest.

The FATHER speaks.

ALAS for life, so vain, so weary,
In this changing world below,
Ever-teeming root of sorrow,
Still dependent, full of woe!
Still to life clings strong affliction—
Life that's one long suffering all;
Whoso lives must bear his sorrow:
Soon or late that must befall.

Oh to find a place of refuge
In this dire extremity
For my wife, my son, my daughter!
And myself what hope may be?
Oft I've said to thee, my dearest—
Priestess, that thou knowest well,
But my word thou never heedest—
"Let us go where peace may dwell."
"Here I had my birth, my nurture;
Still my sire is living here.
"Oh unwise!" 'Twas thus thou answered
To my oft-repeated prayer.
Thine old father went to heaven,
Slept thy mother by his side,
Then thy near and dear relations:
Why delightst thou here t' abide?
Fondly loving still thy kindred,
Thine old home thou wouldst not leave:

Of thy kindred death deprived thee ;
 In thy griefs I could but grieve.
 Now to me is death approaching :
 Never victim will I give
 From mine house, like some base craven,
 And myself consent to live.
 Thee with righteous soul, the gentle
 Ever like a mother deemed ;
 A sweet friend the gods have given me,
 Aye my choicest wealth esteemed.
 From thy parents, thee consenting,
 Mistress of my house I took ;
 Thee I chose, and thee I honored,
 As enjoins the holy book.
 Thou the high-born, thou the virtuous,
 My dear children's mother thou,
 Only to prolong my being,
 Thee, the good, the blameless, now
 Can I to thy death surrender—
 Mine own true, my faithful wife ?
 Yet my son can I abandon
 In his early bloom of life,
 Offer him in his sweet childhood,
 With no down his cheek to shade ?
 Her whom Brahma, the all-bounteous,
 For a lovely bride hath made,
 Mother of a race of heroes,
 A heaven-winning race may make,
 Of myself begot, the virgin,
 Could I ever her forsake ?
 Toward a son the hearts of fathers,
 Some have thought, are deepest moved ;
 Others deem the daughter dearer :
 Both alike I've ever loved ;
 She that sons that heaven hath in her—
 Sons whose offerings heaven may win—
 Can I render up my daughter,
 Blameless, undefiled by sin ?
 If myself I offer, sorrow
 In the next world my lot must be ;

Hardly, then, could live my children,
 And my wife, bereft of me.
 One of these so dear to offer,
 To the wise were sin, were shame,
 Yet without me they must perish.
 How to 'scape the sin, the blame ?
 Woe ! oh woe ! where find I refuge
 For myself, for mine, oh where ?
 Better 'twere to die together,
 For to live I cannot bear.

The BRAHMIN'S WIFE speaks.

As of lowly caste, my husband,
 Yield not thus thy soul to woe ;
 This is not a time for wailing :
 Who the Vedas knows must know
 Fate inevitable orders ;
 All must yield to death in turn ;
 Hence the doom, th' irrevocable,
 It beseems not thee to mourn.
 Man hath wife and son and daughter
 For the joy of his own heart,
 Wherefore wisely check thy sorrow :
 It is I must hence depart.
 'Tis the wife's most holy duty—
 Law on earth without repeal—
 That her life she offer freely
 When demands her husband's weal,
 And e'en now a deed so noble
 Hath its meed of pride and bliss—
 In the next world life eternal,
 And unending fame in this.
 'Tis a high yet certain duty
 That my life I thus resign ;
 'Tis thy right as thy advantage :
 Both the willing deed enjoin.
 All for which a wife is wedded
 Long ere now through me thou'st won ;
 Blooming son and gentle daughter—
 That my debt is paid and done.

Thou mayst well support our children,
 Gently guard when I am gone ;
 I shall have no power to guard them
 Nor support them, left alone.
 Oh, despoiled of thy assistance,
 Lord of me and all I have,
 How these little ones from ruin,
 How my hapless self, to save ?
 Widowed, reft of thee and helpless,
 With two children in their youth,
 How maintain my son and daughter
 In the path of right and truth ?
 From the lustful, from the haughty,
 How shall I our child protect
 When they seek thy blameless daughter,
 By a father's awe unchecked ?
 As the birds in numbers swarming
 Gather o'er the earth-strewn corn,
 Thus the men round some sad widow
 Of her noble lord forlorn.
 Thus by all the rude and reckless
 With profane desires pursued,
 How shall I the path still follow
 Loved and honored by the good ?
 This thy dear, thy only daughter,
 This pure maiden innocent,
 How to teach the way of goodness,
 Where her sire, her fathers, went ?
 How can I instill the virtues
 In the bosom of our child,
 Helpless and beset on all sides,
 As thou wouldst, in duty skilled ?
 Round thy unprotected daughter
 Sudras like to holy lore,
 Scorning me in their wild passion,
 Will unworthy suitors pour.
 And if I refuse to give her,
 Mindful of thy virtuous course,
 As the storks the rice of offering,
 They will bear her off by force.

Should I see my son degenerate,
 Like his noble sire no more,
 In the power of the unworthy
 The sweet daughter that I bore,
 And myself, the world's scorn, wandering
 So as scarce myself to know,
 Of proud men the scoff, the outcast,
 I should die of shame and woe.
 And, bereft of me, my children,
 And without thy aid to cherish,
 As the fish when water fails them,
 Both would miserably perish.
 Thus of all the three is ruin
 The inevitable lot,
 Desolate of thee, their guardian ;
 Wherefore, oh, forsake us not !
 The dark way before her husband
 'Tis a wife's first bliss to go—
 'Tis a wife's that hath borne children :
 This the wise, the holy, know.
 For thee forsaken be my daughter,
 Let my son forsaken be ;
 I for thee forsook my kindred,
 And forsake my life for thee.
 More than offering 'tis, than penance,
 Liberal gift or sacrifice,
 When a wife, thus clearly summoned,
 For her husband's welfare dies.
 That which now to do I hasten
 All the highest duty feel,
 For thy bliss, for thy well-doing,
 Thine and all thy race's weal.
 Men, they say, but pray for children,
 Riches or a generous friend
 To assist them in misfortune,
 And a wife for the same end.
 The whole race (the wise declare it),
 Thou, the increaser of thy race,
 Than the single self less precious,
 Ever holds a second place.

Let me, then, discharge the duty,
 And preserve thyself by me;
 Give me thine assent, all-honored,
 And my children's guardian be.
 Women must be spared from slaughter:
 This the learned in duty say;
 Even the giant knows that duty;
 Me he will not dare to slay.
 Of the man the death is certain—
 Of the woman, yet in doubt;
 Wherefore, noblest, on the instant,
 As the victim send me out.
 I have lived with many blessings,
 I have well fulfilled my part,
 I have given thee beauteous offspring,
 Death hath naught t' appall mine heart;
 I've borne children, I am aged,
 In my soul I've all revolved,
 And with spirit strong to serve thee
 I am steadfast and resolved.
 Offering me, all-honored husband,
 Thou another wife wilt find,
 And to her wilt do thy duty,
 Gentle as to me, and kind.
 Many wives if he espouses,
 Man incurs nor sin nor blame;
 For a wife to wed another,
 'Tis inexpiable shame.
 This well weighed within thy spirit,
 And the sin thyself to die,
 Save thyself, thy race, thy children;
 Be the single victim I.
 Hearing thus his wife, the husband
 Fondly clasped her to his breast,
 And their tears they poured together,
 By their mutual grief oppressed.

THIRD SONG.

Of these two the troubled language
 In the chamber as she heard,

Lost herself in grief, the daughter
 Thus took up the doleful word.

The DAUGHTER spake.

Why to sorrow thus abandoned?
 Weep not thus as all-forlorn;
 Hear ye now my speech, my parents,
 And your sorrows may be borne.
 Me with right ye may abandon;
 None that right in doubt will call;
 Yield up her that best is yielded:
 I alone may save you all.
 Wherefore wishes man for children?
 "They in need my help will be."
 Lo! the time is come, my parents;
 In your need find help in me.
 Ever here the son by offering,
 Or hereafter, doth atone;
 Either way is he th' atoner:
 Hence the wise have named him son.
 Daughters, too, the great forefathers
 Of a noble race desire,
 And I now shall prove their wisdom,
 Saving thus from death my sire.
 Lo! my brother but an infant,
 To the other world goest thou,
 In a little time we perish:
 Who may dare to question how?
 But if first depart to heaven
 He that after me was born,
 Cease our race's sacred offerings,
 Our offended sires would mourn.
 Without father, without mother,
 Of my brother too bereft,
 I shall die, unused to sorrow,
 Yet to deepest sorrow left.
 But thyself, my sire, my mother,
 And my gentle brother save,
 And their meet, unfailing offerings
 Shall our fathers' spirits have.

A second self the son, a friend the wife,
 The daughter's but a grief:
 From thy grief, thy daughter offering,
 Thou of right wilt find relief.
 Desolate and unprotected,
 Ever wandering here and there,
 Shall I quickly be, my father,
 Reft of thy paternal care.
 But wert thou through me, my father,
 And thy race, from peril freed,
 Noble fruit should I have borne thee,
 Having done this single deed.
 But if thou, from hence departing,
 Leavst me, noblest, to my fate,
 Down I sink to bitterest misery:
 Save, oh save me from that state!
 For mine own sake, and for virtue's,
 For our noble's race's sake,
 Yield up her who best is yielded:
 Me thine own life's ransom make;
 Instantly this step, the only,
 The inevitable, take.
 Hath the world a fate more wretched
 Than, when thou to heaven art fled,
 Like a dog to wander begging
 And subsist on others' bread?
 But, my father, thus preserving,
 Thus preserving all that's thine,
 I shall then become immortal,
 And partake of bliss divine,
 And the gods and our forefathers
 All will hail the prudent choice,
 Still will have the water-offerings
 That their holy spirits rejoice.

The Son spake.

As they heard her lamentation
 In their troubled anguish deep,
 Wept the father, wept the mother;
 'Gan the daughter too to weep.

Then their little son beheld them,
 And their doleful moan he heard;
 And with both his eyes wide open
 Lisped he thus his broken word:
 "Weep not, father; weep not, mother;
 Oh, my sister, weep not so!"
 First to one and then to th' other
 Smiling went he to and fro.
 Then, a blade of spear-grass lifting,
 Thus in bolder glee he said,
 "With this spear-grass will I kill him—
 This man-eating giant—dead."
 Though o'erpowered by bitterest sorrow
 As they heard their prattling boy
 Stole into the parents' bosoms
 Mute and inexpressive joy.

Translation of Rev. H. H. MILMAN.

A BATTLE.

I'VE stood upon the parting deck
 Amid the horror of the wreck;
 I've struggled with the waves;
 I've headed our undaunted rank
 On fields where unknown heroes sank
 Into unnoticed graves;

The wheat God gave for wholesome bread,
 I've seen it stained with deadly red;
 I've heard the women's cry,
 In honest country kitchens, when
 We've come to lead away the men
 To conquer or to die.

I've never felt my spirit sink,
 Save once, when fighting on the brink
 Of Russia's northern sea:

Within my range a stripling came,
And as I took my sudden aim
He turned and looked at me.

I heard a shriek, and then he fell.
I felt as if I'd known him well,
And shivered with surprise,
Stung by a sudden, nameless pain :
Those other men whom I had slain—
I had not met their eyes.

I saw him when the fight was done :
Out in the playful summer sun,
He lay as if he slept ;
His hand had fallen on his breast ;
Some blossoms fastened there it pressed.
I turned away and wept.

And all that night, and all the next,
With troubled dreams my sleep was vexed,
Which made my waking sad—
How in some village still and cool
A little maiden, in her school,
Sat thinking of the lad.

And when to England we returned,
And bells were rung and bonfires burned
From Wight to Shetland isle,
I could have lain me down to moan
For those I'd made to sit alone,
Forgetting how to smile.

Our kings have made their quarrel up,
And pass about their loving-cup
As friendly as can be :
I wish they'd never fallen out,
For then I should not dream about
Those eyes that looked at me.

ISABELLA FTVIE.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

THE Sabbath sun was setting slow
Amidst the clouds of even ;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below—
"Father, who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud,
Those infant words were given :
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven !"

"Thy kingdom come." Still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray.
"Thy kingdom come !" God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores ;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores.

"For ever." Still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer.
"For ever" floats in music sweet
High 'midst the angels there.

Thine be the glory evermore ;
From thee may man ne'er sever,
But every Christian land adore
Jehovah-God for ever.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE TWO DESTROYERS.

ONCE on a time a pious Moslem, saying,
His morning worship in their style of
praying,
Just as the early sun had lit the skies,
Beheld a phantom through the mist arise—

A phantom hideous as the dream of death.
 "What art thou?" said the saint, with timid
 breath.
 "I am the Plague!"

"And whither tends thy race?"
 "To slay ten thousand men in yonder place."
 "Go not, I pray thee, if such prayer may
 be."
 "In vain I am besought: tis destiny!"
 "Go, then, if Allah urge thy path of gloom;
 Let the ten thousand know their sudden
 doom;
 But in the Prophet's name, I do implore,
 When thou hast slain ten thousand, slay no
 more."
 "To hear is to obey!"

The Vision passed,
 And o'er a multitude its shadow cast.
 After the plague was over, at the place
 And hour in which it first unveiled its face,
 Again the horrid phantom marched. And
 now
 Outspoke the holy man: "Whence comest
 thou?"
 "From yonder place."

"How many hast thou slain?"
 "Victims of mine, ten thousand strew the
 plain."
 "Thou liest! There are twenty thousand
 dead."
 "'Tis true," with feverish lips the phantom
 said;
 "Full twenty thousand have Death's power
 confessed.
 I smote ten thousand: Fear struck down the
 rest."

WILLIAM D. MORANGE.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD PAINTER, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things that you never saw?
 Ay? Well here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown:
 The picture must not be over-bright,
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-
 room

Under their tassels; cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!);

These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide,
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush:

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the selfsame way
 Out of a wilding wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing
 herds,
 A lady—the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon—you must paint for me.
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,

The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while!
 I need not speak these foolish words,
 Yet one word tells you all I would say:
 She is my mother. You will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir; one like me,
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light in his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise.
 At ten years old he went to sea:
 God knoweth if he be living now!
 He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*;
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came
 back.

Ah! 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her
 deck;

I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee:
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields one summer night
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the
 shade
 Of the high hills stretching so still and
 far,
 Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,

And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half hour, the great yellow
 star
 That we with staring ignorant eyes
 Had often and often watched to see,
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax-field
 grew,

Dead at the top—just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round and lined with wool,
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.
 Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
 The other a bird held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat;
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me;

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed.
 But that's no matter: paint it so.

The eyes of our mother—take good
 heed—

Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the
 legs,
 But straight through our faces, down to our
 lies,
 And oh, with such injured, reproachful sur-
 prise!

I felt my heart bleed where that glance
went, as though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,
The mother, the lads, with their bird, at her
knee;

But oh, that look of reproachful woe—
High as the heavens your name I'll shout
If you paint me the picture and leave that
out.

ALICE CAREY.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THERE'S a magical tie to the land of our
home

Which the heart cannot break, though the
footstep may roam;

Be that land where it may—at the line or the
pole—

It still holds the magnet that draws back the
soul.

'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the
slave,

'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the
brave.

Ask of any the spot they like best on the
earth,

And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the
land of my birth."

O England, thy white cliffs are dearer to me
Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign
sea;

What emerald can peer or what sapphire
can vie

With the grass of thy fields or thy summer-
day sky?

They tell me of regions where flowers are
found

Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise
round,

But brighter to me cannot garland the earth
Than those that spring forth in the land of
my birth.

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is
heard,

Where the citron tree nestles the soft hum-
ming-bird,

Oh, I'd covet the notes of thy nightingale
still,

And remember the robin that feeds at my
sill.

Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of
song"

In the gondolier's chant or the carnival's
throng,

Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and
mirth,

The national strain of the land of my birth?

My country, I love thee! Though freely I'd
rove

Through the Western savannah or sweet
orange-grove,

Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the
gale

That bore me away with a homeward-bound
sail.

My country, I love thee! And oh, mayst
thou have

The last throb of my heart ere 'tis cold in
the grave!

Mayst thou yield me that grave in thine own
daisied earth,

And my ashes repose in the land of my birth!

ELIZA COOK.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



THIS distinguished and popular American poet was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 29th of August, 1809. The name given him was that of his grandfather, Oliver Wendell. He was the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, a Congregational minister, who is known to antiquarians as the author of a valuable statistical work entitled *American Annals*. The subject of our sketch was educated at Harvard, where he received his degree in 1829, and where, as an undergraduate, he had given tokens of his poetic talent. He entered at once upon the study of the law, but soon, as he tells us in his poem,

"He left the old lady that never tells lies
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes,"

and determined to study medicine. Immediately after leaving college he had joined others in establishing a paper called *The Collegian*, and his humorous poetry contributed to its columns excited much attention in the small but gifted circle in which he moved. In pursuit of his studies in medicine he went to Europe in 1833, and walked the hospitals in Paris while attending lectures there. He remained abroad three years, and on his return, in 1836, took his degree as Doctor of Medicine from the Medical Department of Harvard. In the same year he read his first considerable poem before the Phi Beta

Kappa Society of Harvard. It was called "Poetry: A Metrical Essay," and was so clever that his friends were in doubt whether they had a poet or a physician on their hands. His career has proved that they had both. In the rhythm and somewhat in the vein of Pope's "Essay on Criticism," he presented a slight sketch of the progress of poetry and his own views of the art. Historically, he divides this progress into four stages—pastoral, martial, epic and dramatic—with illustrations as choice and descriptions as vivid as those in Goldsmith's "Traveller." Among them is the fine conception of the origin of the Marseillaise, by Roget de Lile, and, more striking still, the beautiful and stirring lyric in behalf of "Old Ironsides." The frigate Constitution, which under Captain Isaac Hull had captured the *Guerriere* and broken British invincibility on the Atlantic, and had afterward under Bainbridge taken the Java, lay in disrepair at the Charlestown navy-yard. Orders were issued by the Navy Department to break her up. It was under these circumstances that Holmes introduced the following lyric, written some time before, into his poem, and thus did much to secure the countermand of the unpopular order:

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long hath it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rang the battle-shout
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea.

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave!
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave.
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale."

Notwithstanding Holmes's devotion to poetry, so great had been his assiduity in his profession that he was appointed professor of anatomy at Dartmouth College, but in 1840 he gave up that chair and settled as a practising physician—and a successful one—in Boston. In 1847 he was elected to the chair of anatomy in the Medical School of Harvard, which he filled with eminent success until his retirement, in 1883. During this long period he has produced numerous medical works and essays of value, but has not slackened in his devotion to the Muses. From time to time he has sent out bright sparkling poems, *vers d'occasion* and *vers de société*—poems before literary societies, after-dinner verses at festivals and banquets, social, literary and medical. In 1843, at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa, he read his poem "Terpsichore," which, in the tripping style of the dancing goddess, is a genial satire upon men and manners and what he calls "the foolish ways" of our country. He never hesitates to criticise in a kindly and didactic way his own people, who have been ready to accept and are never hurt by his criticisms. In 1846 he read, at the opening

of the Boston Mercantile Library, his "Urania: A Rhymed Lesson," in which such criticisms are even more decided. His "Astræa; or, The Balance of Illusions," a similar satire, was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College in 1850. In 1852 he gave a course of lectures on the English poets of the nineteenth century which were clear and just.

Mr. Holmes was one of the founders of *The Atlantic Monthly*, in November, 1857. In the twelve numbers of its first year appeared that learned, philosophical, humorous, witty and amusing work *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, which, if it had been written by Hood—only Hood could not have written it—would have had the first rank among the productions of English humor. The scenes are laid in a boarding-house, and the Professor who comes to board there is the Autocrat—a whale among minnows. What rare disquisitions! What beautiful poems! What clearly-cut portraitures of the landlady and her daughter, of the young man whose name was "John," of the divinity student, of the mild old gentleman opposite, and of the lovely schoolmistress whom the Professor marries! When the Professor carries her away, he is succeeded by another at the breakfast-table, who tells that curious story "Elsie Venner."

Among the poems interspersed in the *Autocrat* is "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay," "The Old Man Dreaming" and "The Chambered Nautilus." A similar effort to that made in "Elsie Venner" to describe the effect of the inheritance of moral and mental qualities and their mysterious union with our physical nature—defects for which the individual is not held to be responsible—is found

in his story called "The Guardian Angel." In his "Elsie Venner" the heroine, who would be beautiful and charming in her normal, unpossessed condition, has at times the mien and the spirit of a rattlesnake, inherited from an incident in her mother's life, which nothing but death could destroy. In "The Guardian Angel" a morbid mental fever bequeathed by some ancestress yields to the skill of science, and the evil spirit is exorcised.

A man of most versatile acquirements, he is a student of science in many branches, and of many arts. He is an accomplished microscopist, and has a large collection of curious photographs illustrating the subjects of his studies. On the latter art he has written three very interesting papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*. These and a few other articles from that magazine were collected in a volume, issued in 1864, entitled *Soundings from the Atlantic*. The most interesting of these papers is the one named "My Hunt for the Captain." His son—now Judge O. W. Holmes, Jr.—was desperately wounded at Keedysville, just after the battle of Antietam, and the doctor went in search of him from the battlefield, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, back again, baffled in his "hunt," until at last he found him at Harrisburg, and took him home. Written in a slapdash sort of a way, it is full of a cumulative pathos, and awaked an echo in many suffering hearts tried like his own.

The occasional minor verses of Holmes written during the war are exuberant with his patriotism. In his didactic poems he is of the school of Goldsmith, with all the polish of Pope, but with more of life and nature. Not without lyric skill, it is re-

markable, however, that few, if any, of his songs and ballads have been set to music. As a descriptive writer he has great merit, and the genial humor of his Muse has disarmed the critics: they are too much occupied in laughing with him to disparage him. His individuality is perhaps too consciously displayed at times; there is a bright, clever insistent self-assertion. He is always the autocrat, but never pompous and dull. There is a great deal of cold incisive wit, often degenerating into broad fun, and some, though not much, warm humor. The best and most modern estimate of humor does not ally it with the comical. It is *wit plus sympathy*. According to this definition, Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is a rare specimen of genuine humor. Little touches of such sympathy may be found in many of Holmes's poems, as, for instance, in his "Punch-Bowl," his "Nux post Cœnatica," his poem at the Berkshire gathering, and others. Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," compares him, or rather contrasts him, with Bulwer in the following significant lines:

"You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon:
Why, if B. to the day of his dying should rhyme on,
Heaping verses on verses, and tomes upon tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, and spiced with satire,
In so kindly a measure that nobody knows
What to do but e'en join in the laugh, friends or foes."

He died at the city of Boston, October 7, 1894. We beg to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the kind permission of his eminent publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, to use some selections from his writings, among which is the spirited and humorous poem "How the Old Horse Won the Bet."

HENRY COPPÉE.

ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES.

"WELL, I'm determined! That's enough!
Gee, Bayard! move your poor old
bones.

I'll take to-morrow, smooth or rough,
To go and court the Widow Jones.

"Our master talks of stable-room,
And younger horses on his grounds;
'Tis easy to foresee thy doom,
Bayard: thou'lt go to feed the hounds.

"But could I win the widow's hand,
I'd make a truce 'twixt Death and thee;
For thou upon the best of land
Shouldst feed, and live and die with me.

"And must the pole-axe lay thee low?
And will they pick thy poor old bones?
No! hang me if it shall be so,
If I can win the Widow Jones."

Twirl went his stick; his curly pate
A bran-new hat uplifted bore;
And Abner, as he leapt the gate,
Had never looked so gay before.

And every spark of love revived
That had perplexed him long ago,
When busy folks and fools contrived
To make his Mary answer, "No."

But whether, freed from recent vows,
Her heart had back to Abner flown
And marked him for a second spouse,
In truth, is not exactly known.

Howbeit, as he came in sight,
She turned her from the garden-stile,
And downward looked with pure delight,
With half a sigh and half a smile.

She heard his sounding step behind;
The blush of joy crept up her cheek
As cheerly floated on the wind,
"Hoi, Mary Jones! What! won't you
speak?"

Then, with a look that ne'er deceives,
She turned, but found her courage fled;
And scolding sparrows from the eaves
Peeped forth upon the stranger's head.

Down Abner sat with glowing heart,
Resolved, whatever might betide,
To speak his mind: no other art
He ever knew, or ever tried.

And, gently twitching Mary's hand—
The bench had ample room for two—
His first word made her understand
The ploughman's errand was to woo:

"My Mary! May I call thee so?
For many a happy day we've seen;
And if not mine—ay, years ago—
Whose was the fault? You might have been

"All that's gone by; but I've been musing,
And vowed, and hope to keep it true,
That she shall be my own heart's choosing
Whom I call wife. Hey! what say you?"

"And as I drove my plough along,
And felt the strength that's in my arm,
'Ten years,' thought I, amidst my song,
'I've been head-man at Harewood Farm.

"And now my own dear Mary's free,
Whom I have loved this many a day;
Who knows but she may think on me?
I'll go hear what she has to say.

"Perhaps that little stock of land
She holds, but knows not how to till,
Will suffer in the widow's hand,
And make poor Mary poorer still.

"That scrap of land, with one like her,
How we might live! and be so blest!
And who should Mary Jones prefer?
Why, surely, him who loves her best."

"Therefore I'm come to-night, sweet wench;
I would not idly thus intrude—"
Mary looked downward on the bench,
O'erpowered by love and gratitude;

And leaned her head against the vine,
With quickening sobs of silent bliss,
Till Abner cried, "You must be mine—
You must," and sealed it with a kiss.

She talked of shame, and wiped her cheek;
But what had shame with them to do,
Who nothing meant but truth to speak
And downright honor to pursue?

His eloquence improved apace
As manly pity filled his mind:
'You know poor Bayard? Here's the case:
He's past his labor, old and blind.

"If you and I should but agree
To settle here for good and all,
Could you give all your heart to me
And grudge that poor old rogue a stall?

"I'll buy him, for the dogs shall never
Set tooth upon a friend so true;
He'll not live long, but I for ever
Shall know I gave the beast his due.

"Mongst all I've known of ploughs and carts,
And ever since I learned to drive,
He was not matched in all these parts;
There was not such a horse alive.

"Ready as birds to meet the morn
Were all his efforts at the plough;
Then the mill-brook with hay or corn,
Good creature, how he'd spatter through!

"He was a horse of mighty power,
Compact in frame and strong of limb;
Went with a chirp from hour to hour.
Whipcord? 'Twas never made for him.

"I left him in the shafts behind,
His fellows all unhooked and gone;
He neighed, and deemed the thing unkind,
Then, starting, drew the load alone.

"But I might talk till pitch-dark night,
And then have something left to say;
But, Mary, am I wrong or right,
Or do I throw my words away?

"Leave me, or take me and my horse;
I've told thee truth, and all I know.
Truth should breed truth: that comes of course;
If I sow wheat, why wheat will grow."

"Yes, Abner, but thus soon to yield!
Neighbors would sneer and look behind 'em;
Though, with a husband in the field,
Perhaps, indeed, I should not mind 'em.

"I've known your generous nature well;
My first denial cost me dear;
How this may end we cannot tell,
But, as for Bayard, bring him here."

"Bless thee for that!" the ploughman cried;
At once both starting from the seat,
He stood a guardian by her side,
But talked of home: 'twas growing late.

Then step for step within his arm
She cheered him down the dewy way;
And no two birds upon the farm
Ere prated with more joy than they.

What news at home? The smile he wore
One little sentence turned to sorrow;
An order met him at the door:
"Take Bayard to the dogs to-morrow."

"Yes, yes," thought he, and heaved a sigh;
"Die when he will, he's not your debtor.
I must obey, and he must die—
That's if I can't contrive it better."

He left his Mary late at night,
And had succeeded in the main;
No sooner peeped the morning light
But he was on the road again.

"Suppose she should refuse her hand—
Such thoughts will come, I know not why—
Shall I, without a wife or land,
Want an old horse? Then wherefore buy?"

From bush to bush, from stile to stile,
Perplexed he trod the fallow ground,
And told his money all the while,
And weighed the matter round and round.

"I'll borrow: that's the best thought yet;
Mary shall save the horse's life.
Kind-hearted wench! What! run in debt
Before I know she'll be my wife?"

"These women won't speak plain and free.
Well, well, I'll keep my service still;
She has not said she'd marry me,
But yet I dare to say she will.

"But while I take this shay-brained course,
And like a fool run to and fro,
Master, perhaps, may sell the horse;
Therefore this instant home I'll go."

The nightly rains had drenched the grove;
He plunged right on with headlong pace;
A man but half as much in love
Perhaps had found a cleaner place.

The day rose fair; with team a-field,
He watched the farmer's cheerful brow,
And in a lucky hour revealed
His secret at his post, the plough.

And there without a whine began:
"Master, you'll give me your advice;
I'm going to marry—if I can—
And want old Bayard; what's his price?"

"For Mary Jones last night agreed,
Or near upon't, to be my wife.
The horse's value I don't heed:
I only want to save his life."

"Buy him, hey? Abner, trust me, I
Have not the thought of gain in view;
Bayard's best days we've seen go by;
He shall be cheap enough to you."

The wages paid, the horse brought out,
The hour of separation come,
The farmer turned his chair about:
"Good fellow, take him—take him home.

"You're welcome, Abner, to the beast,
For you've a faithful servant been;
They'll thrive, I doubt not in the least,
Who know what work and service mean."

The maids at parting, one and all,
From different windows different tones,
Bade him farewell with many a bawl,
And sent their love to Mary Jones.

He waved his hat and turned away,
When loud the cry of children rose:
"Abner, good-bye!" They stopt their play.
"There goes poor Bayard! there he goes!"

Half choked with joy, with love and pride,
He now with dainty clover fed him;
Now took a short triumphant ride,
And then again got down and led him.

And, hobbling onward up the hill,
The widow's house was full in sight;
He pulled the bridle harder still:
"Come on! We sha'n't be there to-night."

She met them with a smile so sweet;
The stable-door was open thrown:
The old horse lifted high his feet,
And, loudly snorting, laid him down.

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O Victory! from that stock of laurels
You keep so snug for camps and thrones,
Spare us one twig from all their quarrels,
For Abner and the Widow Jones.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns
to earth,

Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have
been;

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him
alone,

Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with
disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
shame.

Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on: it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

LORD BYRON.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, November 30, 1808.

HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS:

THE PURITY OF THEIR LIVES.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."



CHRISTIANITY offered itself to the world armed with the strength of the Mosaic law and delivered from the weight of its fetters. An exclusive zeal for the truth of religion and the unity of God was as carefully inculcated in the new as in the ancient system; and whatever was now revealed to mankind concerning the nature and designs of the Supreme Being was fitted to increase their reverence for that mysterious doctrine. The divine authority of Moses and the prophets was admitted, and even established, as the firmest basis of Christianity. The ceremonial law, which consisted only of types and figures, was succeeded by a pure and spiritual worship, equally adapted to all climates as well as to every condition of mankind, and for the initiation of blood was substituted a more harmless initiation of water. The promise of divine favor, instead of being partially confined to the posterity of Abraham, was universally proposed to the free-man and the slave, to the Greek and to the barbarian, to the Jew and to the Gentile. Every privilege that could raise the proselyte from earth to heaven, that could exalt his devotion, secure his happiness, or even gratify that secret pride which under the semblance of devotion insinuates itself into

the human heart, was still reserved for the members of the Christian Church; but at the same time all mankind was permitted, and even solicited, to accept the glorious distinction, which was not only proffered as a favor, but imposed as an obligation. It became the most sacred duty of a new convert to diffuse among his friends and relations the inestimable blessing which he had received, and to warn them against a refusal that would be severely punished as a criminal disobedience to the will of a benevolent but all-powerful Deity.

Whatever difference of opinion might subsist between the orthodox, the Ebionites and the Gnostics concerning the divinity or the obligation of the Mosaic law, they were all equally animated by the same exclusive zeal, and by the same abhorrence for idolatry which had distinguished the Jews from the other nations of the ancient world. The philosopher who considered the system of polytheism as a composition of human fraud and error could disguise a smile of contempt under the mask of devotion without apprehending that either the mockery or the compliance would expose him to the resentment of any invisible—or, as he conceived them, imaginary—powers. But the established religions of paganism were seen by the primitive Christians in a much more odious and formidable light. It was the universal sentiment both of the Church and of heretics that the demons

were the authors, the patrons and the objects of idolatry. Those rebellious spirits who had been degraded from the ranks of angels and cast down into the infernal pit were still permitted to roam upon earth, to torment the bodies and to seduce the minds of sinful men. The demons soon discovered and abused the natural propensity of the human heart toward devotion, and, artfully withdrawing the adoration of mankind from their Creator, they usurped the place and honors of the Supreme Deity. By the success of their malicious contrivances they at once gratified their own vanity and revenge and obtained the only comfort of which they were yet susceptible—the hope of involving the human species in the participation of their guilt and misery. It was confessed—or at least it was imagined—that they had distributed among themselves the most important characters of polytheism, one demon assuming the name and attributes of Jupiter, another of *Æsculapius*, a third of *Venus* and a fourth perhaps of *Apollo*; and that by the advantage of their long experience and aerial nature they were enabled to execute with sufficient skill and dignity the parts which they had undertaken. They lurked in the temples, instituted festivals and sacrifices, invented fables, pronounced oracles and were frequently allowed to perform miracles.

The Christians, who by the interposition of evil spirits could so readily explain every preternatural appearance, were disposed, and even desirous, to admit the most extravagant fictions of the pagan mythology. But the belief of the Christian was accompanied with horror. The most trifling mark of respect to the national worship he considered as a

direct homage yielded to the demon, and as an act of rebellion against the majesty of God. In consequence of this opinion, it was the first but arduous duty of a Christian to preserve himself pure and undefiled from the practice of idolatry. The religion of the nations was not merely a speculative doctrine professed in the schools or preached in the temples. The innumerable deities and rites of polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or of private life, and it seemed impossible to escape the observance of them without at the same time renouncing the commerce of mankind and all the offices and amusements of society. The important transactions of peace and war were prepared or concluded by solemn sacrifices, in which the magistrate, the senator and the soldier were obliged to preside or to participate. The public spectacles were an essential part of the cheerful devotion of the pagans, and the gods were supposed to accept as the most grateful offering the games that the prince and people celebrated in honor of their peculiar festivals. The Christian who with pious horror avoided the abomination of the circus or the theatre found himself encompassed with infernal snares in every convivial entertainment as often as his friends, invoking the hospitable deities, poured out libations to each other's happiness. When the bride, struggling with well-affected reluctance, was forced into hymeneal pomp over the threshold of her new habitation, or when the sad procession of the dead slowly moved toward the funeral pile, the Christian on these interesting occasions was compelled to desert the persons who were the dearest to him rather than contract the guilt inherent to those im-

pious ceremonies. Every art and every trade that was in the least concerned in the framing or adorning of idols was polluted by the stain of idolatry—a severe sentence, since it devoted to eternal misery the far greater part of the community which is employed in the exercise of liberal or mechanic professions. If we cast our eyes over the numerous remains of antiquity, we shall perceive that, besides the immediate representations of the gods and the holy instruments of their worship, the elegant forms and agreeable fictions consecrated by the imagination of the Greeks were introduced as the richest ornaments of the houses, the dress and the furniture of the pagan. Even the arts of music and painting, of eloquence and poetry, flowed from the same impure origin. In the style of the fathers, Apollo and the Muses were the organs of the infernal spirit, Homer and Virgil were the most eminent of his servants, and the beautiful mythology which pervades and animates the composition of their genius is destined to celebrate the glory of the demons. Even the common language of Greece and Rome abounded with familiar but impious expressions which the imprudent Christian might too carelessly utter or too patiently hear.

The dangerous temptations which on every side lurked in ambush to surprise the unguarded believer assailed him with redoubled violence on the days of solemn festivals. So artfully were they framed and disposed throughout the year that superstition always wore the appearance of pleasure, and often of virtue. Some of the most sacred festivals in the Roman ritual were destined to salute the new calends of January with vows of public and private felicity; to indulge the pious remembrance of the dead and living; to as-

certain the inviolable bounds of property; to hail, on the return of spring, the genial powers of fecundity; to perpetuate the two memorable eras of Rome—the foundation of the city and that of the republic; and to restore, during the humane license of the Saturnalia, the primitive equality of mankind. Some idea may be conceived of the abhorrence of the Christians for such impious ceremonies by the scrupulous delicacy which they displayed on a much less alarming occasion. On days of general festivity it was the custom of the ancients to adorn their doors with lamps and with branches of laurel, and to crown their heads with a garland of flowers. This innocent and elegant practice might perhaps have been tolerated as a mere civil institution, but it most unluckily happened that the doors were under the protection of the household gods, that the laurel was sacred to the lover of Daphne, and that garlands of flowers, though frequently worn as a symbol of joy or mourning, had been dedicated in their first origin to the service of superstition. The trembling Christians who were persuaded in this instance to comply with the fashion of their country and the commands of the magistrate labored under the most gloomy apprehensions from the reproaches of their own conscience, the censures of the Church and the denunciations of divine vengeance.

Such was the anxious diligence which was required to guard the chastity of the gospel from the infectious breath of idolatry. The superstitious observances of public or private rites were carelessly practised, from education and habit, by the followers of the established religion, but as often as they occurred they afforded the Christians an opportunity of de-

claring and confirming their zealous opposition. By these frequent protestations their attachment to the faith was continually fortified, and in proportion to the increase of zeal they combated with the more ardor and success in the holy war which they had undertaken against the empire of the demons.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colors the ignorance, the errors and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate, as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life, and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster, idea of human nature, though it must be confessed that in the sublime inquiry their reason had been often guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers, when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy and of judgment in the most profound speculations or the most important labors, and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave, they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration could be limited to a spot of earth and to a few years of duration. With this favorable prepossession they

summoned to their aid the science—or rather the language—of Metaphysics. They soon discovered that, as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body, pure, simple and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity, of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit which pervades and sustains the universe.* A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind, or in the silence of solitude it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue, but the faint impression which had been received in the schools was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero and of the first Cæsars—with their actions, their characters and their motives—to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future state. At the bar and in the Senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that

* The pre-existence of human souls—so far, at least, as that doctrine is compatible with religion—was adopted by many of the Greek and Latin Fathers. See Beausobre, *Hist. du Manichisme*, l. vi. c. 4.

doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.*

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts of philosophy can extend no farther than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body. But we may perceive several defects inherent to the popular religions of Greece and Rome which rendered them very unequal to so arduous a task. 1. The general system of their mythology was unsupported by any solid proofs, and the wisest among the pagans had already disclaimed its usurped authority. 2. The description of the infernal regions had been abandoned to the fancy of painters and of poets, who peopled them with so many phantoms and monsters who dispensed their rewards and punishments with so little equity that a solemn truth—the most congenial to the human heart—was opposed and disgraced by the absurd mixture of the wildest fictions.† 3. The doctrine of a future state was scarcely considered among the devout polytheists of Greece and Rome as a fundamental article

* See *Cicero pro Cluent*, c. 61; *Cæsar ap. Sallust. de Bell. Catilin.*, c. 50; Juvenal, *Satir.* ii. 149.

Esse aliquid manes, et subterranea regna,

* * * *

Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.

† The eleventh book of the *Odyssey* gives a very dreary and incoherent account of the infernal shades. Pindar and Virgil have embellished the picture, but even those poets, though more correct than their great model, are guilty of very strange inconsistencies. See Bayle, *Responses aux Questions d'un Provincial*, part iii. c. 22.

of faith. The providence of the gods, as it related to public communities rather than to private individuals, was principally displayed on the visible theatre of the present world. The petitions which were offered on the altars of Jupiter or Apollo expressed the anxiety of their worshippers for temporal happiness and their ignorance or indifference concerning a future life.‡ The important truth of the immortality of the soul was inculcated with more diligence, as well as success, in India, in Assyria, in Egypt and in Gaul; and, since we cannot attribute such a difference to the superior knowledge of the barbarians, we must ascribe it to the influence of an established priesthood which employed the motives of virtue as the instrument of ambition.§

We might naturally expect that a principle so essential to religion would have been revealed in the clearest terms to the chosen people of Palestine, and that it might safely have been entrusted to the hereditary priesthood of Aaron. It is incumbent on us to adore the mysterious dispensations of Providence when we discover that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is omitted in the

‡ See sixteenth epistle of the first book of Horace, the thirteenth satire of Juvenal, and the second satire of Persius. These popular discourses express the sentiment and language of the multitude.

§ If we confine ourselves to the Gauls, we may observe that they entrusted not only their lives, but even their money, to the security of another world: *Vetus ille mos Gallorum occurrit* (says Valerius Maximus, l. ii. c. 6, p. 10) *quos, memoria proditum est, pecunias mutuas, quæ his apud inferos redderentur, dare solitos*. The same custom is more darkly insinuated by Mela, l. iii. c. 2. It is almost needless to add that the profits of trade hold a just proportion to the credit of the merchant, and that the Druids derived from their holy profession a character of responsibility which could scarcely be claimed by any other order of men.

law of Moses. It is darkly insinuated by the prophets, and during the long period which elapsed between the Egyptian and the Babylonian servitudes the hopes as well as fears of the Jews appear to have been confined within the narrow compass of the present life. After Cyrus had permitted the exiled nation to return into the Promised Land, and after Ezra had restored the ancient records of their religion, two celebrated sects, the Sadducees and the Pharisees, insensibly arose at Jerusalem. The former, selected from the more opulent and distinguished ranks of society, were strictly attached to the literal sense of the Mosaic law, and they piously rejected the immortality of the soul as an opinion that received no countenance from the divine book which they revered as the only rule of their faith. To the authority of Scripture the Pharisees added that of tradition, and they accepted, under the name of traditions, several speculative tenets from the philosophy or religion of the Eastern nations. The doctrines of fate or predestination, of angels and spirits and of a future state of rewards and punishments were in the number of these new articles of belief; and as the Pharisees, by the austerity of their manners, had drawn into their party the body of the Jewish people, the immortality of the soul became the prevailing sentiment of the synagogue under the reign of the Asmonean princes and pontiffs. The temper of the Jews was incapable of contenting itself with such a cold and languid assent as might satisfy the mind of a polytheist, and as soon as they admitted the idea of a future state they embraced it with the zeal which has always formed the characteristic of the nation. Their zeal, how-

ever, added nothing to its evidence, or even probability; and it was still necessary that the doctrine of life and immortality, which had been dictated by nature, approved by reason and received by superstition, should obtain the sanction of divine truth from the authority and example of Christ.

When the promise of eternal happiness was proposed to mankind on condition of adopting the faith and of observing the precepts of the gospel, it is no wonder that so advantageous an offer should have been accepted by great numbers of every religion, of every rank and of every province in the Roman empire. The ancient Christians were animated by a contempt for their present existence, and by a just confidence of immortality, of which the doubtful and imperfect faith of modern ages cannot give us any adequate notion. In the primitive Church the influence of truth was very powerfully strengthened by an opinion which, however it may deserve respect for its usefulness and antiquity, has not been found agreeable to experience. It was universally believed that the end of the world, and the kingdom of heaven, were at hand. The near approach of this wonderful event had been predicted by the apostles, the tradition of it was preserved by their earliest disciples, and those who understood in their literal senses the discourse of Christ himself were obliged to expect the second and glorious coming of the Son of man in the clouds before that generation was totally extinguished which had beheld his humble condition upon earth, and which might still be witness of the calamities of the Jews under Vespasian or Hadrian. The revolution of seventeen centuries has instructed us not to

press too closely the mysterious language of prophecy and revelation; but as long as, for wise purposes, this error was permitted to subsist in the Church, it was productive of the most salutary effects on the faith and practice of Christians who lived in the awful expectation of that moment when the globe itself and all the various race of mankind should tremble at the appearance of their divine Judge.

The primitive Christian demonstrated his faith by his virtues; and it was very justly supposed that the divine persuasion which enlightened or subdued the understanding must at the same time purify the heart and direct the actions of the believer. The first apologists of Christianity who justify the innocence of their brethren, and the writers of a later period who celebrate the sanctity of their ancestors, display in the most lively colors the reformation of manners which was introduced into the world by the preaching of the gospel. As it is my intention to remark only such human causes as were permitted to second the influence of revelation, I shall slightly mention two motives which might naturally render the lives of the primitive Christians much purer and more austere than those of their pagan contemporaries or their degenerate successors—repentance for their past sins, and the laudable desire of supporting the reputation of the society in which they were engaged.*

It is a very ancient reproach, suggested by

* These, in my opinion, are the most uncandid paragraphs in Gibbon's *History*. He ought either, with manly courage, to have denied the moral reformation introduced by Christianity or fairly to have investigated all its motives, not to have confined himself to an insidious and sarcastic description of the less pure and generous elements of the Christian character as it appeared even at that early time. —*Milman*.

the ignorance or the malice of infidelity, that the Christians allured into their party the most atrocious criminals, who as soon as they were touched by a sense of remorse were easily persuaded to wash away in the water of baptism the guilt of their past conduct, for which the temples of the gods refused to grant them any expiation. But this reproach, when it is cleared from misrepresentation, contributes as much to the honor as it did to the increase of the Church.† The friends of Christianity may acknowledge without a blush that many of the most eminent saints had been before their baptism the most abandoned sinners. Those persons who in the world had followed, though in an imperfect manner, the dictates of benevolence and propriety, derived such a calm satisfaction from the opinion of their own rectitude as rendered them much less susceptible of the sudden emotions of shame, of grief and of terror which have given birth to so many wonderful conversions. After the example of their divine Master, the missionaries of the gospel disdained not the society of men, and especially of women, oppressed by the consciousness, and very often by the effects, of their vices. As they emerged from sin and superstition to the glorious hope of immortality they resolved to devote themselves to a life not only of virtue, but of penitence. The desire of perfection became the ruling passion of their soul; and it is well known that, while reason embraces a cold mediocrity, our passions hurry us with rapid violence over the space which lies between the most opposite extremes.

When the new converts had been enrolled

† The imputations of Celsus and Julian, with the defence of the Fathers, are very fairly stated by Spanheim, *Commentaire sur les Césars de Julian*, p. 468.

in the number of the faithful and were admitted to the sacraments of the Church, they found themselves restrained from relapsing into their past disorders by another consideration—of a less spiritual, but of a very innocent and respectable, nature. Any particular society that has departed from the great body of the nation or the religion to which it belonged immediately becomes the object of universal as well as invidious observation. In proportion to the smallness of its numbers, the character of the society may be affected by the virtues and vices of the persons who compose it; and every member is engaged to watch with the most vigilant attention over his own behavior, and over that of his brethren, since, as he must expect to incur a part of the common disgrace, he may hope to enjoy a share of the common reputation. When the Christians of Bithynia were brought before the tribunal of the Younger Pliny, they assured the proconsul that, far from being engaged in any unlawful conspiracy, they were bound by a solemn obligation to abstain from the commission of those crimes which disturb the private or public peace of society, from theft, robbery, adultery, perjury and fraud. Near a century afterward, Tertullian, with an honest pride, could boast that very few Christians had suffered by the hand of the executioner, except on account of their religion. Their serious and sequestered life, averse to the gay luxury of the age, inured them to chastity, temperance, economy, and all the sober and domestic virtues. As the greater number were of some trade or profession, it was incumbent on them, by the strictest integrity and the fairest dealing, to remove the suspicions which the profane are too apt to

conceive against the appearances of sanctity. The contempt of the world exercised them in the habits of humility, meekness and patience. The more they were persecuted, the more closely they adhered to each other. Their mutual charity and unsuspecting confidence has been remarked by infidels, and was too often abused by perfidious friends.*

It is a very honorable circumstance for the morals of the primitive Christians that even their faults, or rather errors, were derived from an excess of virtue. The bishops and doctors of the Church, whose evidence attests, and whose authority might influence, the professions, the principles, and even the practice, of their contemporaries, had studied the Scriptures with less skill than devotion, and they often received in the most literal sense those rigid precepts of Christ and the apostles to which the prudence of succeeding commentators has applied a looser and more figurative mode of interpretation. Ambitious to exalt the perfection of the gospel above the wisdom of philosophy, the zealous Fathers have carried the duties of self-mortification, of purity and of patience to a height which it is scarcely possible to attain, and much less to preserve, in our present state of weakness and corruption. A doctrine so extraordinary and so sublime must inevitably command the veneration of the people, but it was ill calculated to obtain the suffrage of those worldly philosophers who in the conduct of this transitory life consult only the feelings of nature and the interest of society.

EDWARD GIBBON.

* The philosopher Peregrinus (of whose life and death Lucian has left us so entertaining an account) imposed for a long time on the credulous simplicity of the Christians of Asia.



I AM sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came
from the dance,
In a robe even you would
admire :
It cost a cool thousand in
France ;
I'm be-diamonded out of all
reason,
My hair is done up in a cue ;
In short, sir, "the belle of
the season"

Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
I left in the midst of a set ;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up ;
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"

"And what do I think of New York?"

"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"

"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"

"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes! If you saw us out driving
Each day in the Park, four-in-hand ;
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand ;

HER LETTER.

If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*
And the hum of the smallest of talk,
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry"
And the dance that we had on "The
Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall ;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill when the time came to go ;
Of the few baby-peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow ;
Of that ride : that to me was the rarest ;
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah, Joe! then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare

Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with Old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low.)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph. Heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,
Whatever's the meaning of that.
Oh, why did papa strike pay-gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night: here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—if the longitude please;
For maybe, whilst wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the
ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(In Dialect.)

BEING asked by an intimate party—
Which the same I would term as a
friend—
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
Since the mind to deceit it might lend;
For his arm it was broken quite recent,
And has something gone wrong with his
lung;
Which is why it is proper and decent
I should write what he runs off his tongue.

First, he says, miss, he's read through your
letter

To the end—and the end came too soon;
That a slight illness kept him your debtor
(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon);
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is;
That with you, miss, he challenges Fate.
(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate.)

And he says that the mountains are fairer
For once being held in your thought;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
Than ever by gold-seeker sought.
(Which are words he would put in these
pages

By a party not given to guile;
Which the same, not at date paying wages,
Might produce in the sinful a smile.)

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him: that very
Same rose he is treasuring now.
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk,
miss,

And insists on his legs being free;
And his language to me from his bunk, miss,
Is frequent and painful and free.)

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while;
That he knows (which this dodging of pil-
lows

Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon)—he knows,
miss,

That, though parted by many a mile,
Yet were he lying under the snows, miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
 In your brief twilight dreams of the past;
 In this green laurel-spray that he treasures:

It was plucked where your parting was last;

In this specimen, but a small trifle:

It will do for a pin for your shawl.

(Which, the truth not to wickedly stifle,

Was his last week's "clean-up"—and *his all*.)

He's asleep, which the same might seem strange, miss,

Were it not that I scorn to deny
 That I raised his last dose for a change, miss,

In view that his fever was high;
 But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive.

And now, my respects, miss, to you;
 Which my language, although comprehensive,
 Might seem to be freedom, it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you
 As concerns a bull-pup, which the same—
 If the duty would not overtask you—
 You would please to procure for me,
game;

And send per express to the Flat, miss,
 Which they say York is famed for the breed;

Which though words of deceit may be that, miss,

I'll trust to your taste, miss, indeed.

P. S.—Which this same interfering
 Into other folks' way I despise,
 Yet if it so be I was hearing
 That it's just empty pockets as lies

Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers
 That, having no family claims,
 Here's my pile; which it's six hundred dollars,

As is yours, with respects,

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

SONG OF THE BIVOUC.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN the battle is o'er, and the sounds
 of fight

Have closed with the closing day,
 How happy, around the watch-fire's light,
 To chat the long hours away—

To chat the long hours away, my boy,
 And talk of the days to come,
 Or, a better still and a purer joy,
 To think of our far-off home!

How many a cheek will then grow pale
 That never felt a tear!

And many a stalwart heart will quail
 That never quailed in fear!

And the breast that, like some mighty rock
 Amid the foaming sea,
 Bore high against the battle's shock,
 Now heaves like infancy!

And those who knew each other not
 Their hands together steal:

Each thinks of some long-hallowed spot,
 And all like brothers feel.

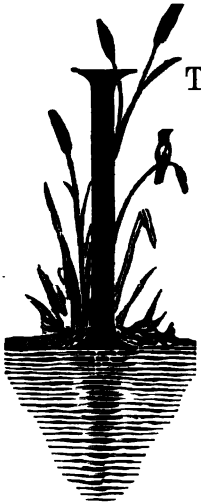
Such holy thoughts to all are given;
 The lowliest has his part:

The love of home, like love of heaven,
 Is woven in our heart.

Translation of CHARLES LEVER.

WHAT WAS IT?

A MYSTERY.



Tis, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary and unheard-of a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass some facts that passed under my observation in the month of July last, and which in the annals of the mysteries of physical science are wholly unparalleled.

I live at No. — Twenty-sixth Street in this city. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past days was a pleasant, shady retreat filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a vast spiral staircase

winding through its centre, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A——, the well-known New York merchant who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank-fraud. Mr. A——, as every one knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country and was verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth Street that No. — was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a care-taker and his wife, placed there by the house-agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency; the remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were during the night piled one upon the other by unknown hands; invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The care-taker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house-agent laughed, dismissed them and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Sev-

eral parties negotiated for it, but somehow, always before the bargain was closed, they heard the unpleasant rumors and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady—who at that time kept a boarding-house in Bleeker Street, and who wished to move farther up town—conceived the bold idea of renting No. — Twenty-sixth Street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of one or two timid persons—a sea-captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—every one of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May, and we were all charmed with our new residence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated—between Seventh and Eighth Avenues—is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form in the summer-time a perfect avenue of verdure; the air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights; and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house on two sides, although displaying on washing-days rather too much clothes-line, still gave us a piece of green sward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our cigars in the dusk and watched the fire-

flies flashing their dark-lanterns in the long grass.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at No. — than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's *Night-Side of Nature* for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was perusing the volume. A system of espionage was established, of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down for an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud in secret places to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story, entitled "The Pot of Tulips," for *Harper's Monthly*, the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, it was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself. Once the black butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while in the act of undressing himself for the night; but, as I had more than once discovered this colored gentleman in a condition

when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible that by going a step farther in his potations he might have reversed this phenomenon, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the 10th of July. After dinner was over I repaired with my friend Dr. Hammond to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the doctor and myself, we were linked together by a secret vice: we both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvellous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when we seem to have points of contact with the whole universe; in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never, never taste.

Those hours of opium-happiness which the doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of Paradise and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticised the most sensuous poets—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth and strength and beauty. If we talked of Shake-

speare's *Tempest*, we lingered over Ariel and avoided Caliban. Like the Gebers, we turned our faces to the East and saw only the sunny side of the world.

This skilful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian Fairyland dyed our dreams. We paced that narrow strip of grass with the tread and port of kings. The song of the *Rana arbores* while he clung to the bark of the ragged plum tree sounded like the strains of divine orchestras. Houses, walls and streets melted like rain-clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We each of us enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because even in our most ecstatic moments we were ever conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question—the 10th of July—the doctor and myself found ourselves in an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums, filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy-tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings; we paced to and fro, conversing. A strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would *not* flow through the sunlit channels into which we strove to divert them; for some unaccountable reason, they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that after our old fashion we flung ourselves on the shores of the East and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splen-

dors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black afreets continually arose from the depths of our talk and expanded like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted everything bright from our vision. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation.

We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism and the almost universal love of the Terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me,

"What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question, I own, puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew—stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river with wildly-lifted arms and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she sank, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear—a king of terrors to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something

more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I cannot attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered; "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of *Wieland* is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold in Bulwer's *Zanoni*; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than these."

"Look here, Hammond!" I rejoined; "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake. We shall suffer for it, depend on it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me to-night," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman to-night, if I were only master of a literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffman-esque in our talk, I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmare should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good-night, Hammond."

"Good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls and enchanters!"

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the

room. It was Goudon's *History of Monsters*—a curious French work which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I was then in, was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so, turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest once more.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained lighted did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them; I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out: they still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by perfect physical inaction I would hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed from the ceiling, plumb upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then com-

menced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands which my utmost efforts could not confine,—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength and skill and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was: that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, for use during the night. I felt for it instantly: it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before: I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging

my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vice. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas-burner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. *I saw nothing!* Yes, I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape; my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, and apparently fleshly, as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing—not even an outline, a vapor.

I do not even at this hour realize the situation in which I found myself. I cannot recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed: I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely; it had hands: they clutched me. Its skin was smooth, just like my own: there it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone, and yet utterly invisible!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me; for absolutely, in

place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying,

"Great Heaven, Harry! what has happened?"

"Hammond, Hammond," I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. *Now* I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous; *then* so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond, Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly; "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the—the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approach-

ing me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand in the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him: he had felt it.

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice—for, though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved—"Harry, it's all safe now. "You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cords that bound the Invisible twisted round his hand, while before him, self-supporting, as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced and stretching tightly around a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless, his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something, who be-

held me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over,—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders when they saw all this was beyond description. Many of the weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained behind clustered near the door, and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his charge. Still, incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence of a living being in that room which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. "How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible?" they asked. My reply was this: I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us, conquering our fearful repugnance to touching the invisible creature, lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body which, nevertheless, you cannot see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly, but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was the dull sound of a heavy body alight-

ing on a soft mass; the timbers of the bed creaked; a deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a sort of low, universal cry and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke:

"Harry, this is awful."

"Ay, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"'Not unaccountable'! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad, and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass: it is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not theoretically impossible, mind you, to fabricate a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun shall pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does

not breathe, air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates, a will that moves it, lungs that play and inspire and respire."

"You forget the strange phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the doctor, gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table—warm, fleshy hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing is—"

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn reply; "but, please the gods, I will with your assistance thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover

some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth, a round, smooth head without hair, a nose—which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks—and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me: we would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering and distort the mould. Another thought: Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs; that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. Doctor X—— was sent for, and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a well-known modeler of this city was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mould, and before evening a rough *fac-simile* of the Mystery. It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs betrayed a muscular development

that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Doré or Callot or Tony Johannot never conceived anything so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to *Un voyage ou il vous plaira* which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should have fancied a ghoul to be. It looked as if it were capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity and bound every one in the house over to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma. It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction, but who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffat was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror. Our answer was, "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house; on you the responsibility rests." To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

The most singular part of the transaction was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think

of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by day after day and see the clothes toss and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight, passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased altogether. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life-struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep of nights. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that featureless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Doctor X——, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey, from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

HARRY ESCOTT.
(*Harper's Magazine.*)

THE EGOTISTICAL TALKER.

THE egotist is an Alexander Selkirk without the solitude. The etymology of an egotist may be rendered thus: "One of those gluttonous parts of speech that gulp down every substantive in the social grammar into its personal pronoun, condensing all the tenses, moods and voices of other people's verbs into a first person singular of its own. Example: 'I myself saw it with my own eyes, and nobody else but me, I say.'"

He whose staple conversation is his own panegyric forgets that everybody isn't as interested as himself in his alleged achieve-

ments. Society resents as a trespass upon its common rights the inflated eulogy which seems to think no topic so attractive as itself, and retaliates by a reprisal couched in the familiar formula: "We would buy him at our price, and sell him at his own."

He has made a gross blunder somewhere (perhaps is always at it) who provokes such a "quotation." This vanity is sometimes, as with Cicero, associated with a genius too conscious of its own gifts to be sufficiently sensible of others. His inventions won't always bear testing. His great acquaintances, whose cards cover his table thick as medals on the breast of Wellington, commemorative of so many social conquests, are not all genuine deposits of their owners. Eggs are not always laid in the nest where they are hatched.

"I was to dine with the admiral," said such a one to a brother-officer as they met in the street, "but I've so many cards for to-night I can't go."

"I received the same invitation," said his friend, "and I'll apologize for you."

"Don't trouble yourself; pray don't!"

"I must, if you don't come; for the admiral's invitation, you know, is like royalty's—a command."

"Don't mention my name."

"I certainly must," said his friend as they shook hands to separate.

"I say," at length stammered out the hero of a hundred cards, "don't say a word about me: I—I had a hint to stay away."

"A hint! How so?"

"*I wasn't invited.*"

"No," said his friend, "not invited! Well, I said I had received the same invitation, for *neither was I*; but I wanted to see how it lay between us."

J. B. OWEN.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England!
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land!
 The deer across their green sward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told,
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours!
 Solemn yet sweet the church-bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn;
 All other sounds in that still time
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
 And round the hamlet fanes.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
 Long, long, in hut and hall,

May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall!
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

IN the lobby of the *Mansion de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, is taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance; her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? “She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.” A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure: “by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.” What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so

radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July, seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting; this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday;—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des

Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Medecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—toward a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely elevenpence halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipper bath; strong three-footed stool for

writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way toward that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Petion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Petion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*À moi, chère amie*, help dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's-Friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—*whitherward?* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him;

and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte,"—whom we name not here; also a chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise; but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest on account of her; his papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged

Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face: beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "all these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? "By no one's." What tempted you, then? "His crimes. I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions—"I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving; the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues: seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that

it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck: a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the beautifullest and the squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace"? Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of love-paradises, and the light of Life; but of Codrus'-sacrifices, and death well earned? That twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This was the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her,

in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED
THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop: first let me kiss away that
tear.)

Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry laughing sprite,
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin!
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a
pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air!
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the
stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy,
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a
link,
Thou idol of thy parents! (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub, but of earth,
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale
In harmless sport and mirth!
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,

Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny!
(Another tumble: that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-
rope),
With pure heart newly stamped from Na-
ture's mint!
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man
(He'll climb upon the table; that's his plan),
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning
life!
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky fore-
seeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick),
With fancies buoyant as the thistledown,
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk
With many a lamblike frisk!

(He's got the scissors snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose),
Balmy, and breathing music like the south
(He really brings my heart into my mouth),
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star
(I wish that window had an iron bar),
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WIDOW MYSIE.

AN IDYL OF LOVE AND WHISKEY.

Tom Love, a man "prepared for friend or foe,
Whiskered, well-featured, tight from top to toe."



O, Widow Mysie, smiling, soft
and sweet!
Oh, Mysie, buxom as a sheaf
of wheat,
Oh, Mysie, Widow Mysie, late
Munroe,
Foul fall the traitor-face that
served me so!
Oh, Mysie Love, a second time
a bride,
I pity him who tosses at your
side!

You saw her at the ploughing-match, you ken,
Ogling the whiskey and the handsome men:
The smiling woman in the Paisley shawl,
Plump as a partridge, and as broad as tall,
With ribbons, bows and jewels fair to see,
Bursting to blossom like an apple tree,
And every ribbon, bow and jewel fine
Perfumed like apple blossoms dipt in wine.
Ay, that was Mysie, now twoscore and
ten,
Now Madam Love of Bungo in the Glen;
Ay, that was Mysie, tho' her looks no more
Dazzle with beams of brightness as of yore.
The tiny imps that nested in her eyes,
Winning alike the wanton and the wise,
Have ta'en the flame that made my heart
forlorn
Back to the nameless place where they were
born.

Oh, years roll on, and fair things fade and
pine!

Twelve sowings since and I was twenty-nine;
With ploughman's coat on back, and plough
in hand,

I wrought at Bungo on my father's land,
And all the neighbor-lassies, stale or fair,
Tried hard to net my father's son and heir.
My heart was lightesome, cares I had but few,
I climbed the mountains, drank the mountain
dew,

Could sit a mare as mettlesome as fire,
Could put the stone with any in the shire,
Had been to college and had learned to dance,
Could blether thro' my nose like folks in
France,

And stood erect, prepared for friend or foe,
Whiskered, well-featured, tight from top to toe.

"A marriageable man, for every claim
Of lawful wedlock fitted," you exclaim?
But, sir, of all that men enjoy or treasure,
Wedlock, I fancied, was the driest pleasure,
True, seated at some pretty peasant's side,
Under the slanted sheaves I loved to hide,
Lilting the burthen of a Scottish tune,
To sit, and kiss perchance, and watch the
moon.

I loved a comely face, as I have said,
But sharply watched the maids who wished
to wed:

I knew their arts, was not so cheaply won ;
 They loved my father's siller, not his son.
 Still, laughing in my sleeve, I here and there
 Took liberties allowed my father's heir—
 Stole kisses from the comeliest of the crew,
 And smiled upon the virgin nettles too.
 So might the game have daundered on till
 this,
 And lasted till my father went to bliss,
 But Widow Mysie came, as sly as sin,
 And settled in the "William Wallace" inn.

The inn had gone to rack and loss complete
 Since Simpson drowned himself in whiskey
 neat ;
 And poor Jock Watt, who followed in his shoes,
 Backed by the sourest, gumliest of shrews
 (The whiskey vile, the water never hot,
 The very sugar soured by Mistress Watt),
 Had found the gossips grumbling, groaning,
 stray
 To Sandie Kirkson's, half a mile away.
 But hey ! at Widow Mysie's rosy face,
 A change came o'er the spirits of the place :
 The fire blazed high, the shining pewter smiled,
 The glasses glittered bright, the water boiled,
 Grand was the whiskey, Highland-born and
 fine,
 And Mysie, Widow Mysie, was divine !

Oh, sweet was Widow Mysie, sweet and sleek !
 The peach's blush and down were on her cheek,
 And there were dimples in her tender chin
 For Cupids small to hunt for honey in ;
 Dark-glossy were her ringlets, each a prize,
 And wicked, wicked were her beaded eyes ;
 Plump was her figure, rounded and complete,
 And tender were her tiny tinkling feet.
 All this was nothing to the warmth and light
 That seemed to hover o'er her day and night ;

Where'er she moved she seemed to soothe and
 please

With honeyed murmurs as of honeyed bees ;
 Her small plump hands on public missions flew
 Like snow-white doves that flying crow and
 coo ;

Her feet fell patter, cheep, like little mice ;
 Her breath was soft with sugar and with spice ;
 And when her finger—so !—your hand would
 press,

You tingled to the toes with loveliness ;
 While her dark eyes, with lessening zone in
 zone,

Flasht sunlight on the mirrors of your own,
 Dazzling your spirit with a wicked sense
 That seemed more innocent than innocence.

Sure one so beauteous and so sweet had graced
 And cheered the scene, where'er by Fortune
 placed ;

But with a background of the pewter bright,
 Whereon the fire cast gleams of rosy light,
 With jingling glasses round her, and a scent
 Of spice and lemon-peel where'er she went,
 What wonder she should to the cronies seem
 An angel in a cloud of toddy steam ?
 What wonder, while I sipt my glass one day,
 She and the whiskey stole my heart away ?

She was not loath ! for, while her comely
 face

Shone full on other haunters of the place,
 From me she turned her head and peeped
 full sly

With just the corner of her roguish eye,
 And blushed so bright my toddy seemed to
 glow

Beneath the rosy blush, and sweeter grow ;
 And once, at my request, she took a sip,
 And honeyed all the liquor with her lip.

"Take heed! for Widow Mysie's game is plain,"

The gossips cried, but warned me all in vain:
Like sugar melting at the toddy's kiss,
My very caution was dissolved in bliss;
Fear died for ever with a mocking laugh,
And Mysie's kisses made his epitaph.

Kisses? Ay, faith, they followed score on score

After the first I stole behind the door,
And lingered softly on these lips of mine
Like Massic whiskey, drunk by bards divine.
But oh the glow, the rapture and the glee
That night she let me draw her on my knee,
When bliss thrilled from her to my finger-tips,
Then eddied wildly to my burning lips,
From which she drank it back with kisses
fain,

Then blushed and glowed and breathed it
back again,

Till, maddened with the ecstasy divine,
I clasped her close and craved her to be mine,
And thrilling, panting, struggling up to fly,
She breathed a spicy "Yes" with glistening
eye,

And while my veins grew bright, my heart
went wild,

Fell like a sunbeam on my heart, and smiled.

The deed thus done, I hied me home, you say,
And rued my folly when I woke next day?

Nay! all my business was to crave and cry
That Heaven would haste the holy knot to tie,
Though "Mysie lass," I said, "my gold and
gear

Are small, and will be small for many a year,
Since father is but fifty years and three,
And tough as cobbler's wax, though spare
and wee."

"Ah, Tam," she sighed, "there's nothing
there to rue:

The gold, the gear, that Mysie wants is you."
And brightly clad, with kisses thrilling through
me,

Clung like a branch of trembling blossoms
to me.

I found my father making up his books
With yellow eyes and penny-hunting looks.

"Father," I said, "I'm sick of single life,
And will, if you are willing, take a wife."

"Humph!" snapt my father ("six and four
are ten,

And ten are twenty). Marry? Who? and
when?"

"Mistress Munroe," I said, "that keeps the
inn."

At that he shrugged his shoulders with a grin:
"I guessed as much: the tale has gone the
round.

Ye might have stayed till I was underground.
But please yourself: I've nothing to refuse;
Choose where you will; you're old enough
to choose.

But mind," he added, blinking yellow eye,

"I'll handle my own guineas till I die.

Frankly I own you might have chosen worse,

Since you have little siller in your purse

The inn is thriving, if report be true,

And Widow Mysie has enough for two."

"And if we wait till he has gone his way,
Why, Mysie, I'll be bald, and you'll be gray,"
I said to Mysie, laughing at her side.

"Oh, let him keep his riches," she replied.

"He's right: there's plenty here for you and I.

May he live long, and happy may he die!"

"Oh, Mysie, you're an angel," I returned,
With eye that glistened dewily and yearned

Then running off she mixed, with tender glee,
A glass of comfort, sat her on my knee.

"Come, Tam!" she cried; "who cares a fig
for wealth?

Ay, let him keep it all, and here's his health!"
And added, shining brightly on my breast,
"Ah, Tam, the siller's worthless: love is
best."

Oh, Widow Mysie, wert thou first sincere
When tender accents trembled on mine ear,
Like bees that o'er a flower will float and
fleet,

And ere they light make murmurs honey-
sweet?

Or was the light that rendered me unwise,
Guile's—the sweet Quaker with the down-
cast eyes?

Oh, Widow Mysie, not at once are we
Taught the false scripture of hypocrisy;
Even pink Selfishness has times, I know,
When thro' his fat a patriot's feelings glow;
Falsehood first learns her nature with a sigh,
And puts on mourning for her first-born lie.

Days passed, and I began, to my amaze,
To see a colder light in Mysie's gaze;
Once when, with arm about her softly wound,
I snatched a kiss, she snapt and flushed and
frowned;

But oftener her face a shadow wore,
Such as had never darkened it before.
I spoke of this, I begged her to explain;
She tapt my cheek, and smiled, and mused
again.

But in the middle of my love-alarm
The leech's watch went "tick" at Bungo
Farm;

My father sickened, and his features cold
Retained the hue, without the gleam, of gold.

Then Mysie softened, saddened, and would
speak

Of father's sickness with a dewy cheek;
When to the inn I wandered, unto me
Lightly, as if she walked on wool, came she,
And "Is he better?" "Is he changed at all?"
And "Heaven help him!" tenderly would call.
"So old, so ill, untended and alone!
He is your father, Tom, and seems my own."

And musing stood, one little hand of snow
Nestling and fluttering on my shoulder—so!
But father sickened on, and then one night,
When we were sitting in the ingle-light,
"Oh, Tom," she cried, "I have it! I should
ne'er

Forgive myself for staying idly here,
While he, your father, lacked in his distress
The love, the care, a daughter's hands possess.
He knows our troth; he will not say me nay,
But let me nurse him as a daughter may.
And he may live—for darker cases mend—
To bless us and to join us in the end!"
"But, Mysie—" "Not a word; the thing is
planned,"

She said, and stopt my mouth with warm
white hand.

She went with gentle eyes that very night,
Stole to the chamber like a moonbeam white;
My father scowled at first, but soon was
won:

The keep was carried, and the deed was done.

O Heaven! in what strange enchanter's den
Learnt she the spells wherewith she conquered
men?

When to that chamber she had won her way,
The old man's cheek grew brighter every day;
She smoothed the pillows underneath his head,
She brought sweet music roundabout his bed,

She made the very mustard-blisters glow
 With fire as soft as youthful lovers know;
 The very physic-bottles lost their gloom,
 And seemed like little fairies in the room;
 The very physic, charmed by her, grew fine:
 Rhubarb was honey, castor-oil was wine.
 Half darkly, dimly, yet with secret flame
 That titillated up and down his frame,
 The grim old man lay still, with hungry eye
 Watching her thro' the room on tiptoe fly;
 She turned her back, his cheek grew dull
 and dim!

She turned her face, its sunshine fell on
 him!

Better and better every day grew he,
 Colder and colder grew his nurse to me,
 Till up he leapt, with fresher life astir,
 And only sank again—to kneel to her.

"Mysie!" I cried, with flushing face, too
 late

Stung by the poisonous things whose names I
 hate,

Which in so many household fires flit free,
 The salamanders Doubt and Jealousy—

"Mysie!" and then, in accents fierce and
 bold,

Demanded why her looks had grown so cold.
 She trembled, flushed, a tear was in her eye,
 She dropt her gaze and heaved a balmy sigh,
 Then spoke with tender pauses low and sad:
 Had I a heart? I frankly owned I had.

Could I without a conscience-qualm behold
 My white-haired father, weak, untended, old,
 Who had so very short a time to live,
 Reft of the peace a woman's hands can
 give?

"Mysie!" I shrieked, with heart that seemed
 to rend,

With glaring eyes and every hair on end.

Clasping her little hands, "Oh, Tam," she cried,
 "But for my help, your father would have
 died;

Bliss! to have saved your filial heart that
 sorrow!

But for my help, why, he may die to-morrow.
 Go, Tom!—this weak warm heart I cannot
 trust

To utter more—be generous! be just!
 I long have felt—I say it in humility—
 A sort of—kind of—incompatibility.

Go, Tam! Be happy! Bless you! Wed
 another!

Ah, I shall ever love you—as a mother!"

Sir, so it was. Stunned, thunder-stricken,
 wild,

I raved, while father trembled, Mysie smiled;
 O'er all the country-side the scandal rang,
 And, ere I knew, the bells began to clang;
 And shutting eyes and stopping ears, as red
 As ricks on fire, I blushing turned and fled.
 Twelve years have passed since I escaped the
 net,

And father, tough as leather, lingers yet;
 A gray mare rules, the laugh has come to me;
 I sport, and thank my stars that I am free.
 If Mysie likes her bargain ill or well,
 Only the Deil, who won it her, can tell;
 But she, who could so well his arts pursue,
 May learn a trick to cheat her teacher too.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DRESS.

If mean or costly dresses through this globe
 Decide the rank in which men are enrolled,
 Why, then, we'll clothe the wolf in satin robe,
 The alligator in fine silk enfold!

Oriental.

Translation of W. R. ALGER.

TABLE-TALK.

THE greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.

'Tis unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket.

Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it—how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These I call *furniture wives*, as men buy *furniture pictures* because they suit this or that niche in their dining-parlors.

Your universally-cried-up beauties are the very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all cannot have that individual charm which makes this or that countenance engaging to you, and to you only—perhaps you know not why. What gained the fair Gunnings titled husbands, who, after all, turned out very sorry wives? Popular repute.

It is a sore trial when a daughter shall marry against her father's approbation. A little hardheartedness and aversion to a reconciliation is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray's way is perhaps the wisest. His best-loved daughter made a most imprudent match—in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said that he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But in a casual rencounter he met her in the streets of Ware—Ware, that

will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at sight of him? "Ha, Sukey, is it you?" with that benevolent aspect with which he paced the streets of Ware venerated as an angel. "Come and dine with us on Sunday." Then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, "And, Sukey—do you hear?—bring your husband with you." This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. Need it be added that the match turned out better for Susan than the world expected?

"We read the *Paradise Lost* as a task," says Dr. Johnson. Nay, rather as a celestial recreation, of which the dullard mind is not at all hours alike recipient. "Nobody ever wished it longer"—nor the moon rounder, he might have added. Why, 'tis the perfectness and completeness of it which makes us imagine that not a line could be added to it or diminished from it with advantage. Would we have a cubit added to the stature of the Medicean Venus? Do we wish her taller?

CHARLES LAMB.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

CHARLES LAMB.

THIS distinguished writer, although not a novelist like Dickens and Thackeray in the sense of having produced extensive works of fiction, was, like them, a humorist and a satirist, and has left miscellaneous works of rare merit. He was born in London, and was the son of a servant to one of the Benches of the Inner Temple; he was

educated at Christ's Hospital, where he became the warm friend of Coleridge. In 1792 he received an appointment as clerk in the South Sea House, which he retained until 1825, when, owing to the distinction he had obtained in the world of letters, he was permitted to retire with a pension of four hundred and fifty pounds. He describes his feelings on this happy release from business in his essay on "The Superannuated Man." He was an eccentric man, a serio-comic character, whose sad life is singularly contrasted with his irrepressible humor. His sister, whom he has so tenderly described as Bridget Elia, in a fit of insanity killed their mother with a carving-knife, and Lamb devoted himself to her care. He was a poet, and left quaint and beautiful album verses and minor pieces. As a dramatist he is known by his tragedy *John Woodvil* and the farce *Mr. H—*, neither of which was a success. But he has given us in his *Specimens of Old English Dramatists* the result of great reading and rare criticism.

It is chiefly as a writer of essays and short stories that Lamb is distinguished. The *Essays of Elia*, in their vein, mark an era in the literature; they are light, racy, seemingly dashed off, but really full of his reading of the older English authors. Indeed, he is so quaint in thought and style that he seems an anachronism—a writer of the Elizabethan period returned to life in this century. He bubbles over with puns, jests and repartees; and, although not popular in the sense of reaching the multitude, he is the friend and companion of congenial readers. Among his essays we may mention the stories of "Rosamund Gray" and "Old Blind Margaret." "Dream Children" and "The Child

Angel" are those of greatest power, but every one he has written is charming. His sly hits at existing abuses are designed to laugh them away. He was the favorite of his literary circle, and as a talker had no superior. After a life of care not unmingled with pleasures, he died in 1834.

Lamb's letters are racy, witty, idiomatic and unlabored, and, as most of them are to colleagues in literature and on subjects of social and literary interest, they are important aids in studying the history of his period.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE greatest humorist, the best punster and the ablest satirist of his age, Hood attacked the social evils around him with such skill and power that he stands forth as a philanthropist. He was born in London in 1798, and after a limited education he began to learn the art of engraving, but his pen was more powerful than his burin. He soon began to contribute to the *London Magazine* his "Whims and Oddities," and in irregular verse satirized the would-be great men of the time and the eccentric legislation they proposed in Parliament. These short poems are full of puns and happy *jeux de mots*, and had a decided effect in frustrating the foolish plans. After this he published *National Tales*, in the same comic vein, but also produced his exquisite serious pieces "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Hero and Leander," and others, all of which are striking and tasteful. In 1838 he commenced *The Comic Annual*, which appeared for several years, brimful of mirth and fun. He was editor of various magazines—*The New Monthly* and *Hood's*

Magazine. For *Punch* he wrote "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." No one can compute the good done by both—the hearts touched, the pockets opened. The sewing-women were better paid, more cared for, elevated in the social scale and many of them saved from that fate which is so touchingly chronicled in "The Bridge of Sighs." Hood was a true poet and a great poet. "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg" is satire, story, epic, comedy, in one. If he owed to Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker* the form of his *Up the Rhine*, he has equalled Smollett in the narrative, in the variety of character and in the admirable cacography of Martha Penny. His caricatures fasten facts in the memory, and every tourist up the Rhine recognizes Hood's personages wherever he lands.

After a life of ill-health and pecuniary struggle, Hood died, greatly lamented, on the 3d of May, 1845, and left no successor to wield his subtle pen.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"THE life of this poet, who was born in 1792 and died in 1822," says Dr. Angus, "is not unlike Byron's. There was a similar title to wealth and honors, the same boyhood of fierce passion, an unhappy training, an early manhood of blighted domestic life—blighted by his own folly and crime, a spirit of revolt against all religious and social claims, though this last was greatly diminished toward the close of his course, after his marriage with the daughter of William Godwin, and might have been diminished much more had his life not terminated prematurely by drowning when he was but thirty years old.

"From earliest years he showed poetic tastes, and when only eighteen he produced the atheistical poem of 'Queen Mab,' written in the rhythm of Southey's 'Thalaba' and containing passages of great melody and beauty. The fault of this poem, besides its sceptical notes, mere repetitions of the sneers of Voltaire and others, is the vagueness of the meaning. His next piece was 'Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude,' intended to sketch the sufferings of a genius like his own: he thirsts for a friend who shall understand and sympathize with him, and, blighted by disappointment, sinks into an untimely grave. The descriptions of scenery in this poem are singularly rich and beautiful; the whole is written in blank verse. 'The Revolt of Islam,' written while the poet resided at Marlow, has the same peculiarities of thought and style as 'Alastor,' though with less human interest and more energy. 'Hellas' and 'The Witch of Atlas' belong more or less to the same class as 'Queen Mab.' In Italy he wrote his 'Adonais,' an elegy on the death of Keats, a touching monument over the grave of his friend. Here also he composed the *Prometheus Unbound*, a classic drama, and in the following year (1819) *The Cenci*, a tragedy, one of the finest of the poet's productions—a tale that reminds the reader of the dramas of Otway. His odes on 'The Skylark' and 'The Cloud' are more poetical and perfect than any other of his pieces. 'The Sensitive Plant' is a good specimen of the beauty and gracefulness of his versification, of the fancifulness of his imagery and of the profoundness of his meaning, which now seems within our grasp, and again eludes it."

"HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."



UNDER THE MAPLE.

HE start it gave me just
 now to see,
 As I stood in the door-
 way looking out,
 Rob Greene at play by the
 maple tree,
 Throwing the scarlet
 leaves about!

It carried me back a long,
 long way—

Ten years ago. How the time runs by!
 There was nobody left at home that day
 But little Jimmy and father and I—

My husband's father, an old, old man
 Close on to eighty, but still so smart
 It was only of late that he began
 To stay in the house and doze apart.

But the fancy took him that afternoon
 To go to the meadow to watch the men;
 And as fast as I argued, just so soon
 He went right over it all again;

Till, seeing how set he seemed to be,
 I thought, with the air so warm and still,
 It could not hurt him to go with me
 And sit for a little under the hill.

So, lending my arm to his feeble tread,
 Together slowly we crossed the road,
 While Jim and his cart ran on ahead,
 With a heap of pillows for wagon-load.

We made him a soft seat, cushioned about,
 Of an old chair out of the barn close by;

Then Jim went off with a caper and shout,
 While we sat silent, father and I.

For me, I was watching the men at work
 And looking at Jack, my oldest son;
 So like his father, he never would shirk,
 But kept straight on till the stint was
 done.

Seventeen was Jack that last July,
 A great, stout fellow so tall and strong!
 And I spoke to the old man by and by,
 To see how fast he was getting along.

But father had turned away his head,
 A-following Jimmy's busy game
 With the maple leaves, whose bloody red
 Flared up in the sun like so much flame.

His lips as he looked began to move,
 And I heard him mutter a word or two:
 "Yes, Joe. A fire in the Weston grove?
 Just wait one minute; I'll go with you."

"Why, father," I cried, "what *do* you
 mean?"

For I knew he talked of his brother Joe,
 The twin that was drowned at scarce fifteen,
 Sixty summers and more ago.

"The sun has dazzled you; don't you see
 That isn't a fire a-blazing there?
 It's only Jim by the maple tree,
 Tossing the red leaves into the air."

But still he nodded and looked and smiled,
 Whispering something I could not hear,

Till, fairly frightened, I called the child,
 ' Who left his play and came frolicking
 near.

The old man started out of his seat.
 " Yes, Joe, yes ! I'm coming," said he.
 A moment he kept his tottering feet,
 And then his weight grew heavy on me.

" Father !" I screamed ; but he did not mind,
 Though they all came running about us
 then :

The poor old body was left behind,
 And the twins were young together again.

And I wonder sometimes, when I wake at
 night,

Was it his eyes or my own were dim ?
 Did something stand beyond my sight,
 Among the leaves and beckon to him ?

Well, there comes Jim up the intervale road.
 Ten summers ago ? Yes, all of ten :
 That's Baby Jack on the pumpkin-load,
 And Jim is as old as Jack was then.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE CAGED BIRD.

SINCE fate of sailors hourly varies,
 Lest doubts should wound my anxious
 breast,

This pretty bird from the Canaries
 Jack brought to set my heart at rest.
 His life is charmed ; and when with sadness
 Cried he, his notes he mournful gives,
 Then cherish care,
 Indulge despair ;
 But sweetly if they thrill with gladness,
 Rejoice and know your lover lives.

Attentive mark !

Hark ! hark ! .

Rejoice and know your lover lives.

Each hour, while my poor bosom flutters,
 Relying on my lover's word,

Anxious to hear the song he utters,

I listen to my pretty bird ;

But, thanks to Heaven ! ne'er with sadness

Has yet he mourned ; even now he gives

(To silence care

And chase despair)

His sprightly notes with joy and gladness,

And thus I know my lover lives.

Attentive mark !

Hark ! hark !

'Tis thus I know my lover lives.

But, see, he's here ! My heart's contented.

Sweet warbler, truly didst thou speak.

Dear love, cried Jack, 'twas all invented

Lest thy poor heart my fate might break :

Love taught the cheat to cheer thy sadness,

And cheats of love true love forgives.

This anxious care

Healed thy despair ;

Birds always sing with joy and gladness :

Thy love to thee and honor lives.

Attentive mark !

Hark ! hark !

Thy love to thee and honor lives.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE MINING-TOWN.

" 'TIS the last time, darling," he gently
 said

As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,
 While a fond look shone in his eyes of
 brown.

" My own is the prettiest girl in town.

To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king
So truly blest on his royal throne
As I shall be when I claim my own?"

'Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet "Good-
bye;"

But she watched him go with a troubled
sigh.

So, into the basket that swayed and swung
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung,
And the joy of her heart seemed turned to
woe

As they lowered him into the depths below.
Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown,
Was the fairest face in the mining-town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage-
bell,

High up in the tower, rang a mournful knell
For the true heart buried 'neath earth and
stone

Far down in the heart of the mine—alone;
A sorrowful peal on their wedding-day
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay,
And the face that looked from her tresses
brown

Was the saddest face in the mining-town.

Thus time rolled on in its weary way
Until fifty years with their shadows gray
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes'
glow,

And had turned the brown of her hair to
snow.

Oh, never a kiss from a husband's lips,
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger-tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest heart in the mining-town.

Far down in the depths of the mine, one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging
away,

They discovered a face so young, so fair,
From the smiling lip to the bright brown
hair,

Untouched by the finger of Time's decay.
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered round
To gaze at the man thus strangely found.

Then a woman came from among the crowd
With her long white hair and her slight form
bowed.

She silently knelt by the form of clay
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.
Then the sad old face with its snowy hair
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last, his waiting bride,
And the people buried them side by side.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE HOUR.

IT is the soft and silent hour
When mighty Love hath mightiest power
To bind the heart, subdue the will,
Bid Reason's cold, stern voice be still.
Oh, never sounds in Beauty's ear
The whispered word so sweet and dear
As when the gathering shadows hide
The tell-tale cheek which Feeling's tide,
In one full, happy, joyous gush,
Hath tinted with a crimson blush!
So calm, so still, the scene around
Almost the heart's own echoes sound.
How many a breast, on eve like this,
Is steeped in rapture, filled with bliss!

MRS. WALKER.

THE POET LÍ.

FROM THE CHINESE.

PART I.



ON the green and flowery banks of the beautiful Lake Tai-hoo, whose surface bears a thousand isles resting like emeralds amid translucent pearl, dwelt Whanki, the mother of Lí. The mother of Lí! Ah happy distinction! Ah envied title! For where, far or near, was the name could rank with Lí on the scroll of learning, receiving even in childhood the title of the "Exiled Immortal," from his skill in classic and historical lore? Moreover, he was of a most beautiful countenance, while the antelope that fed among the hills was not more swift of foot. Who like Lí could draw such music from the seven silken strings of the *kin*? or when with graceful touch his fingers swept the lute, adding thereto the well-skilled melody of his voice, youths and maidens opened their ears to listen, for wonderful was the ravishing harmony.

Yet, although the gods of learning smiled upon this youthful disciple of Confucius, Poverty came also with her iron hand; and, although she could not crush the active mind of Lí, with a strong grip she held him back from testing his skill with the ambitious *literati*, both old and young, who annually flocked to the capital to present their themes before the examiners. For even in those days, as the present, money was required to

purchase the smiles of these severe judges. They must read with golden spectacles, or woe to the happy youth who, buoyant with hope and empty pockets, comes before them! With what contempt is his essay cast aside, not worth the reading!

Sorely vexed, therefore, was poor Lí—and what wonder?—to know that he might safely cope with any candidate in the "Scientific Halls," yet dare not, for the lack of *sycee* (silver), enter their gates, lest disgrace might fall upon him. Yet Lí was of a merry heart; and, as all the world knows, there is no better panacea for the ills of fortune than the spirit of cheerfulness. Thus, although poverty barred the way to promotion, it could not materially affect his happiness, no more than the passing wind which for a moment ruffled the surface of the lake, yet had no power to move its depths.

Now, it happened that one day, taking his nets, Lí went down to the lake, and as he cast them within the waters, not knowing any one was near, he broke forth into a merry song, which sent its glad burden far off to the lips of mocking Echo, like Ariel seeming to "ride on the curled clouds." Now, it also chanced that within a grove of the graceful bamboo which skirted the path down which Lí had passed on his way walked the great mandarin Hok-wan.

"Hi! by the head of Confucius, the fellow sings well!" he exclaimed as the song met his ear (for, as we have said, Lí had a voice of rare melody); and, forthwith issuing from

his concealment, Hok-wan seated himself upon the bank and entered into conversation with the young fisherman.

If the mere melody of the voice had so charmed the mandarin, how much more was he captivated by the wit and learning of the youth who, thus poorly appareled and humbly employed, seemed to share wisdom with the gods! Hok-wan stroked his eyebrows in astonishment, and then, bidding Lí leave his nets, he bore him off as a rare prize to his own house, where he that day feasted a numerous company.

First conducting Lí to an inner apartment, he presented him with a magnificent robe richly embroidered, together with every article necessary to complete the toilet of a person of distinction, and when thus appareled introduced him into the presence of his guests. And truly Lí walked in among them with all the stateliness and hauteur of a man who feels that he is conferring an honor instead of being honored, as no doubt Lí should have considered himself in such an august assemblage of grave mandarins. With what an air he seated himself at the sumptuously loaded table, where, according to Chinese custom of the higher classes, the various dishes of meats, soups, fish, preserves, etc., were all nearly hidden by large bouquets of beautiful flowers and pyramids of green leaves.

And now no sooner had Hok-wan delivered with all customary formality the speech of welcome, and drained to the health of his guests the tiny goblet of crystal embossed with gold, than, rising to his feet, and joining his hands before his breast in token of respect to his host, Lí called a servant, and, bidding him take a part from all the good things spread before him, said :

"Carry these to the dwelling of Whanki, the mother of Lí. Say to her that as the sands on the lake-shore countless are the blessings of the gods, who have this day smiled upon her son. Bid her eat; for although from hunger he should gnaw his flesh and from thirst drink his blood, yet not one morsel of this banquet shall pass the lips of Lí unless his aged mother be also sustained by the same delicacies."

At hearing which, all the mandarins, and Hok-wan himself, loudly expressed their admiration. Such is the esteem which the Chinese entertain for filial piety.

This duty discharged, Lí attacked the dainties before him like a hungry soldier, yet seasoning all he said and did with so much wit and humor that the guests laid down their chopsticks and listened with wonder. With the wine, Lí grew still more merry; his wit cut like hailstones wheresoe'er it lighted, and at his jovial songs the grave dignitaries, forgetting their rank (somewhat washed away by copious draughts of *sam-shu* *), snapped their fingers, wagged their shorn heads, and even, rising from the table, embraced him familiarly. At length, when after an interval of a few hours their hilarity was somewhat abated, during which the guests walked in the beautiful gardens, or, reclining upon luxuriant cushions, regaled themselves with their pipes or in masticating their favorite betel-nut, Lí made bare his bosom before them, and to their astonishment they found it was only a needy scholar whose praises they had been shouting.

A needy scholar! How firmly they clutched their fobs lest a *candareen* † might

* A deleterious liquor distilled from rice.

† A Chinese coin.

jump into the pocket of the needy scholar ! But of advice they were as profuse as grasshoppers in August.

"Go to the capital; go to Kiang-fu" (Nankin, the ancient capital of the empire). "Thou wilt perplex the learned; thou wilt bewilder the ignorant," said one.

"Hi! this fellow Lí will yet stand with honor before the emperor," cried another.

"Appear boldly in the Scientific Halls before the examiners," said a third, "and never fear but thy name shall be cried at midnight from the highest tower in the city* as the successful Lí, with whom no other candidate can compete."

"When the wind blows over the fields, does not the grass bend before it?" said Hok-wan. "When the great Ho speaks, will not inferiors obey? The learned academician Ho is my brother: to him, then, you shall go. One word from him, and even the judges themselves shall cry your name."

"Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth or gold from brass clippings," thought Lí as he listened to these remarks; "a few *candareens* now would be better for me than all this fine talk. Truly, I must be a fool not to know all this stuff before. Yet, by the sacred manes of my ancestors, I *will* go to the capital, and that, too, ere another sun ripens the rice-fields. Furnished with a letter to the illustrious Ho, I may dare admittance."

Giddy with wine and with the excitement of high hopes for the future, at a late hour Lí was borne in a sumptuous palankeen to the humble dwelling of Whanki.

* The custom of announcing the names of the successful candidates at the examination.

The poor old soul at first knew not the gay gallant who stood before her, so much had the gift-robes of the mandarin changed his appearance.

"Heigh-yah! but, Lí, thou art as fine as a magpie," quoth she, raising her head from the pan of charcoal over which she seemed to be simmering something in a small dish. "Heigh! and, now I look at you again, I see you have drank of that cursed *sam-shu*. For ever abhorred be the name of I-tih!† With all thy wit, dost thou not know the wise saying of Mencius: 'Like a crane among hens is a man of parts among fools!'" (It may be inferred, I think, that the good old Whanki was something of a scold.) "And while thou hast been guzzling, see what I have prepared for thee. What had I to do with birds'-nest soup, and with sharks' fins, and with pigeons' eggs from the table of Hok-wan? 'My poor Lí will be too modest to eat with the great company,' I said to myself, 'and I will not eat them, but warm them up to comfort him when he comes back.' Look! here they are," lifting the dish from the fire, "and yet thou comest home like a well-fed, stupid swine."

"Now, tush, mother!" answered Lí. "If thy son has been drinking with fools, they wore fine feathers. And now embrace me, for I am going to the capital."

"Lí, thou art drunk: go to bed. The capital indeed! Ah, cursed, cursed I-tih!" exclaimed the old woman.

But when, at length, Lí convinced her that he was neither drunk nor crazy, but in reality about to start for Nankin as a candidate for honors in the Scientific Halls and with a letter to the great Ho in his pouch, Whanki knocked her head reverently before the

† The god of intoxicating liquors.

shrine of the household gods in token of gratitude.

The remainder of the night was passed in preparations for the journey, and just as the golden ripples of the lake danced in the rays of the rising sun Lí tenderly embraced his aged parent and set forth on foot for Nankin, more than a hundred miles distant.

"Ah, the blessed bug!" quoth the old woman, gazing after him so long as she could catch a glimpse of his large bamboo hat; "he will not want for rice any day. No *sycee* has he in his pockets, but such a tongue in his head as will bring him food and honors."

Whanki was right. In every hamlet he passed through, in every cottage by the way-side, Lí found a shelter and a welcome, the good people considering themselves amply repaid for their hospitality if the young stranger would but touch the strings of the *pipa* or recite to them odes from the Shooking.

In this manner he reached the capital, and, crossing the marble bridge over the great canal upon the eastern side, entered the city at the gate of Extensive Peace. Going into the first barber's shop which offered, Lí carefully plucked out his beard (hear this, ye exquisites of modern days!), shaved his head anew to the crown and plaited his long black hair with red ribbons. Then, entering an adjoining tavern, he exchanged his dusty, travel-worn garments for the rich dress presented him by Hok-wan, which he had preserved with great care for the occasion, and, holding up his fan to shield his eyes from the sun, stepped forth into the busy streets to look for the dwelling of the illustrious Ho.

And next, within the Hall of Ceremony in the elegant mansion of Ho, behold Lí in the presence of the great man himself; for with the same audacity which marked his behavior at the dinner of Hok-wan had Lí given the doorkeeper a vermilion card, leading Ho to expect a visitor of rank. Advancing three steps to meet him, Ho bows low to his stranger guest; then with graceful ease Lí also advances three steps, and bows still lower. Ho again gravely steps forward and makes another salutation; upon which Lí again does the same, with a still lower bending of the body. Ho once more advances; whereupon Lí, nearly touching the marble pavement with his forehead, steps forward yet another three steps. By this time their united and solemn paces had brought them near the couch upon which visitors are expected to repose themselves. And here again the same formalities were gone through with as to who should first be seated thereon. But, being seated, Lí at once burst forth with such a flow of wit and fancy that Ho was completely captivated ere he knew the name or business of the daring youth.

Now, this was a capital stroke of Lí, for the academician cared not so much for any dignitary under the emperor supreme as he did for a man of learning, or even for one who could tickle the moments as they flew with witty jests provoking laughter. Ho saw at once that Lí not only possessed this recommendation, but that his knowledge could also ring on as many topics as there were bells to the porcelain tower. When, therefore, he had perused the letter of Hok-wan, which, after securing his ground, Lí put into his hand, and after having listened to the history which the youth gave of his hard struggles, of his pov-

erty and earnest desire to come before the judges on the day of examination, then Ho, embracing him, bade him be of good cheer.

"Now, by the sacred Buddha," he exclaimed, "learning like thine shall win its crown without the aid of propitiatory gifts save to the gods themselves. Know, O Lí, that Yang and Kau, who enjoy the smiles of the great emperor, are this year the examiners. To them shalt thou go with no favor but my name; humble as it is, it shall cause thine to be enrolled among the *literati* of the imperial academy."

No doubt Ho manifested great vanity in this, insomuch as hinting that his "humble" name could balance with gold in the scales of avarice. Nevertheless, Lí was delighted, and immediately set about piling up such a cloud-castle as spread over his whole heaven of glory.

And now the day of examination approached, and, confident of success, Lí boldly presented himself for admission. Offering the memorial of Ho, which was to ensure him, as he supposed, the favor of the judges, he was much surprised to see those great men, Yang and Kau, after turning over the missive with elevated noses expressive of their contempt, cast it from them with scorn.

"Heigh! the academician Ho thinks to cheat us with bubbles. He sends us a scrawl devoid of meaning to bespeak our favor for an upstart without degree or title! Yes, we will remember the name of Lí!" Saying which, they cast looks of bitter disdain upon the needy scholar.

Then commenced the tedious formula of the examination. The candidates, hundreds in number, were all obliged to undergo the strict search of the officers in attendance. Their

robes, pockets, shoes, and even their nicely-plaited queues, were examined to see that they had not secreted some essay or composition of some kind which they might substitute for one written on the spot without preparation when the examiners should command them. This done, they were all seated on long benches with their paper and pencils ready for the trial, the doors and windows in the mean while being closely barred and guarded, that no one from without should have the power of smuggling any written paper into the hands of the students.

At a signal-gun the theme for composition was given out, and like the velvet feet of butterflies the pencils of the rival candidates glided smoothly and fleetly over the tinted paper. With perfect composure and ease Lí wrote off his essay in the most beautiful characters, without a single erasure or omission, handling the subject with great skill and judgment, and gave it into the hands of Yang.

"Heigh!" said Yang, without giving himself even the trouble to glance over it, but drawing his pencil derisively over the fair and beautiful characters. "I remember the name of Lí! What stuff is here! Why, the fellow is only fit to grind my ink!"

"To grind your ink!" quoth Kau. "Say rather he is only fit to lace my buskins."

And, laughing loudly at their own wit, the great judges Yang and Kau turned their backs upon the unfortunate Lí.

Overwhelmed with mortification and rage, he rushed to the lower end of the hall, and there was obliged to remain until evening, as not until then could the doors be thrown open to give egress to any one. Here he had the vexation of listening to the jibes and

sneers of those around him, and of seeing others promoted to honors who were as far inferior to him as owls to eagles. What a bitter day for poor Lí! and when at length dismissed with renewed contumely from the Scientific Halls, he rushed into the presence of Ho, swearing loudly that he would one day ride over the necks of the proud Yang and Kau. "And, by the head of Confucius, when I do, Yang shall grind my ink and Kau lace my buskins!" he cried, with bitterness.

Ho was terribly indignant at the treatment of his protégé, as well as incensed for the insult he imagined his own dignity had received. But, although he was himself high in favor with the emperor, Yang and Kau stood still higher; therefore he dissembled his anger lest his head might pay the forfeit should those two powerful courtiers incense the emperor against him.

When he found Lí preparing to return home, he embraced him kindly and bade him tarry yet another year in the capital.

"In the end thou wilt surely succeed, O Lí. The next year the examiners will not be the same, and thou mayest then be certain of success," said Ho. "Remain with me until the time comes round. Thy days and nights shall roll off bright and rosy as morning clouds; wine, wit and music—yes, and the smiles of women—shall make thee forget the insults thou hast received."

But Lí remembered his aged mother sitting solitary in her humble home by the side of the lake, and his resolution strengthened:

"Know, O Ho, that an old mother waits for Lí afar off. Summer and harvest will come, but Whanki has no one to sow her rice, and desolation will sit in her dwelling.

The fish sport and gambol amid the waters of the lake: Whanki has no strength to draw them forth, therefore hunger and death will await her. What profit, O wise Ho, should I gain if my aged parent suffered? Would not the gods curse the race of Lí?"

"Noble youth, take this purse: it is heavy," exclaimed Ho. "Hasten to relieve the necessities of thy mother—a happy mother in so dutiful a son; then return without delay and await the examination. I promise thee thou shalt not this time lack a present for the greedy judges, though, by Buddha, I would like to give it them at the dagger's point!"

Accordingly, Lí bade farewell to his generous friend, promising to return as speedily as possible.

PART II.

WITHIN the Tranquil Palace of Heaven, Hwant-sung sat upon the Dragon's Throne, with all his court prostrate before him.

There was evidently "something rotten in the state of Denmark," for the clouds which veiled the august features of the Celestial monarch were black as night; thunder might soon be expected, and low in the dust his humble courtiers awaited the outpouring of his terrible wrath. Before his footstool knelt the Premier Yang, bearing in his hand an official document inscribed with curious hieroglyphics.

"By my ancestors," exclaimed the emperor, with a wrathful look from one to the other of his trembling courtiers, "a wise court is sustained by the bounty of Hwant-sung! Say rather a pack of idiots, asses, dolts, fatted dogs! What! shall we become as a jibe in the mouths of foreign nations? Shall barbarian kings mock the court of

Nankin? Hi! Is there not one, then, of my learned counsellors—not one of my renowned warriors—can decipher me this scroll? Tremble, then, ye hounds!—Yang, I command thee to make known to us the purport of the missive which the foreign ambassadors have brought to our court.”

At this order well might Yang turn pale, for there was no more meaning to him in the characters on which his eyes were fixed than in the slimy trail which the green lizard draws upon the sand. Over and over he turned it—now on this side, now on that—watched narrowly and jealously, meanwhile, by all around; for when was one high in favor with princes also the favorite with the mass? At length, nine times reverently knocking his head before Hwant-sung, Yang said,

“Let not the displeasure of Earth’s Glory, before whose frown the whole world stands affrighted, annihilate his slave that the gods have not granted him power to do the will of His Majesty in this thing. He cannot read.”

Then did Hwant-sung call up one after another of those whose scholastic lore was famed throughout the empire. In vain: not one could understand the mysterious scroll; at which becoming exceeding wroth, Hwant-sung swore that unless within three days his ministers could make known to him the signification of the embassy, their offices and salaries should all be taken from them, and if in six days they were still in ignorance their death should release the empire from so many stupid owls.

Then did the academician Ho humbly present himself at the foot of the throne:

“Will the emperor deign to open the ears

of graciousness while the humblest of his slaves speaks? Know then, O mighty sovereign, there arrived last night at my house a man in whom all knowledge seems to centre. His mind, keen as the lightning, penetrates the most hidden mysteries; there is no science, no art, which he hath not already mastered. Command, then, that he appear before thee to make plain that which doth perplex Thy Majesty’s servants.”

Hwant-sung rejoiced greatly at this information, and bade Ho bring the learned scholar at once into his presence.

But when Ho, eager with joy, related to Lí the good fortune he had secured him, that audacious youth positively refused compliance with the commands of the emperor, offering as an excuse that, as he was but a poor scholar without title or degree, he dared not presume to appear before so much majesty.

With this answer, then, the unhappy Ho returned to the palace, not doubting but the rage of Hwant-sung would vent itself not only upon Lí, but also upon himself.

Kneeling before the monarch, Ho exclaimed reverently,

“Will Your Majesty once more graciously listen? At the last examination this man of whom I have spoken was turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace, his essay rejected by the Premier Yang and General Kau. Will it, then, please thee to bestow some favor upon Lí, that he may with more propriety come into this august presence?”

“It shall be done,” exclaimed the emperor. “We confer upon Lí the title of Doctor of the First Degree, together with the purple robe and yellow girdle. Go bring him before us.”

With this mark of royal patronage, Ho retraced his steps with all the alacrity of a lover, and made known to Lí the gracious favors of the emperor, supposing, doubtless, that the student would rejoice as one long blind now suddenly restored to light or as a famished man at a feast. But, lo! coolly putting on the robes of office, as if he had but just cast them aside, with the air of a prince Lí signified to the great academician Ho his readiness now to obey the mandate of the emperor.

Entering the hall of audience with all the grace and ease of a man bred in courts, Lí advanced to the throne, and after paying the customary homage rose to his feet and looked proudly around upon the assembly of grave men and gallant courtiers.

The knees of the Premier Yang smote each other as he recognized the youth he had treated with so much contumely now suddenly brought into notice; and well did Kau now remember the name of Lí, and it seemed as if hot pins tore his flesh, into such agitation did that name now throw him.

Hwant-sung received the new doctor with condescension, and placed in his hand the document which he was required to make plain; but Lí, casting a meaning glance upon Yang and Kau, said,

"Can an indifferent scholar like myself presume to know more than these learned men? Know, O mighty emperor, thy servant was deemed unworthy of favor by thy commissioners Yang and Kau; surely, then, they must be more wise than Lí."

Charmed with the boldness of the youth, the emperor graciously smiled upon him and motioned the two mortified examiners to withdraw.

Then, standing erect, his head thrown back, yet in an attitude of careless ease, Lí opened the important missive, and, without even glancing his eye over it to understand more fully its nature, read it aloud from beginning to end in a clear, melodious voice.

It proved to be a demand from the king of Po-Hai, couched in the most insulting language, requiring the emperor to restore a part of Corea, consisting of no less than a hundred and eighty towns, and also demanding tribute from the time of its "usurpation" (as the memorial expressed it) by the emperor of the Tang dynasty. Thus, but for the skill of Lí, the empire would have been plunged in irretrievable disgrace through the ignorance of its ministers.

The countenance of Hwant-sung grew black as midnight as he listened to this insulting claim, and, but for the bold remonstrance of Lí, he would have ordered the bearers of the embassy to instant death.

"May it please Your Majesty to summon the boorish ambassadors before us," cried Lí, boldly. "I will myself confer with them, and teach them how to respect the mighty emperor Hwant-sung."

Immediately, therefore, the ambassadors were brought before Lí, who conversed with them in their own language with the same haughty bearing as if he himself were emperor, interpreting as he did so to the indignant Hwant-sung. At length Lí dismissed them, saying,

"To-morrow His Sovereign Majesty, to whom your prince is but an earth-worm, will indite an answer to your insulting embassy. Retire, and tremble as ye walk! Thank the gods that the gracious emperor deigns ye to live."

The audience-chamber rang with acclamation as the ambassadors obsequiously withdrew in compliance to the orders of Lí, and all the courtiers pressed forward to compliment the young doctor, while the emperor, embracing him, conferred upon him at once the rank of academician and ordered apartments to be prepared for him in the palace of the Golden Bell. With continued graciousness, he also directed a sumptuous banquet to be got in readiness, and at which all the learned men and wits of the court were expected to appear. Wine was poured for the guests by beautiful young girls of the "golden lilies;" * ravishing music swept around them; while at intervals of the feast the emperor sent from his own apartments a choice theatrical corps for their entertainment. Now did it seem that all the trials of Lí were over, his poverty but a dream long past, and that, now upon the pinnacle to which his ambition had pointed from early youth, he stood ready to hurl back in the teeth of his enemies the disgrace which only a few months before they had heaped upon the name of Lí.

The feast wore on even into the night; the wine circulated freely, and in the same breath the courtiers exalted the name of the emperor and of the young academician. What wonder that under the attendance of such charming cup-bearers Lí should have drank more freely than was consistent with his new dignity? How from such hands could he resist the tempting goblet?

The result was that when the next morning the emperor repaired to the hall of audience to treat with the embassy from Po-Hai, the academician Lí was not in attend-

ance—nay, did not make his appearance until after being twice summoned by royal mandate.

The courtiers whom Lí had feasted the night previous shook their heads and looked significant. The Premier Yang and the General Kau resumed their usual boldness of demeanor, for no doubt this upstart, this vagabond Lí, would find the anger of their Celestial Monarch more than his head was worth: decapitation would certainly follow such contempt of royalty. To be *twice* summoned! What audacity!

At length Lí walked carelessly into the hall, his dress somewhat disordered and his feet thrust negligently into slippers. But for those who were hoping his ruin what rage to see the emperor not only extend his own royal hand in signification that he would raise him from the ground, but also condescend to inquire after his health!

"I think, learned doctor, the wine was to thy fancy, yet methinks the fumes are still troubling thee. Ere we proceed to our public duties I would have thy wits clearer." Saying which, Hwant-sung ordered a plate of hot spiced fish-broth to be brought from the royal kitchens, that its effects might dissipate the evils of last night's debauch.

And when, with unprecedented condescension, their sovereign even took the chop-sticks and himself cooled it for the palate of Lí, amazement almost turned them to marble.

When His Majesty deemed the senses of his new favorite sufficiently restored, the ambassadors were summoned into the hall. Upon the top of the platform, near the foot of the Dragon's Throne, was placed, by the order of Hwant-sung, a cushion or divan of the imperial yellow embroidered with gold

* Small feet.

and silver, and upon a tablet formed of mother-of-pearl and richly set in a band of emeralds was a cake of perfumed ink, a sheet of flowery paper, a hair-pencil set in a gold tube, together with a small jade stone, with which to rub the ink. Waving his hand condescendingly to Li, the emperor spoke :

"Ascend the platform, learned doctor, and repose thyself upon the cushions at my feet, while I indite to thee our answer to these slaves."

"May it please Your Majesty," replied Li, "my feet are not in proper dress to approach so near the Glory of the Earth. Will it please thee to command new buskins to be brought thy servant, that he may with decency ascend the platform?"

This bold request was no sooner proffered than it was granted. And then, with a significant glance to the spot where stood Yang and Kau pale with rage and envy, the audacious Li again addressed the emperor :

"The humblest of thy slaves would not be officious, but he has one more request to lay at the feet of his gracious sovereign. At the examination this year thy servant was repulsed by Yang and turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace by Kau. Will it therefore please thee to command the Premier Yang to grind my ink and the General Kau to lace my buskins?"

Never, perhaps, was an audience-chamber so insulted. Even the awe which, in the presence of the Celestial Monarch, rendered the courtiers less men than jackals failed in this case to suppress a murmur of indignation which passed from one end of the hall to the other. But Hwant-sung,

well pleased to punish the injustice of his commissioners, immediately ordered them both to approach and do the bidding of Li.

To disobey was death. They wanted courage to die; therefore, preferring disgrace, they obsequiously advanced. Kneeling, Kau laced the buskins of Li, who then ascended the platform; and while reclining at his ease upon the soft cushion at the feet of the emperor, Yang stood at his side assiduously rubbing his ink. Thus did Li accomplish his revenge and triumph over his enemies.

Taking the pencil, he now, with rapid and easy strokes, proceeded to indite the answer which the emperor vouchsafed to the Po-Hai embassy, and while he did so Hwant-sung bent over him in astonishment, beholding the characters which he traced with so much rapidity to be identical with those which had so perplexed his court. Then, standing erect upon the right hand of the Dragon's Throne, in clear distinct tones Li read aloud the imperial answer, the ambassadors trembling with fear as they listened.

"And now return," exclaimed Li, "and teach your king that foxes may not war with lions, nor the cuckoo steal into the eagle's nest. He is like a vexed grasshopper striving to combat the mighty chariot about to crush him, or like a fly in the jaws of the dragon. When the mighty Hwant-sung, at whose name fear sits in the hearts of all nations, shall send a handful of men to seize upon the petty territory of Po-Hai, blood shall flow a thousand *li*!"*

Kneeling reverently before the throne and knocking their heads in token of submission, the ambassadors then withdrew to relate to

* Leagues.

their king that the "Celestial Empire was upheld by an immortal from the skies," who stood ever by the Throne of the Dragon and to whom all men did reverence.

From that day the star of Lí was in the ascendant; and for many years he enjoyed the undivided confidence of the emperor, and attained a rank in the scale of letters which renders the name of Lí celebrated in Chinese literature. Many volumes of his beautiful poems and other works are still preserved in the imperial libraries.

Translation of CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

HO, ye who at the anvil toil, and strike
the sounding blow

Where from the burning iron's breast the
sparks fly to and fro,

While answering to the hammer's ring and
fire's intenser glow,

Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and sweat
the long day through,

Remember it is harder still to have no work
to do.

Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil, whose hard
hands guide the plough,

Who bend beneath the summer sun with
burning cheek and brow,

Ye deem the curse still clings to earth from
olden time till now;

But, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and labor
all day through,

Remember it is harder still to have no work
to do.

Ho, ye who plough the sea's blue field, who
ride the restless wave,

Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel there lies
a yawning grave,

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Around whose bark the wintry winds like
fiends of fury rave,

Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and labor
long hours through,

Remember it is harder still to have no work
to do.

Ho, ye upon whose fevered cheeks the hectic
glow is bright,

Whose mental toil wears out the day and
half the weary night,

Who labor for the souls of men, champions
of truth and right,

Although ye feel your toil is hard even with
this glorious view,

Remember it is harder still to have no work
to do.

Ho, all who labor, all who strive, ye wield a
lofty power;

Work with your might, work with your
strength, fill every golden hour:

The glorious privilege to do is man's most
noble dower.

Oh, to your birthright and yourselves, to
your own souls, be true;

A weary, wretched life is theirs who have no
work to do.

C. F. ORNE.

COURSE OF EVIL.

THE course of evil

Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem the breach with
clay;

But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—
Ay, and reason too—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong current.

Our sins, like to our shadows

When our day is in its glory, scarce appear:
Toward our evening how great and monstrous!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

FELICIA HEMANS.

FEMALE authorship in England is of comparatively modern date. After the period when the maiden queen condescended to figure as a little Occidental luminary in poetry, a single star or two glitters in the sky of the seventeenth century; they begin to assemble in greater numbers in the eighteenth, and in the conclusion of that century and the commencement of the present the literature of England presents the names of many females, in all departments of knowledge, who are of pre-eminent or respectable merit.

Mrs. Hemans, originally Miss Felicia Dorothea Browne, was the daughter of a merchant, a native of Ireland, and born in Liverpool in September, 1793. The failure of her father in trade caused the retirement of the family into Wales, and the childhood of the poetess was spent among the inspiring scenery of Denbighshire. From a child she was a versifier, and produced her first publication at the age of fifteen. At that of eighteen she was married to Captain Hemans. The union was unhappy; her husband six years afterward, for his health, went to Italy, and, without any formal deed of separation, "they never met again." Mrs. Hemans continued in her Welsh seclusion, the exertions of her pen, the education of her children and the duties of religion and benevolence furnishing her with ample employment. She died in Dublin during a visit to her brother, Major Browne, in 1835. Her death-bed was an affecting scene of Christian fortitude, resignation and hope.

Mrs. Hemans, like several modern writers, is most popular in her minor poems. Delicacy of feeling, warmth of affection and devotion, depth of sympathy with nature and harmony and brilliancy of language are the features of these charming little pieces. Her larger works have the same characteristics, but become languid and fatiguing from their very uniformity of sweetness. Her translations from modern languages and her chivalric poems exhibit great spirit and splendor of association and imagery. Over her whole poetry, in the phrase of Sir W. Scott, there is too much flower for the fruit.

The larger works of Mrs. Hemans are "The Sceptic;" "The Vespers of Palermo" (a tragedy); "The Forest Sanctuary;" "Records of Woman."

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WAS born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and the son was educated for the pulpit of the sect. After taking his degree at Harvard, in 1821 he studied divinity, and took charge of a congregation in Boston as the colleague of Henry Ware, Jr., but, soon becoming independent of the control of set regulations of religious worship, retired to Concord, where, in 1835, he purchased the house in which he has since resided. It has become identified, as the seat of his solitary musings, with some of the most subtle, airy, eloquent, spiritual productions of American literature.

Mr. Emerson first attracted public attention as a speaker by his college orations. In 1837 he delivered a Phi-Beta-Kappa oration, "Man Thinking;" in 1838, his address to

the senior class of the Divinity College, Cambridge, and "Literary Ethics: An Oration." His volume *Nature*, the keynote of his subsequent productions, appeared in 1839. It treated of freedom, beauty, culture in the life of the individual, to which outward natural objects were made subservient. *The Dial: A Magazine for Literature, Philosophy and Religion*, of which Mr. Emerson was one of the original editors and chief supporters, was commenced in July, 1840. It was given to what was called transcendental literature, and many of its papers affecting a purely philosophical expression had the obscurity, if not the profundity, of abstract metaphysics. The orphic sayings of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott helped materially to support this character, and others wrote hardly less intelligibly, but it contained many acute and original papers of a critical character. In its religious views it had little respect for commonly-received creeds.

The conduct of the work passed into the hands of Margaret Fuller, while Mr. Emerson remained a contributor through its four annual volumes. His chief articles were publications of the "Lectures on the Times" and similar compositions which he had delivered. The duties of periodical literature were too restricted and exacting for his temperament, and his powers gained nothing by the demand for their display in this form. The style of composition which has proved to have the firmest hold upon him in drawing out his thoughts for the public is a peculiar species of lecture, in which he combines the ease and familiar turn of the essay with the philosophical dogmatism of the orator and modern oracle.

The collection of his essays and lectures

commenced with the publication, in 1841, of a first series, followed by a second in 1844. His volume of *Poems* was issued in 1847. In 1848 he travelled in England, delivering a course of lectures in London on the "The Mind and Manners of the Nineteenth Century," including such topics as Relation of Intellect to Science; Duties of Men of Thought; Politics and Socialism; Poetry and Eloquence; Natural Aristocracy. He also lectured on the "Superlative in Manners and Literature," and delivered lectures in other parts of England, in which country his writings have been received with great favor.

After his return he delivered a lecture on "English Character and Manners," and has since visited the chief Northern cities and literary institutions, delivering several courses of lectures on "Power," "Wealth," "The Conduct of Life," and other topics, which, without obtruding his early metaphysics, tend more and more to the illustration of the practical advantages of life.

In 1850 appeared his volume *Representative Men*, including portraits of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Goethe. His notices of Margaret Fuller form an independent portion of her *Memoirs*, published in 1852.

The characteristics of Emerson are, in the subject-matter of his discourses, a reliance on individual consciousness and energy independent of creeds, institutions and tradition; an acute intellectual analysis of passions and principles, through which the results are calmly exhibited with a species of philosophical indifferentism tending to license in practice, which in the conduct of life he would be the last to avail himself of. His style is brief, pithy, neglecting ordinary links of asso-

ciation, occasionally obscure from dealing with vague and unknown quantities, but always refined, while in his lectures it arrests attention in the deep, pure tone of the orator, and is not unfrequently, especially in his later discourses, relieved by turns of practical sagacity and shrewd New England humor. It is a style, too, in which there is a considerable infusion of the poetical vision, bringing to light remote events and illustrations; but its prominent quality is wit, dazzling by brief and acute analysis and the juxtaposition of striking objects. In his poems, apart from their obscurity, Emerson is sometimes bare and didactic; at others, his musical utterance is sweet and powerful.

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

[The subject of the preceding sketch died on the 27th of April, 1882.—EDITOR.]

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NEXT to Moore, Bayly was the most successful song-writer of our age. His most attractive lyrics turned on the distresses of the victims of the affections in elegant life, but his Muse had also her airy and cheerful strain, and he composed a surprising number of light dramas, some of which show a likelihood of maintaining their ground on the stage. He was born in 1797, the son of an eminent and wealthy solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the Church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but could not settle to so sober a profession, and ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His later years were marked by misfortunes.

This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system, but they are

more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction than to melt us by their feeling. Several of them, as "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," "Oh no, we never Mention her" and "We Met: 'twas in a Crowd," attained to an extraordinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, "I'd be a Butterfly" was the most felicitous: it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gayety.

W. & R. CHAMBERS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

LORD MACAULAY was born October 25, 1800, and died in 1859. He was the son of Zachary Macaulay, an ardent philanthropist and one of the earliest opponents of the slave-trade. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which college he became a fellow, and called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, he suddenly achieved a literary reputation by an article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825. This was the first of a long series of brilliant literary and historical essays which he contributed to the same periodical. He entered Parliament in 1830, and was almost immediately acknowledged to be one of the first orators in the House. He went to India in 1834 as a member of the council in Calcutta and as president of the law commission. Soon after his return he was elected by the city of Edinburgh as their representative in Parliament (1840), and became successively secretary at war and paymaster of the forces. He lost his election in 1847 in consequence of opposing the religious prejudices of his constituents, and from this time he devoted all his powers to the undivided cultivation of letters. Although he sat in Parliament again from 1852

to 1856, he took little part in the debates of the House. He was raised to the peerage in 1857.

Macaulay is distinguished as a poet, an essayist and an historian. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are the best known of his poems; but the lines which he wrote upon his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847, and in which he turns for consolation to literature, are, in our judgment, the finest of all his poetical pieces. His essays and his history will, in virtue of their inimitable style, always give Macaulay a high place among English classics. His style has been well characterized by a friendly but discerning critic: "It was eminently his own, but his own not by strange words or strange collocation of words, by phrases of perpetual occurrence or the straining after original and striking terms of expression. Its characteristics were vigor and animation, copiousness, clearness—above all, sound English, now a rare excellence. The vigor and life were unabating; perhaps in that conscious strength which cost no exertion he did not always gauge and measure the force of his own words. Those who studied the progress of his writing might perhaps see that the full stream, though it never stagnated, might at first overflow its banks; in later days it ran with a more direct, undivided torrent. His copiousness had nothing tumid, diffuse, Asiatic, no ornament for the sake of ornament. As to its clearness, one may read a sentence of Macaulay twice to judge of its full force, never to comprehend its meaning. His English was pure both in idiom and in words—pure to fastidiousness. Not that he discarded or did not make free use of the plainest and most homely terms (he had a sovereign contempt for what is

called the dignity of history, which would keep itself above the vulgar tongue), but every word must be genuine English—nothing that approached real vulgarity, nothing that had not the stamp of popular use or the authority of sound English writers, nothing unfamiliar to the common ear.

Macaulay's essays are philosophical and historical disquisitions embracing a vast range of subjects, but the larger number and most important relate to English history. These essays, however, were only preparatory to his great work on the history of England, which he had intended to write from the accession of James II. to the time immediately preceding the French Revolution. But of this subject he lived to complete only a portion. The first two volumes, published in 1849, contain the reign of James II. and the Revolution of 1688; two more, which appeared in 1855, bring down the reign of William III. to the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697; while a fifth, published in 1861, after the author's death, nearly completes the history of that reign. Macaulay, in a review of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*, observed that "a *History of England* written throughout in this manner would be the most fascinating book in the language. It would be more in request at the circulating libraries than the last novel." The unexampled popularity of Macaulay's own *History* verified the prediction. In a still earlier essay he had remarked that we had good historical romances and good historical essays, but no good histories; and it cannot be denied that he has to a great extent attained his ideal of a perfect history, which he defines to be "a compound of poetry and philosophy, impressing general rules on the mind by a vivid rep-

resentation of particular characters and incidents."

THOMAS BUDD SHAW.

WILLIAM MULREADY, R. A.

THIS distinguished artist was born at Ennis, Ireland, April 1, 1786, and remained in his native country until he was fifteen years of age, when he went to London with his parents. The same year he became a student at the Royal Academy and made great progress in his studies. In his first efforts he aimed at the classic style, or what was then called high art. His first pictures were landscapes, and he distinguished himself as a colorist in the delineation of nature. As he advanced in life his coloring became even richer and his pictures more finely finished.

Mulready next essayed figure subjects of incidents in every-day life. Among the best of this class is his domestic scene "The Wolf and the Lamb," the original of which is in the collection of the National Gallery. This picture is full of suggestion and not a little mild satire. "How well and vividly all the points of the story are depicted—the mild, lamblike schoolboy, the barking dog, the frightened widow called from her household duties by the screaming child and ready in an instant to defend her darling boy; while in the very front is the defiant, braggart young wolf, the master of the situation. This picture has been pronounced by the more intelligent critics as admirable in conception, accurate in drawing and good in color. It has something more—a pictorial homily with a moral unmistakable."

Our artist's pictures gained great celebrity at the exhibitions, and a large portion of them were purchased for the royal collection

and for the Vernon and Sheepshank portion of the National Gallery. He lived to a good old age, working almost until the day of his death, which occurred at Bayswater, near London, July 7, 1863. His principal pictures are "A Roadside Inn," "Horses Baiting," "The Barber's Shop," "Punch," "Boys Fishing," "Idle Boys," "The Last In, or Truant Boy," "The Sonnet," "The Butt: Shooting a Cherry," "Women Bathing," and "Blackheath Park." His illustrations to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, published in 1840, are considered among the best efforts of the kind. "The 'Toy-Seller,' a large picture exhibited the year before he died, was unfinished and not equal to earlier and smaller ones, but remarkable as the work of a man whose artistic efforts had been lauded sixty years before." His pictures were numerous, the Sheepshank collection alone having twenty-eight.

In this connection we deem it appropriate to give Æsop's fable of "The Wolf and the Lamb," which Mulready's painting illustrates by examples which are often to be met with in human life.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A FABLE.

AS a wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook he spied a stray lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence.

"Villain!" said he, running up to her; "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?"

"Indeed," said the lamb, humbly, "I do

not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."

"Oh, sir," said the lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," replied the wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same. But it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper;" and, without another word, he fell upon the poor helpless lamb, and tore her to pieces.

A tyrant never wants a plea, and they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason. Æsop.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother—

All who hold each other dear.

Each chair is filled; we're all at home;

To-night let no cold stranger come:

It is not often thus around

Our old familiar hearth we're found.

Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;

For once be every care forgot;

Let gentle peace assert her power

And kind affection rule the hour.

We're all, all here.

We're not all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear

Who thronged with us this ancient hearth

And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.

Fate with a stern, relentless hand

Looked in and thinned our little band:

Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there;
And cruel ocean has his share.

We're not all here.

We are all here—

E'en they, the dead: though dead, so dear!
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How lifelike, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old.

We are all here.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother—

You that I love with love so dear.

This may not long of us be said;

Soon must we join the gathered dead,

And, by the hearth we now sit round,

Some other circle will be found.

Oh, then, may we that wisdom know

Which yields a life of peace below!

So, in the world to follow this,

May each repeat in words of bliss,

We're all, all here!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

HAPPINESS.

IF solid happiness we prize,

Within our breast this jewel lies,

And they are fools who roam:

The world has nothing to bestow;

From our own selves our joys must flow,

And that dear hut, our home. N. COTTON.

THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 16, 1776.



ENTLEMEN, sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime, but the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise; no gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project.

The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come not here armed at all points with law cases and acts of Parliament, with the statute-book doubled down in dog's ears, to defend the cause of liberty; if I had, I myself would have cited the two cases of Chester and Durham. I would have cited them to have shown that even under former arbitrary reigns Parliaments were ashamed of taxing a people without their consent and allowed them representatives. Why did the gentleman confine himself to Chester and Durham? He might

have taken a higher example in Wales—Wales, that never was taxed by Parliament till it was incorporated. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman. I know his abilities; I have been obliged to his diligent researches. But for the defence of liberty upon a general principle—upon a constitutional principle—it is a ground on which I stand firm, on which I dare meet any man. The gentleman tells us of many who are taxed and are not represented—the India Company, merchants, stockholders, manufacturers. Surely many of these are represented in other capacities, as owners of land or as freemen of boroughs. It is a misfortune that more are not equally represented. But they are all inhabitants, and as such are they not virtually represented? Many have it in their option to be actually represented. They have connection with those that elect, and they have influence over them.

The gentleman mentioned the stockholders. I hope he does not reckon the debts of the nation as a part of the national estate? Since the accession of King William many ministers—some of great, others of more moderate, abilities—have taken the lead of government. He then went through the list of them, bringing it down till he came to himself, giving a short sketch of the characters of each of them. None of these, he said, thought or ever dreamed of robbing the colonies of their constitutional rights. That was reserved to mark the era of the late administration. Not that there

were wanting some, when I had the honor to serve His Majesty, to propose to me to burn my fingers with an American stamp act. With the enemy at their back, with our bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress perhaps the Americans would have submitted to the imposition, but it would have been taking an ungenerous, an unjust advantage.

The gentleman boasts of his bounties to America. Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America: I stand up for this kingdom. I maintain that the Parliament has a right to bind, to restrain, America. Our legislative power over the colonies is sovereign and supreme. When it ceases to be sovereign and supreme, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, if he can, and embark for that country. When two countries are connected together like England and her colonies without being incorporated, the one must necessarily govern. The greater must rule the less, but so rule it as not to contradict the fundamental principles that are common to both.

The gentleman asks, When were the colonies emancipated? But I desire to know when were they made slaves. But I dwell not upon words. When I had the honor of serving His Majesty, I availed myself of the means of information which I derived from my office; I speak, therefore, from knowledge. My materials were good. I was at pains to collect, to digest, to consider them; and I will be bold to affirm that the profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, are two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you

triumphantly through the last war. The estates that were rented at two thousand pounds a year threescore years ago are at three thousand at present. Those estates sold then from fifteen to eighteen years' purchase; the same may now be sold for thirty. You owe this to America. This is the price America pays you for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come with a boast that he can bring a pepper-corn into the exchequer, to the loss of millions to the nation? I dare not say how much higher these profits may be augmented. Omitting the immense increase of people by natural population in the Northern colonies and the emigration from every part of Europe, I am convinced the commercial system of America may be altered to advantage. You have prohibited where you ought to have encouraged; you have encouraged where you ought to have prohibited. Improper restraints have been laid on the continent in favor of the islands. You have but two nations to trade with in America: would you had twenty! Let acts of Parliament in consequence of treaties remain, but let not an English minister become a custom-house officer for Spain, or for any foreign power. Much is wrong. Much may be amended for the general good of the whole.

The gentleman must not wonder he was not contradicted when, as the minister, he asserted the right of Parliament to tax America. I know not how it is, but there is a modesty in this House which does not choose to contradict a minister. Even your chair, sir, looks too often toward St. James's. I wish gentlemen would get the better of this modesty. If they do not, perhaps the collective body may begin to abate of its respect for the representative. Lord Bacon has told me that a great

question would not fail of being agitated at one time or another. I was willing to agitate that at the proper season—the German war: my German war, they called it. Every session I called out, Has anybody any objection to the German war? Nobody would object to it, one gentleman only excepted, since removed to the Upper House by succession to an ancient barony [meaning Lord Le Despencer, formerly Sir Francis Dashwood]. He told me he did not like a German war. I honored the man for it, and was sorry when he was turned out of his post.

A great deal has been said without-doors of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground—on the Stamp Act, which so many here will think a crying injustice—I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man: she would embrace the pillars of the state and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace—not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen?

The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. They have been wronged, they have been driven to madness, by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let

prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's of a man's behavior to his wife so applicable to you and your colonies that I cannot help repeating them:

"Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind."

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is my opinion. It is that the Stamp Act be repealed absolutely, totally and immediately; that the reason for the repeal be assigned—because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time, let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever, that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures and exercise every power whatsoever except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

WILLIAM PITT THE ELDER (Lord Chatham).

GREATNESS.

GREATNESS, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse,
And we whom, from our high births, they
conclude
The only freemen are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean!

Honors and great employments are great
burdens,
And must require an Atlas to support them.
He that would govern others first should be
The master of himself.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

GOOD MANNERS.



GOOD manners is the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and to be easy ourselves.

What passes for good manners in the world generally produces quite contrary effects.

Many persons of both sexes whom I have known, and who passed for well-bred in their own and the world's opinion, are the most troublesome in company to others and themselves.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

Flattery is the worst and falsest way of showing our esteem.

Where the company meets, I am confident the few reasonable persons are every minute tempted to curse the man or woman among them who endeavors to be most distinguished for their good manners.

A man of sense would rather fast till night than dine at some tables, where the lady of the house is possessed with good manners: uneasiness, pressing to eat, teasing with civility.

Courts are the worst of all schools to teach good manners.

A courtly bow or gait or dress are no part of good manners, and therefore every man of good understanding is capable of being well bred upon any occasion.

To speak in such a manner as may possi-

bly offend any reasonable person in company is the highest instance of ill manners. Good manners chiefly consist in actions, not in words. Modesty and humility the chief ingredients.

I have known the court of England under four reigns, and whatever good manners or politeness I observed in any of them was not of the court growth, but imported.

OF GOOD MANNERS AS TO CONVERSATION.

Men of wit and good understanding, as well as breeding, are sometimes deceived and give offence by conceiving a better opinion of those with whom they converse than they ought to do. Thus I have often known the most innocent raillery, and even of that kind which was meant for praise, to be mistaken for abuse and reflection.

Of gibing and how gibers ought to suffer.

Of arguers, perpetual contradictors, long talkers, those who are absent in company, interrupters, not listeners, loud laughers.

Of those men and women whose face is ever in a smile, talk ever with a smile, condole with a smile, etc.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation, as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen and there is continual interruption. But good or ill manners are discovered, let the company be ever so large.

Perpetual aiming at wit a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character; it generally fails. It is a sort of

insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

For a man to talk in his own trade or business or faculty is a great breach of good manners. Divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, particularly poets, are frequently guilty of this weakness.

RESOLUTIONS WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

Not to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they desire it.

Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.

Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, etc.

Not to be fond of children.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over-severe with young people, but give allowance for their youthful follies and weaknesses.

Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.

Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.

To desire some good friends to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein; and reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself.

Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favor with ladies, etc.

Not to hearken to flatteries, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman.

Not to be positive or opiniative.

Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

DEAN SWIFT.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O Man! While in thy early years,
How prodigal of time,
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime
Or manhood's active might—
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right—

But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn :
 Then Age and Want—oh, ill-matched pair!—
 Show man was made to mourn.

“ A few seem favorites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap caressed ;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest ;
 But oh what crowds in every land,
 All wretched and forlorn,
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn !

“ Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame :
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn—
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

“ See yonder poor o'erlabored wight,
 So abject, mean and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

“ If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law designed—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn ?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn ?

“ Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast ;
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the best :
 The poor oppressed honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn.

“ O Death—the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best—
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn,
 But oh, a blest relief for those
 That weary-laden mourn !”

ROBERT BURNS.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THERE are countless fields, the green
 earth o'er,
 Where the verdant turf has been dyed with
 gore ;
 Where hostile ranks in their grim array
 With the battle's smoke have obscured the
 day ;
 Where hate was stamped on each rigid face
 As foe met foe in the death-embrace ;
 Where the groans of the wounded and dying
 rose
 Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
 And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
 Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain ;
 But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
 Is that which is waged in the battle of life.
 The hero that wars on the tented field
 With his shining sword and his burnished
 shield

Goes not alone with his faithful brand :
 Friends and comrades around him stand,
 The trumpets sound and the war-steeds neigh,
 To join in the shock of the coming fray ;
 And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
 Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides
 flow,

And he bears his part in that conflict dire
 With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.
 What though he fall ? At the battle's close,
 In the flush of the victory won, he goes
 With martial music and waving plume
 From a field of flame to a laureled tomb ;
 But the hero that wars in the battle of life
 Must stand alone in the fearful strife—
 Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
 Hero or coward, to meet the foe.
 He may not fly : on that fated field
 He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior who com'st to this battle now
 With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
 As if the day were already won,
 Pause and gird all thy armor on.
 Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless
 will,

An ardent soul that no fear can chill ?
 Thy shield of faith hast thou tried and proved ?
 Canst thou say to the mountain, " Be thou
 moved " ?

In thy hand does the sword of truth flame
 bright ?

Is thy banner inscribed " For God and the
 Right " ?

In the might of prayer dost thou wrestle and
 plead ?

Never had warrior greater need.

Unseen foes in thy pathway hide :
 Thou art encompassed on every side.

There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
 Her poison flowers and her hidden chain ;
 Flattery courts with her hollow smiles ;
 Passion with silvery tone beguiles ;
 Love and Friendship their charmed spells
 weave :

Trust not too deeply ; they may deceive.
 Hope with her Dead-Sea fruits is there ;
 Sin is spreading her gilded snare ;
 Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
 And Care spread o'er thee her withering
 blight ;

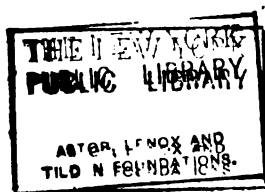
Hate and Envy, with visage black,
 And the serpent Slander, are on thy track ;
 Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
 Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide ;
 Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
 Waits to degrade thee and then destroy ;
 And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near
 To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.

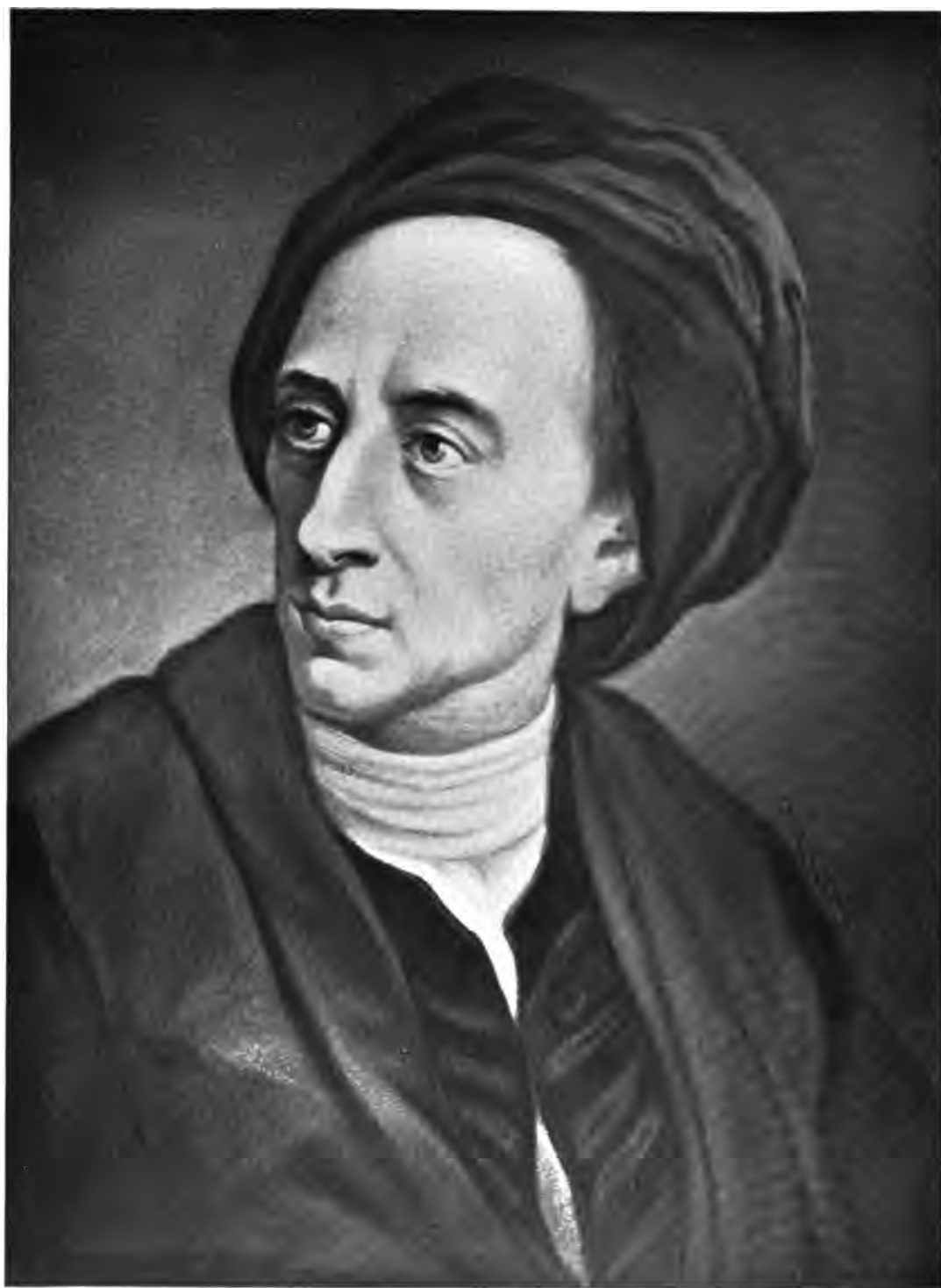
In war with these phantoms that gird thee
 round

No limbs dissevered may strew the ground ;
 No blood may-flow and no mortal ear
 The groans of the wounded heart may hear
 As it struggles and writhes in their dread
 control,

As the iron enters the riven soul ;
 But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
 And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek ;
 The brow is furrowed, but not with years ;
 The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,
 And streaked with white is the raven hair :
 These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is ended ; the hero goes
 Worn and scarred to his last repose.
 He has won the day : he has conquered doom,
 He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb.





P. Krämer, artist.

ALEXANDER POPE.

For the victor's glory no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo and earth no meed;
But the guardian angels are hovering near—
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict
here—

And they bear him now on their wings away
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the crown of
life.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

FAME.

WHAT'S fame? A fancied life in others' breath;

A thing beyond us ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's
unknown

The same, my lord, if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends,
To all beside as much an empty shade,
A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead,
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can
save

As justice tears his body from the grave,
When what to oblivion better were resigned
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the
heart.

One self-approving hour whole years out-
weighs

Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas,
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell, for you 'can: what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults and feel our own,
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge
Without a second or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking
land?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence, yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring, then, these blessings to a strict ac-
count:

Make fair deductions; see to what they
mount—

How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always
ease.

Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say wouldst thou be the man to whom they
fall.

To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir
Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon
shined—

The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind.
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame.
If all, united, thy ambition call

From ancient story, learn to scorn them all:
There, in the rich, the honored, famed and
great,

See the false scale of happiness complete.
In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay
How happy—those to ruin these betray.

Mark by what wretched steps their glory
grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice
rose,
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man.
Now, Europe's laurels on their brows be-
hold;
But stained with blood or ill-exchanged for
gold;
Then see them broke with toils or sunk in
ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
Oh, wealth, ill-fated, which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion or imperious wife
The trophied arches, storied halls, invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous
shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day,
The whole amount of that enormous fame
A tale that blends their glory with their
shame.

Know, then, this truth—enough for man to
know:

“Virtue alone is happiness below,”
The only point where human bliss stands
still
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blessed in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequalled if its end it gain;
And if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed;
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears;

Good from each object, from each place ac-
quired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated while one man's oppressed,
Never dejected while another's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes, can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

ALEXANDER POPE.

SLANDER.

WHAT is Slander?

'Tis an assassin at the midnight hour
Urged on by Envy, that with footsteps soft
Steals on the slumber of sweet innocence,
And with the dark drawn dagger of the mind
Drinks deep the crimson current of the heart.
It is a worm that crawls on Beauty's cheek
Like the vile viper in a vale of flowers,
And riots in ambrosial blossoms there.
It is a coward in a coat-of-mail,
That wages war against the brave and wise,
And, like the long lean lizard that will mar
The lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest breast.
Oft have I seen this demon of the soul,
This murderer of sleep, with visage smooth
And countenance serene as heaven's own sky,
But storms were raving in the world of
thought;
Oft have I seen a smile upon its brow,
But, like the lightning from a stormy cloud,
It shocked the soul and disappeared in dark-
ness;
Oft have I seen it weep at tales of woe
And sigh as 'twere the heart would break
with anguish,
But, like the drop that drips from Java's
tree,
And the fell blast that sweeps Arabian sands,
It withered every floweret of the vale.

I saw it tread upon a lily fair—
 A maid of whom the world could say no
 harm ;
 And when she sunk beneath the mortal
 wound,
 It broke into the sacred sepulchre
 And dragged its victim from the hallowed
 grave
 For public eyes to gaze upon. It hath wept
 That from the earth its victim passed away
 Ere it had taken vengeance on his virtues.
 Yea, I have seen this cursed child of envy
 Breathe mildew on the sacred fame of him
 Who once had been his country's benefactor,
 And on the sepulchre of his repose,
 Bedewed with many a tributary tear,
 Dance in the moonlight of a summer's sky
 With savage satisfaction.

JOHN LOFLAND (*The Milford Bard*).

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.

THE schoolmaster was weary—
 Was weary, old and gray ;
 And heaviness came o'er him
 Upon that sunny day.

The merry days of childhood
 Returned : he saw again
 The faces of old playmates
 Who now were white-haired men.

And then he saw his scholars
 An air of study feign ;
 He heard the buzz of insects
 Against the window-pane.

The drowsy schoolroom murmur
 He heard, and in his trance

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He saw the urchins watching
 His face with stealthy glance.

He saw, and for a moment
 He roused his dreamy brain
 To loose the sluggish fetters
 Of stupor's leaden chain.

In vain, for with the effort
 His head dropped on his breast,
 His breath came faint and fainter,
 And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar,
 And boundless was the glee
 Among those little scholars
 The schoolmaster to see.

Their youthful, wayward spirits
 Took many a merry freak ;
 They boldly rolled their marbles
 Or romped at hide-and-seek.

The study-hour was over,
 And still the master slept ;
 And greater grew the tumult
 These thoughtless scholars kept.

Until a little maiden,
 Who watched the pallid face
 With grave concern and wonder,
 Stole softly from her place—

Stole softly to the master,
 And gently touched his head,
 And started back in terror:
 The schoolmaster was dead !

BEN WOOD DAVIS.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.



IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village—perhaps about two miles—there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that when a stripling my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy-Hollow boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people.

causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow like a midnight blast is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of

shadows, and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners and customs remained fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode in a remote period of American history—that is to say, some thirty years since—a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, “tarried,” in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies

the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of Famine descending upon the earth or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day like the hum of a beehive, interrupted now and then by

the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command, or peradventure by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling that winced at the least flourish of the rod was passed by with indulgence, but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys, and on holiday afternoons would convey some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a

huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms—helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest, and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery with a band of chosen singers, where in his own mind he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is his voice resounded far above all the rest of the

congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook" the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sunday, gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees, reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones, or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond, while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address!

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house;

so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous and his power of digesting it were equally extraordinary, and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination—the moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech-owl or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token.

His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives as they sat spinning by the fire with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the Headless Horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut, and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting-stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round and that they were half the time topsy-turvy.

But if there was a pleasure in all this while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homeward. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!

How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted spectre beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourgings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and, though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils, and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was, withal, a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grand-

mother had brought over from Saardam, the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and, withal, a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex, and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm, but within those everything was snug, happy and well conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it, and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm. The flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night, swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves, and rows of pigeons—some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing and

bowing about their dames—were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion-sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up with its gizzard under its wing and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright Chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quar-

ter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat and Indian corn, and the orchard burdened with ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses with high-rigged but lowly-sloping roofs built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers, the low, projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use, and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall which formed the centre of the mansion and the

place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn and strings of dried apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red papers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors, and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus-tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner-cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such-like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with, and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass and walls of adamant to the castle-keep where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette beset with a

labyrinth of whims and caprices which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade of the name of Abraham—or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom—Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his herculean frame and great powers of limb he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dextrous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights, and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur

cap surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration and goodwill, and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity always shook their heads and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's palings on a Sunday night—a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "spark-ing," within—all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form

and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet the moment it was away, jerk! he was as erect and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master he had made frequent visits at the farmhouse. Not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man and an excellent father let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm or sauntering along in the twilight—that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts

are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown, but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones, and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him. He had overheard a boast of Bones that he would “double the schoolmaster up and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse,” and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggerly in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones

and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window-stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But, what was still more annoying, Brom took opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule—that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned frag-

ment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting-frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and, having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mount-

ed issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still, he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose—for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called—and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shamled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous notes; and the twittering black-birds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market,

other heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding, and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat-fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks well buttered and garnished with honey or treacle by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glossy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country—old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted shortgowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation; the sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state-parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table in the sumptuous time of au-

turnn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies and pumpkin-pies, besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chicken, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst. Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the har-

vest-moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh and a pressing invitation to "fall to and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre, about him was idle, and to have seen his loosely-hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself—that blessed patron of the dance—was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod

was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding and infested with refugees, cowboys and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, inasmuch that he absolutely felt it whiz around the blade and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled re-

treats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintances left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy-Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church

seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent white-washed walls shine modestly forth like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the Headless Horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on re-

turning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church-bridge the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about the Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen.

Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival! Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homeward along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson, but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off from some farmhouse away among the hills, but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neigh-

boring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's Tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it

was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge, but instead of starting forward the perverse old animal made a lateral movement and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with

a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the

Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless, but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip, but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and

just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase, but just as he had got halfway through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain, and had just time to save himself by claspng old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears. The goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church-bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his

pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle, trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor;

a book of psalm-tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's *History of Witchcraft*, a *New England Almanac* and a book of dreams and fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed—and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before—he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years

after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country, had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten-Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceeding knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country-wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter-evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue, and the ploughboy loitering homeward of a still summer evening has often fancied his voice at a distance chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

The preceding tale is given almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes with a sadly humorous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout, now and then folding his arms, inclining his head and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men who never laugh but upon good grounds—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and, sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove—

“That there is no situation in life but has

its advantages and pleasures, provided we will but take a joke as we find it;

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

“Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this *was* very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant: there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one half of it myself.”

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SMILE, AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,

I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away, and sigh:

Smile, and never heed me.

If our love, indeed, be such
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much?

Smile, and never heed me.

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for your guide:

Smile, and never heed me;

But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear’st my coming feet,

Then thou—then—mayst heed me.

CHARLES SWAIN.

ONE NICHE HIGHER.

AN ADVENTURE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.



THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting buttments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do" is their watchword while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there, and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great Father of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure: but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand and strength in his sinews and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every

gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair:

"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all

here praying for you. Don't look down! Keep your eye toward the top."

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasted blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is halfway down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone.

The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from

their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave.

At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment. There! one foot swings off! He is reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity. Hark! A shout falls on his ears from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noose rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and, with the words "God!" and "Mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

AN EPIGRAM.

TREASON doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

MAHMOUD.

TO RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

HORNE, hear a theme that should have had its dues
From thine own passionate and thoughtful Muse.

There came a man making his hasty moan
Before the sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right,
And I will see the sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:

I recognize its right, as king with king;
Speak on."—"A fiend has got into my house,"

Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us—

One of thine officers: he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed. I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life."

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud.—"No; he left

The house when I did, of my wits bereft,
And laughed me down the street because I vowed

I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.

I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,
And, O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"

The sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread"

(For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go!
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In two days' time, with haggard eyes and beard
 And shaken voice, the suitor reappeared,
 And said, "He's come." Mahmoud said not
 a word,
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a
 sword,
 And went with the vexed man. They reach
 the place,
 And hear a voice and see a female face,
 That to the window fluttered in affright.
 "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the
 light,
 But tell the females first to leave the room ;
 And when the drunkard follows them, we
 come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and,
 hark !

A table falls, the window is struck dark ;
 Forth rush the breathless women, and behind
 With curses comes the fiend in desperate
 mind.

In vain : the sabres soon cut short the strife,
 And chop the shrieking wretch and drink his
 bloody life.

"Now *light* the light," the sultan cried
 aloud.

'Twas done ; he took it in his hand and
 bowed

Over the corpse and looked upon the face,
 Then turned and knelt beside it in the place
 And said a prayer, and from his lips there
 crept

Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait,
 Then bring him at his call both wine and
 meat ;

And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
 He bade his host be blest and rose up to de-
 part.

The man, amazed, all mildness now, and
 tears,

Fell at the sultan's feet with many prayers,
 And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
 The reason first of that command he gave
 About the light ; then, when he saw the face,
 Why he knelt down ; and, lastly, how it was
 That fare so poor as his detained him in the
 place.

The sultan said with much humanity,
 "Since first I saw thee come and heard thy
 cry,

I could not rid me of a dread that one
 By whom such daring villanies were done
 Must be some lord of mine—perhaps a law-
 less son.

Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but feared
 A father's heart in case the worst appeared.
 For this I had the light put out. But when
 I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
 I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,
 Whose work I had performed through pain
 and fear ;

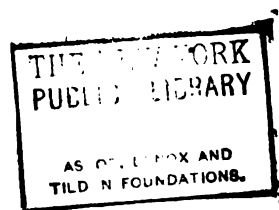
And then I rose and was refreshed with food
 The first time since thou camst and marredst
 my solitude."

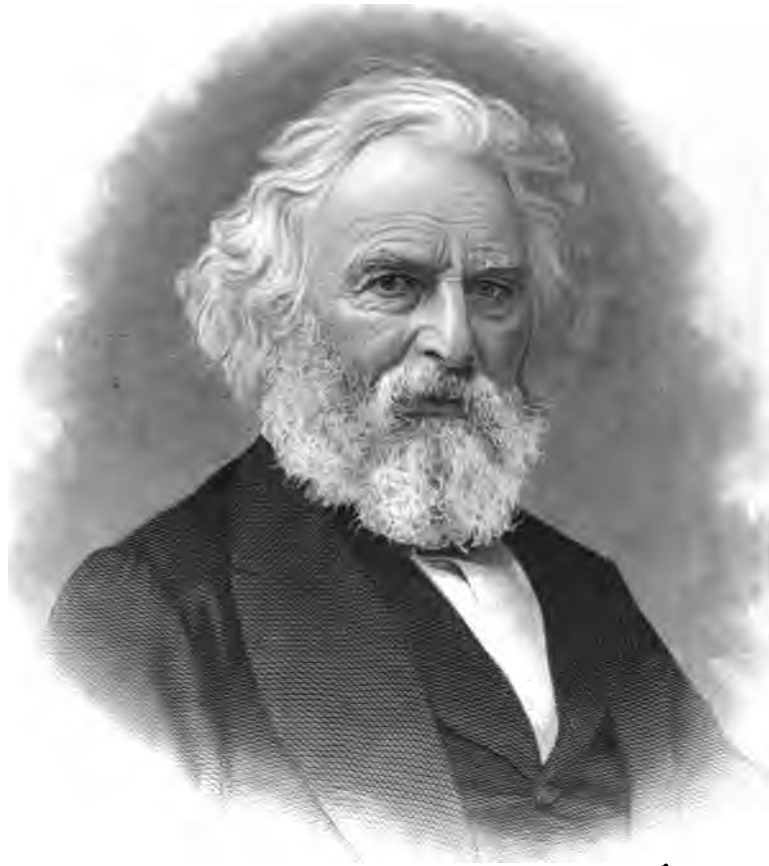
LEIGH HUNT.

A FREEMAN'S WEAPON.

A WEAPON that comes down as still
 As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
 But executes a freeman's will
 As lightning does the will of God ;
 And from its force nor doors nor locks
 Can shield you : 'tis the ballot-box.

JOHN PIERPONT.





Henry W. Longfellow.

HIA WATHA'S WOOING.



So unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman :
Though she bends him, she
obeys him ;
Though she draws him, yet
she follows.
Useless each without the
other !"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself, and pondered,

Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not.
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter ;
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers."

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight."

Gravely then said old Nokomis :
"Bring not here an idle maiden,

Bring not here a useless woman—
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling :
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands."

Smiling answered Hiawatha :
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people."

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs ;
Often is there war between us :
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open."

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah—
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever."

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women,
Striding over moor and meadow,

Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic
At each stride a mile he measured,
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps :
And he journeyed without resting
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
" Pleasant is the sound ! " he murmured—
" Pleasant is the voice that calls me."

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow-deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha.
To his bow he whispered, " Fail not !"
To his arrow whispered, " Swerve not !"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison

On the Muscoday, the meadow ;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;
Thinking of the great war-parties—
How they came to buy his arrows ;
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah ! no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were.
Now the men were all like women—
Only used their tongues for weapons.

She was thinking of a hunter
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him—
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a foot-
step,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
" Hiawatha, you are welcome !"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered;
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,

"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women."

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes.—
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing;
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together
Through the woodland and the meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to them from the distance,
 Crying to them from afar off,
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Turned again unto his labor,
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,
 Murmuring to himself, and saying,
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,
 Those we love, and those who love us!
 Just when they have learned to help us,
 When we are old and lean upon them,
 Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
 Wanders piping through the village,
 Beckons to the fairest maiden,
 And she follows where he leads her,
 Leaving all things for the stranger."

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
 Through interminable forests,
 Over meadow, over mountain,
 Over river, hill and hollow.
 Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
 Though they journeyed very slowly,
 Though his pace he checked and slackened
 To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
 In his arms he bore the maiden;
 Light he thought her as a feather,
 As the plume upon his head-gear;
 Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
 Bent aside the swaying branches,
 Made at night a lodge of branches,
 And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
 And a fire before the doorway
 With the dry cones of the pine tree.

All the travelling winds went with them
 O'er the meadow, through the forest;
 All the stars of night looked at them,
 Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
 From his ambush in the oak tree
 Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Scampered from the path before them,
 Peering, peeping from his burrow,
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and heart's ease;
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha,
 Having such a wife to love you!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 "Happy are you, Laughing Water,
 Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the branches,
 Saying to them, "O my children,
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
 Life is checkered shade and sunshine:
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
 Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
 Whispered to them, "O my children,
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble;
 Half is mine, although I follow:
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
 Thus it was that Hiawatha

To the lodge of old Nokomis
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
 Brought the sunshine of his people,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Handsomest of all the women
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 In the land of handsome women.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place hestcod,
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude
 That shrunk to hear his name—
 All stern of look and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground—
 And silently they gazed on him,
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly but well that chief had fought :
 He was a captive now ;
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
 Was written on his brow.
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore
 Showed warrior true and brave ;
 A prince among his tribe before,
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake :
 " My brother is a king ;
 Undo this necklace from my neck
 And take this bracelet ring,
 And send me where my brother reigns,
 And I will fill thy hands
 With store of ivory from the plains,
 And gold-dust from the sands."

" Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
 Will I unbind thy chain ;
 That bloody hand shall never hold
 The battle-spear again.

A price that nation never gave
 Shall yet be paid for thee ;
 For thou shalt be the Christian's slave
 In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
 To shred his locks away,
 And one by one each heavy braid
 Before the victor lay.
 Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
 And closely hidden there
 Shone many a wedge of gold among
 The dark and crisped hair.

" Look ! feast thy greedy eye with gold
 Long kept for sorest need ;
 Take it—thou askest sums untold—
 And say that I am freed.
 Take it ! My wife, the long, long day,
 Weeps by the cocoa tree,
 And my young children leave their play
 And ask in vain for me."

" I take thy gold, but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa-shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long."
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive's frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain ;
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered and wept and smiled,
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands ;
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena's prey.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LOST AND WON.



NAY, but, my dear Letty—”

“Don’t ‘dear Letty’ me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East Woodhay eleven beaten the Hazelby eleven for the first time in the memory of man? and is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did not you insist on taking James White’s place when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow! maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James’s place? and did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor’s bat come into your hands—absolutely into your hands—and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh, if I had been there!”

“You! Why, Letty—”

“Don’t ‘Letty’ me, sir! Don’t talk to me! I am going home.”

“With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale! I have the honor, madam, to wish you a good-evening;” and each turned away at a

smart pace, and the one went westward and the other eastward ho.

This unlover-like parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week between a couple whom all Hazelby, and Aberleigh to boot, had for at least a month before set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman on a visit in the place. Letty’s angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard the point of honor on beating our rivals and next neighbors in the annual match; for juxtaposition is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock. Moreover, one must also be a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted girl like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment and not a little in love; and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished and was succeeded by tender relentings and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation.

“He’ll be sure to call to-morrow morning,” thought Letty to herself: “he said he would, before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say—something

particular. I wonder what it can be?" thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said anything about liking me, but still— And then Aunt Judith and Fanny Wright and all the neighbors say— However, I shall know to-morrow;" and home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tan-yard, as happy as if the East Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. "I shall not see him before to-morrow, though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the town to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that she was fain to return disappointed to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry, the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip or a buffet from her lily hand would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the "Benedicite!" from a mitred abbot or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone, and I fear me for ever. For certain, our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well-looking and well-educated young farmer just returned from the North, whither he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the lookout for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, where he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations and letting two or three

small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favor in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine, and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself, "The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruchio to master this Katharina. 'I come to wive it happily in Padua;' and, let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her;" and, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love-quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pain falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over-night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses and to decline the large farm for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relation left Hazelby, and poor Letty heard no more.

Three years passed away and brought much of change to our country maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who

did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount. The friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house, and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story the old man was endeavoring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket-match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father. "I can't go without you: I have no pleasure anywhere without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play, on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling. I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" and, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now, old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself—that the bowler in question was none other than their sometime friend Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause not, perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby eleven were willing to try—the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of

the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to Mr. Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way. Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply dressed, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still colored like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart, in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gayety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness; sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face—lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketers and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East Woodhay gained the toss and went

in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands, and instantly the wicket was down and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish and the best batsman in the county. "Accident! mere accident!" of course cried East Woodhay; but another and another followed. Few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches. A panic seized the whole side, and then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system, called it a toss, a throw, a trick—anything but bowling, anything but cricket—railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude and the balance of the game, protested at being considered beaten by such jugglery, and finally appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience and old cricketers, hummed and hawed and see-sawed, quoted contended precedents and jostling authorities, looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly, the match was resumed, only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was

achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too."

Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration. "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said,

"I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia?"

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man—"plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names—old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton: we owe no man a shilling—when all my earnings and savings were gone and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in: I loved it the better for that—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man, solemnly—"God will bless the

dutiful child who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul. "And I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake. It almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house and how she waits upon me, her handiness, her cheerfulness and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places! Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlor and the flower-garden she was so fond of as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall, but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick-tempered."

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball, his hits were weak, his defence insecure and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seem likely to be the last;

he missed a leg-ball of Ned Smith's, was all but caught out by Sam Newton, and East Woodhay triumphed and Hazelby sat quaking, when a sudden glimpse of Letty watching him with manifest anxiety recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man, knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond, got three, four, five at a hit, baffled the slow bowler James Smith and the fast bowler Tom Taylor, got fifty-five notches off his own bat, stood out all the rest of his side, and so handled the adverse party when they went in that the match was won at a single innings with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away.

"Letty, dear Letty," said he, "three years ago I lost the cricket-match, and you were angry and I was a fool. This match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away; and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home! If you would but forgive me!"

Letty's answer is not upon record, but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other, and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honor of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE WOUNDED GUERILLA.

A STORY OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.



THE city of Puebla lies in the centre of an immense plateau seven thousand feet above sea-level and bordered by mountains of more than twice this altitude. Malinchi, rendered classic in the history of the first conquest, rises on the north; the Piñal bars up the eastern passes; while the great cordillera of the Rio Frio forms its western boundary, thus separating the two great valleys of Puebla and Mexico by an almost impassable barrier. In this ridge lie the great snow mountains of Popocatepetl and the "White Woman" (*La Muger Blanca*), known poetically as the "Twin Sisters." These mountains soar far above the regions of eternal snow. Popocatepetl is a cone, and the gray fringe that marks the blending of the white glacier and the dark pines of the mountain-forest forms the circumference of a horizontal circle. On the White Woman this snow-line is more irregular. On both mountains its altitude is variable, according to the season and the heat of the sun. Thus the melting of the snows in the sultry months of summer throws the gray fringe higher up the sides of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl and irrigates the broad plains of Puebla and Tlascalla. But for these snow-crowned mountains the plateau of Puebla would be a barren desert. As it is, the west-

ern segment of this plain may be termed the garden-spot of Mexico.

As the traveller emerges from the western gate of Puebla he beholds one of the loveliest pictures in the world. The delighted eye roams over broad fields of corn and wheat and "frijoles," bordered by fence-rows of the picturesque maguey. Here and there the cupolas of rich haciendas, the turrets of a flourishing village and the spires of a rural church variegate the green landscape, while in the distance rises the dark cordilleras of the Mexican Andes, over whose gloomy forests and frowning chasms the snowy crests of the Twin Sisters glisten with a dazzling whiteness. This is perhaps the fairest picture in Mexico. Its beauty, however, did not protect it from the desolating influence of war, and during the occupation of Puebla by the American army bands of robbers under the name of "guerilleros," alike hostile to Mexican and American, roamed over the fairest portions of this district, committing every species of outrage upon its peaceful inhabitants.

The American army entered Puebla in the month of May, 1847. The inhabitants, one hundred thousand in number, were struck with astonishment at the boldness of the act. They had been expecting an army of at least ten thousand men. Instead of this, ninety dragoons rode into the plaza alone, where they halted to await the advance of the army—in all, not numbering four thousand men. Hun-

dreds of Mexicans counted our soldiers as they crossed the bridge of "Noche Buena," and the feeling that existed in the breasts of the Poblanos after our entry into their city was one of shame that they had permitted such a handful of men to take the old and warlike town of Puebla without a blow having been struck in its defence. They might, apparently, have stoned us to death. Santa Anna, repulsed at Amozoc, had retreated upon San Martin, and now held that fair district with his rabble soldiery. On finding that it was not in the power of the American commander to advance beyond Puebla for a time, the bright idea struck Santa Anna of rousing the national pride once more in defence of their capital. He consequently crossed the mountains at Rio Frio and commenced fortifying the ancient city of the Aztecs, leaving, however, a large guerilla force, who roamed at will over the western plain of Puebla and occupied San Martin, Tlascalla and Atlixco. These at first commenced hostilities by stopping the supplies of the Puebla market, which depends altogether upon the fertile districts of the west. Finding, however, that the American gold received in exchange for the fruits and vegetables of San Martin served their purposes better than revenge, the guerillas at length permitted the produce to pass, levying a heavy contribution upon each article.

The hated "alcabala" was abolished at the city gates, and the Indians and rancheros of Cholula, San Pablo and San Martin flocked to the grand plaza of Puebla. It was a rare sight in the bright mornings of June, this plaza of Puebla, hundreds of Indian girls, seated in groups under their awnings of "petates," gaily chatting with one another

or laughing with a clear, ringing laugh at the bad Spanish of the American soldier. Who says that the Indians of Mexico are a dejected race? No such thing. We have seen more bright, happy faces in the markets of Puebla than anywhere else. The slightest witticism, a mispronunciation of the names of any of their wares by a foreign tongue, will elicit peals of laughter from these merry market-girls, while the almost constant display of their small pearly teeth and sparkling eyes evinces the lightness of their hearts.

The remnants of several nations exist in the plains of Puebla. These may be easily distinguished in the streets of the city by a singular custom. A few strands of worsted thread, blue, crimson or purple, are twisted into the plaits of their luxuriant black hair. The difference of color in this worsted marks the tribe or village to which the wearer belongs; so that at a glance you may tell an Indian girl from Tlascalla or San Pablo from one of the Cholultecas.

The Indians of the last-mentioned tribe are perhaps the most interesting to be met with in Mexico. Living at the foot of the great pyramid, on "haunted holy ground," they are constantly reminded of the religion of their fathers, many of whose peculiar customs and habits they still preserve in all their pristine simplicity. The young girls of this tribe are strikingly handsome, and, but for their malformation—the effect of early toil and careless rearing—the Cholultecas, with their dark Indian eyes and pearly teeth, would far eclipse with their beauty the daughters of the famed Castilian conquerors.

Of all the Indian maidens who visited the plaza of Puebla, none attracted more admira-

tion from the officers or soldiers who thronged through this market than two sisters from Cholula. These girls were named Remedios and Dolores, after the appellations of two of the most popular saints in Mexico. The elder, Remedios, was strikingly beautiful, and, though admired by all, her dark Indian eye had made a deeper impression upon the heart of a young ranger. The occupation of these girls was that of weaving baskets from the fine fibres of the *Palma redonda*, which wares, along with the flowers that grew in their little garden at Cholula, they brought once or twice a week to the city.

The young ranger spoken of was frequently placed upon picket-guard at a point on the Cholula road, and had thus become acquainted with the sisters, with whom he seemed to be on terms of friendly intercourse. He was frequently seen to accompany them beyond the confines of the city on their return homeward, and at parting the beautiful Remedios would linger behind her sister, and, concealed by the friendly shelter of a maguey plantation, bid him farewell with a kiss. It was evident that the passion between the ranger and the fair Choluteca was mutual.

Such was the state of affairs in the city. Let us follow the young girls to their native village, at the foot of the far-famed pyramid.

Under the shade of a huge pepper tree stood a small but neat cottage of adobes. In front of this cottage was a little garden filled with bright flowers and fenced in by a close wall of the octagonal columns of nopal. Outside of the little garden grew the giant maguey, planted closely in rows, and running alongside pathways which led to other cottages similar to the one above men-

tioned. Such pathways form the lanes and streets of a Mexican-Indian village. Over the cottage door is a little awning or shade formed by two or three poles and the broad leaves of the royal palm, and under this awning are seated the sisters Remedios and Dolores. They have been silent for some time, each busily engaged with her work, which consists in weaving the beautiful palm baskets that meet with such ready sale in the plaza. Dolores is no doubt thinking upon the profits which her work will yield, and how she will rejoice the heart of her old and helpless father, who has no other support. Dolores is the old man's favorite, and returns his parental fondness with a heart full of filial love. The thoughts of Remedios are dwelling upon a far different object, and two or three times she has become so absent as to make strange mistakes in her work. Presently the fibre of palm which she has been weaving becomes entangled and suddenly breaks.

"What are you doing, Remedios?" asks her sister, then adds, with a somewhat malicious laugh, "Thinking of Don Santiago? But come, sister! see better to your work, or we will not have our baskets ready for to-morrow's market; and then how you would be disappointed!"

Remedios blushed, but made no other reply to the pleasantry of her sister.

Dolores looked in her face, and, noticing the blush, said in a more serious tone,

"Ah, Remedios, if Pepe only knew!"

"Knew what?"

"Of Don Santiago."

"And if he did?" exclaimed the elder sister, while her dark eyes flashed with indignation. "What is Pepe to me? I never

loved him, and I never told him I did; he has no right to me more than another."

At this moment a footstep reached the ears of the sisters, causing them to start and look up. A young man of rather forbidding appearance was coming up between the rows of magueys. He was dressed in the costume of an ordinary peasant, but the short carbine which he carried over his shoulder, and the belt and pouch slung across his breast, betokened that he was one of the enrolled guerillas, whose headquarters were for the time in the village of Cholula.

The young man entered through the opening of the nopal fence, and, striking the butt of his piece to the ground, stopped in front of the cottage, saluting the sisters with the usual exclamation for that hour: "*Buenos tardes!*" ("Good-evening!")

The salutation was returned by both the sisters, but in such a manner by the elder as showed that she felt a coldness, or rather a repugnance, toward the object of it.

Pepe (the name of the intruder) noticed this, and glared upon her with a scowl which bespoke a strange blending of fierce love with jealous anger. It was evident that he was now before them with some sinister design, and the sisters sat without speaking, but both trembling under the influence of his evil eyes.

"So, Remedios, I have found out the reason why you rejected me so scornfully, but I will be revenged."

"What mean you, Pepe?" asked the girl, in a conciliatory tone.

"You know what I mean. I have heard, and know well too, of your partings on the road by the garita. I have been told all. But, trust me, you will take no more of

these affectionate farewells, for this night I will have my revenge. We have laid our plans, and this night your Yankee lover will die; and if by to-morrow at noon you have not promised to be mine, you may dread the vengeance of my comrades, for they shall know all. Remember, to-morrow I return." So saying, the guerilla flung his carbine over his shoulder and with an angry look strode from the cottage.

The young girls watched for a moment in silence his retreating form. When he had passed from their sight Remedios bent toward her sister and in a half whisper asked,

"What does he mean when he says that he must die to-night? Do you think he has some plot laid to assassinate Don Santiago?"

"No; to-night they are to attack the picket at the garita. You know that this is the day of Don Santiago's guard. I overheard one of the guerillas talk of their plan as I came from the church."

All that night Remedios was unhappy. She slept but little, thinking of the threat which had been uttered by the jealous Pepe, and with painful suspense she awaited the approach of day.

At an early hour the sisters, with their baskets filled with the work of yesterday and a profusion of beautiful flowers, started for Puebla. Shortly after leaving the village they met an Indian woman coming from the direction of the city, driving an ass. This woman informed the sisters that there had been a severe skirmish near the garita between the guerillas and the guard, in which the former had been defeated and scattered. The guard had got information by some means of the intended attack, and had sent to Puebla for a reinforcement of mounted

men, which had arrived just in time and by a circuitous route, and had attacked the guerillas in the rear; so that only a few of them escaped from either death or capture.

The sisters had scarcely bade adieu to the Indian woman when, on reaching a turn in the road, they came upon one of the guerillas seated upon a stone. A handkerchief was bound around his head; his face, pale and haggard, was spotted with blood, and there was a look of wild revenge in his eye as he recognized the approach of the two girls. They were at first alarmed on perceiving whom they had encountered, for it was Pepe who was before them; but when they saw that the guerilla was wounded, and apparently suffering, in the true spirit of womanly compassion both the young girls ran up to him and inquired what they could do to assist him.

This appeared for a moment to soften the bitter spirit of the wounded man, and in a manner of more tenderness than he usually exhibited he requested one of them to bring him a draught of water, while the other rebound the handkerchief upon his wound.

The elder sister immediately ran to fulfil his request, while Dolores remained alone with the guerilla. She unbound the handkerchief with tender care, and had commenced readjusting it, when the sudden trampling of horses' hoofs was heard, and before the wounded man had time to escape half a dozen rangers came galloping up the road.

The guerilla had seized his carbine and was making for the chapparal, when one of his pursuers called at him to halt and they would spare him. Seeing the impossibility of escape, the man turned suddenly round

and doggedly approached the party of rangers, who had halted upon the road.

At this moment Remedios returned, and, recognizing one of the rangers, with an exclamation of delight called out,

"Don Santiago!"

"Ha!" cried the guerilla; "it is he!" and, throwing up his carbine, he fired at the young ranger, who had leaped from his horse and was approaching the girl.

The ball took effect, passing through the fleshy part of the ranger's arm. The shock brought him to the ground, and the wild laugh of the guerilla told that he believed his vengeance had been complete. The quick successive reports of half a dozen rifles for a moment drowned this laugh, and when they ceased it was heard no more. He that had uttered it lay by the road a bleeding corpse.

MAYNE REID.

A SEASONABLE PHILANTHROPIST.

WHAT does he do when sidewalks glare,
And every brick seems but a snare
To catch the passer unaware?

He spreads his ashes.

And when down town we creeping go,
And trembling tread, a tottering row,
With honest features all aglow

He spreads his ashes.

Long may he live, that man of soul!
Filled be his bin with red ash coal,
Till halos crown his saintly poll,

Who spreads his ashes.

And when he leaves this world of slides,
And with grim Death serenely glides,
May this be heard, and naught besides:

"Peace to his ashes!"

ANON.

VENICE.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of
Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand ;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings ex-
pand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
hundred isles.

She looks a sea Cybele fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers ;
And such she was : her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity
increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone, but Beauty still is
here.
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not
die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,

The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story and her long array
Of mighty shadows whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway ;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn
away—

The keystones of the arch : though all
were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence : that which
Fate

Prohibits to dull life in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits sup-
plied,
First exiles, then replaces, what we hate,
Watering the heart whose early flowers
have died,

And with a fresher growth replenishing the
void.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age—
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, maybe, that which grows beneath
mine eye.

Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land, in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the
Muse

O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse.

I saw or dreamed of such— But let them
go :
They came like truth and disappeared like
dreams ;
And, whatso'er they were, are now but so :
I could replace them if I would. Still
teems
My mind with many a form which aptly
seems
Such as I sought for and at moments
found ;
Let these too go, for waking Reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights sur-
round.

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange
eyes
Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind
Which is itself no changes bring surprise ;
Nor is it harsh to make nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without—man-
kind.
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause ; and should I leave be-
hind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea ?

Perhaps I loved it well ; and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language. If too fond
and far
These aspirations in their scope incline—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivi-
on bar

My name from out the temple where the
dead
Are honored by the nations—let it be,
And light the laurels on a loftier head,
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me :
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than
he."
Meantime, I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the
tree
I planted. They have torn me, and I
bleed !
I should have known what fruit would spring
from such a seed.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood ;
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his withered
power,
Over the proud place where an emperor
sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled
dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian
reigns :
An emperor tramples where an emperor
knelt ;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and
chains
Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they
have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's
belt.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquer-
ing foe!

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of
brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?
Are they not *bridled* ? Venice, lost and
won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom
done,
Sinks like a seaweed into whence she rose.
Better be whelmed beneath the waves and
shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous
repose.

In youth she was all glory—a new Tyre ;
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The “ Planter of the Lion,” which through
fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and
sea ;
Though making many slaves, herself still
free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Otto-
mite.
Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can
blight.

Statues of glass all shivered, the long file
Of her dead doges are declined to dust ;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sump-
tuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid
trust ;

Their sceptre broken and their sword in
rust

Have yielded to the stranger ; empty halls,
Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as
must

Too oft remind her who and what enthralls,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice'
lovely walls.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of
war,

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice they only ransom from afar :
See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the
car

Of the o'ermastered victor stops ; the reins
Fall from his hands ; his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt ; he rends his captive's
chains,

And bids him thank the bard for freedom and
his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were
thine,

Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso should have cut the
knot

Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations—most of all,
Albion, to thee : the ocean-queen should not
Abandon ocean's children. In the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery
wall.

I loved her from my boyhood. She to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart ;

And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shake-
speare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so
Although I found her thus, we did not
part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a
show.

I can repeople with the past ; and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chastened down, enough,
And more, it may be, than I hoped or
sought ;
And of the happiest moments which were
wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice ! have their colors
caught.
There are some feelings time cannot be-
numb,
Nor torture shake, or mine would now be
cold and dumb.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered
rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where naught be-
low
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine
shocks
Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk,
and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and
frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose
blocks
Of bleak gray granite into life it came,
And grew a giant tree : the mind may grow
the same.

LORD BYRON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MISS MITFORD, the only child of a
physician, was born at Alnsford,
Hants, England, December 16, 1786. At
the age of ten she began her education at
Chelsea with Miss Rowden, a lady of a lit-
erary taste, to whom Lady Caroline Lamb,
Miss L. E. Landon and Fanny Kemble also
owed their education. She completed her
studies at fifteen, and before she reached the
age of twenty she published three volumes
of poetry ; but it was not to poetry, but to
the drama and prose-writings, that she owes
her reputation. All her dramas were well
received. *Rienzi*, which was performed in
A. D. 1828, was a great success. *Our Vil-
lage* ranks as one of the best of her prose-
writings ; it was published in five volumes.
The first volume appeared in A. D. 1824, and
the last in A. D. 1832. She received a
pension from the government in the year
1838. She continued her literary work to
the close of her life. She died January 10,
1855, at Swallowfield Cottage, near Reading.
Her works are voluminous and still find
many readers.

HENRY FORBES.

HANNAH MORE.

THIS author and poetess was the daugh-
ter of a village schoolmaster, and was
born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, England,
on February 2, 1745. She received her
education at a seminary in Bristol kept by
her two elder sisters. She wrote verse at a
very early age. In 1773 she published her
first drama, entitled *The Search after Hap-
piness*, and in 1774 her tragedy of *Regulus*.
She made the acquaintance of Garrick, and

through him became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom she was introduced to their literary circle. At this period she wrote for the stage, and her tragedies of *Percy* and *The Fatal Falsehood* were produced at Covent Garden and enthusiastically received; but in the height of her success she stopped writing for the stage, on account of religious scruples. She devoted the labors of her pen during the balance of her life to the advancement of religion and education, and in this field she was singularly successful. "A pleasing incident in her later career was her affectionate interest in the boy Thomas Babington Macaulay, who resided a considerable time with her, and doubtless owed something of his extraordinary literary career to her watchful care." She died at Clifton, September 7, 1833, leaving a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one-third of which was bequeathed to benevolent purposes. Her complete works were published after her death, in eleven volumes, and many of them are still in demand.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THIS distinguished poetess was originally Miss Barrett. In A. D. 1846 she was married to the poet Robert Browning, with whom she resided many years in Italy. Her education was a liberal one, embracing the study of the classics. At the age of seventeen she published her first work, entitled *An Essay of Mind, and Other Poems*. This was followed in A. D. 1838 by "The Seraphim," and in A. D. 1850 the first collection of her works was published. The last productions of her pen (*Poems Before Congress*) were published A. D. 1860. She was born at

Herts, England, A. D. 1809, and died at Florence, Italy, June 29, 1861. She has been called England's greatest poetess. Her poems are sympathetic and her style is original.

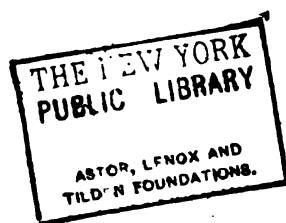
ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA COOK was born in Southwark, London, A. D. 1817. At a very early age she became a contributor to the leading periodicals of the day. In the year 1840 her first poetical work was published in England, and in 1844 was reprinted in the United States. Her poems are pure, sweet and sympathetic. Among her most popular pieces are "The Old Arm-Chair," "Home of the Heart," "The Old Farm-Gate" and "I Miss Thee, My Mother." In September, A. D. 1849, she began the publication of *Eliza Cook's Journal*. New editions of her poems have been published from time to time both in England and the United States, and are yet widely read.

ÆSOP.

ÆSOP, a celebrated fabulist, said to have been born at Phrygia, 600 B. C. He was as deformed in body as accomplished in mind, and was originally a slave at Athens and at Samos. Having gained freedom by his wit, he travelled through Asia Minor and Egypt and attached himself to the court of Croesus, king of Lydia. Sent by that monarch upon an embassy to Delphos, he so offended the inhabitants by the keenness of his sarcasms that they hurled him from a rock into the sea. He was killed 560 B. C. His history appears to be altogether legendary.

THOMAS WRIGHT.





VICTOR HUGO.

THE CONVICT AND THE GOOD BISHOP.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE NIGHT OF A DAY'S
TRAMP.

N hour before sunset on the evening of a day in the beginning of October, 1815, a man travelling afoot entered the little town of D—. The few persons who at this time were at their windows or their doors regarded this traveller with a sort of distrust. It would have been hard to find a passer-by more wretched in appearance. He was a man of middle height, stout and hardy, in the strength of maturity; he might have been forty-six or seven. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind and dripping with sweat. His shaggy breast was seen through the coarse yellow shirt, which at the neck was fastened by a small silver anchor; he wore a cravat twisted like a rope, coarse blue trowsers, worn and shabby, white on one knee and with holes in the other, an old ragged gray blouse patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine. Upon his back was a well-filled knapsack strongly buckled and quite new. In his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick; his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes: his hair was cropped and his beard long.

The sweat, the heat, his long walk and the dust added an indescribable meanness to his tattered appearance. His hair was shorn,

but bristly, for it had begun to grow a little, and seemingly had not been cut for some time. Nobody knew him; he was evidently a traveller. Whence had he come? From the South—perhaps from the sea; for he was making his entrance into D— by the same road by which, seven months before, the emperor Napoleon went from Cannes to Paris. This man must have walked all day long, for he appeared very weary. Some women of the old city, which is at the lower part of the town, had seen him stop under the trees of the boulevard Gassendi and drink at the fountain which is at the end of the promenade. He must have been very thirsty, for some children who followed him saw him stop not two hundred steps farther on and drink again at the fountain in the market-place.

When he reached the corner of the rue Poichevert he turned to the left and went toward the mayor's office. He went in, and a quarter of an hour afterward he came out.

The man raised his cap humbly and saluted a gen-d'arme who was seated near the door, upon the stone bench which General Drouot mounted on the fourth of March to read to the terrified inhabitants of D— the proclamation of the *Golfe Juan*. Without returning his salutation, the gen-d'arme looked at him attentively, watched him for some distance, and then went into the city hall.

The traveller turned his steps toward La Croix de Colbas inn, which was the best in the place, and went at once into the kitchen, which opened out of the street. All the ranges were fuming, and a great fire was burning briskly in the chimney-place. Mine host, who was at the same time head-cook, was going from the fireplace to the sauce-pans, very busy superintending an excellent dinner for some wagoners who were laughing and talking noisily in the next room. Whoever has travelled knows that nobody lives better than wagoners. A fat marmot flanked by white partridges and goose was turning on a long spit before the fire; upon the ranges were cooking two large carps from Lake Lauzet and a trout from Lake Allos.

The host, hearing the door open and a new-comer enter, said, without raising his eyes from his ranges,

"What will monsieur have?"

"Something to eat and lodging."

"Nothing more easy," said mine host; but, on turning his head and taking an observation of the traveller, he added, "For pay."

The man drew from his pocket a large leather purse and answered,

"I have money."

"Then," said mine host, "I am at your service."

The man put his purse back into his pocket, took off his knapsack and put it down hard by the door, and, holding his stick in his hand, sat down on a low stool by the fire. D—— being in the mountains, the evenings of October are cold there.

However, as the host passed backward and forward he kept a careful eye on the traveller.

"Is dinner almost ready?" said the man.

"Directly," said mine host.

While the new-comer was warming himself with his back turned, the worthy innkeeper, Jacquin Labarre, took a pencil from his pocket, and then tore off the corner of an old paper which he pulled from a little table near the window. On the margin he wrote a line or two, folded it and handed the scrap of paper to a child who appeared to serve him as lacquey and scullion at the same time. The innkeeper whispered a word to the boy, and he ran off in the direction of the mayor's office.

The traveller saw nothing of this. He asked a second time:

"Is dinner ready?"

"Yes; in a few moments," said the host.

The boy came back with the paper. The host unfolded it hurriedly, as one who is expecting an answer. He seemed to read with attention, then, throwing his head on one side, thought for a moment. Then he took a step toward the traveller, who seemed drowned in troublous thought.

"Monsieur," said he, "I cannot receive you."

The traveller half rose from his seat:

"Why? Are you afraid I shall not pay you, or do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you."

"It is not that."

"What, then?"

"You have money—"

"Yes," said the man.

"And I," said the host—"I have no room."

"Well, put me in the stable," quietly replied the man.

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because the horses take all the room."

"Well," responded the man, "a corner in the garret—a truss of straw. We will see about that after dinner."

"I cannot give you any dinner."

This declaration, made in a measured but firm tone, appeared serious to the traveller. He got up:

"Ah, bah! but I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise; I have travelled twelve leagues. I will pay, and I want something to eat."

"I have nothing," said the host.

The man burst into a laugh and turned toward the fireplace and the ranges:

"Nothing! and all that?"

"All that is engaged."

"By whom?"

"By those persons, the wagoners."

"How many are there of them?"

"Twelve."

"There is enough there for twenty."

"They have engaged and paid for it all in advance."

The man sat down again and said, without raising his voice,

"I am at an inn. I am hungry, and I shall stay."

The host bent down to his ear and said in a voice which made him tremble,

"Go away!"

At these words the traveller, who was bent over, poking some embers in the fire with the iron-shod end of his stick, turned suddenly around and opened his mouth as if to reply, when the host, looking steadily at him, added in the same low tone:

"Stop! no more of that. Shall I tell you your name? Your name is Jean Valjean.

Now shall I tell you *who* you are? When I saw you enter, I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read?"

So saying, he held toward him the open paper which had just come from the mayor. The man cast a look upon it; the innkeeper, after a short silence, said,

"It is my custom to be polite to all. Go!"

The man bowed his head, picked up his knapsack and went out. He took the principal street; he walked at random, slinking near the houses like a sad and humiliated man. He did not once turn around. If he had turned, he would have seen the innkeeper of the Croix de Colbas, standing in his doorway with all his guests and the passers-by gathered about him, speaking excitedly and pointing him out, and from the looks of fear and distrust which were exchanged he would have guessed that before long his arrival would be the talk of the whole town. He saw nothing of all this. People overwhelmed with trouble do not look behind: they know only too well that misfortune follows them. He walked along in this way some time, going by chance down streets unknown to him, and forgetting fatigue, as is the case in sorrow. Suddenly he felt a pang of hunger; night was at hand, and he looked around to see if he could not discover a lodging. The good inn was closed against him: he sought some humble tavern, some poor cellar.

Just then a light shone at the end of the street; he saw a pine branch hanging by an iron bracket against the white sky of the twilight. He went thither. It was a tavern in the rue Chaffaut.

The traveller stopped a moment and looked in at the little window upon the low hall of the tavern, lighted by a small lamp upon a table and a great fire in the chimney-place. Some men were drinking, and the host was warming himself; an iron pot hung over the fire, seething in the blaze.

Two doors lead into this tavern, which is also a sort of eating-house—one from the street, the other from a small court full of rubbish. The traveller did not dare to enter by the street door; he slipped into the court, stopped again, then timidly raised the latch and pushed open the door.

"Who is it?" said the host.

"One who wants supper and a bed."

"All right; here you can sup and sleep."

He went in; all the men who were drinking turned toward him. The lamp shining on one side of his face, the firelight on the other, they examined him for some time as he was taking off his knapsack.

The host said to him,

"There is the fire; the supper is cooking in the pot. Come and warm yourself, comrade."

He seated himself near the fireplace and stretched his feet out toward the fire, half dead with fatigue. An inviting odor came from the pot. All that could be seen of his face under his slouched cap assumed a vague appearance of comfort, which tempered the sorrowful aspect given him by long-continued suffering. His profile was strong, energetic and sad—a physiognomy strangely marked. At first it appeared hurable, but it soon became severe. His eye shone beneath his eyebrows like a fire beneath a thicket.

However, one of the men at the table was a fisherman who had put up his horse

at the stable of Labarre's inn before entering the tavern of the rue De Chaffaut. It so happened that he had met that same morning this suspicious-looking stranger travelling between Bras d'Asse and—I forget the place: I think it is Escoublon. Now, on meeting him, the man, who seemed already very much fatigued, had asked him to take him on behind, to which the fisherman responded only by doubling his pace. The fisherman, half an hour before, had been one of the throng about Jacquin Labarre, and had himself related his unpleasant meeting with him to the people of the Croix de Colbas. He beckoned to the tavernkeeper to come to him, which he did. They exchanged a few words in a low voice; the traveller had again relapsed into thought.

The tavernkeeper returned to the fire, and, laying his hand roughly on his shoulder, said harshly,

"You are going to clear out from here."

The stranger turned around and said mildly,

"Ah! Do you know?"

"Yes."

"They sent me away from the other inn."

"And we turn you out of this."

"Where would you have me go?"

"Somewhere else."

The man took up his stick and knapsack and went off. As he went out some children who had followed him from the Croix de Colbas and seemed to be waiting for him threw stones at him. He turned angrily and threatened them with his stick, and they scattered like a flock of birds.

He passed the prison. An iron chain hung from the door, attached to a bell; he rang. The grating opened.

"Monsieur Turnkey," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to-night?"

A voice answered,

"A prison is not a tavern. Get yourself arrested, and we will open."

The grating closed.

He went into a small street where there are many gardens; some of them are enclosed only by hedges, which enliven the street. Among them he saw a pretty little one-story house where there was a light in the window. He looked in as he had done at the tavern. It was a large whitewashed room, with a bed draped with calico, and a cradle in the corner, some wooden chairs, and a double-barrelled gun hung against the wall. A table was set in the centre of the room; a brass lamp lighted the coarse white tablecloth; a tin mug full of wine shone like silver, and the brown soup-dish was smoking. At this table sat a man about forty years old, with a joyous, open countenance, who was trotting a little child upon his knee; near by him a young woman was nursing another child. The father was laughing, the child was laughing and the mother was smiling.

The traveller remained a moment contemplating this sweet and touching scene. What were his thoughts? He only could have told; probably he thought that this happy home would be hospitable, and that where he beheld so much happiness he might perhaps find a little pity.

He rapped faintly on the window; no one heard him. He rapped a second time; he heard the woman say,

"Husband, I think I hear some one rap."

"No," replied the husband.

He rapped a third time.

The husband got up, took the lamp and opened the door. He was a tall man, half peasant, half mechanic. He wore a large leather apron that reached to his left shoulder and formed a pocket, containing a hammer, a red handkerchief, a powder-horn, and all sorts of things, which the girdle held up. He turned his head; his shirt, wide and open, showed his bull-like throat, white and naked. He had thick brows, enormous black whiskers and prominent eyes; the lower part of the face was covered, and had, withal, that air of being at home which is quite indescribable.

"Monsieur," said the traveller, "I beg your pardon. For pay can you give me a plate of soup and a corner of the shed in your garden to sleep in? Tell me; can you, for pay?"

"Who are you?" demanded the master of the house.

The man replied:

"I have come from Puy-Moisson; I have walked all day; I have come twelve leagues. Can you, if I pay?"

"I wouldn't refuse to lodge any proper person who would pay," said the peasant; "but why do you not go to the inn?"

"There is no room."

"Bah! That is not possible. It is neither a fair- nor a market-day. Have you been to Labarre's house?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

The traveller replied hesitatingly:

"I don't know; he didn't take me?"

"Have you been to that place in the rue Chaffaut?"

The embarrassment of the stranger increased; he stammered:

"They didn't take me, either."

The peasant's face assumed an expression of distrust; he looked over the new-comer from head to foot, and suddenly exclaimed, with a sort of shudder,

"Are you the man?"

He looked again at the stranger, stepped back, put the lamp on the table and took down his gun. His wife, on hearing the words, "Are you the man?" started up, and, clasping her two children, precipitately took refuge behind her husband; she looked at the stranger with affright, her neck bare, her eyes dilated, murmuring in a low tone:

"*Tso maraude!*"*

All this happened in less time than it takes to read it.

After examining the man for a moment as one would a viper, the man advanced to the door and said,

"Get out!"

"For pity's sake, a glass of water," said the man.

"A gun-shot," said the peasant; and then he closed the door violently, and the man heard two heavy bolts drawn. A moment afterward the window-shutters were shut and noisily barred.

Night came on apace; the cold Alpine winds were blowing. By the light of the expiring day the stranger perceived in one of the gardens which fronted the street a kind of hut which seemed to be made of turf; he boldly cleared a wooden fence, and found himself in the garden. He neared the hut; its door was a narrow, low entrance; it resembled in its construction the

shanties which the road-laborers put up for their temporary accommodation. He doubtless thought that it was, in fact, the lodging of a road-laborer. He was suffering both from cold and hunger; he had resigned himself to the latter, but there at least was a shelter from the cold. These huts are not usually occupied at night. He got down and crawled into the hut; it was warm there, and he found a good bed of straw. He rested a moment upon this bed, motionless from fatigue; then, as his knapsack on his back troubled him and it would make a good pillow, he began to unbuckle the straps. Just then he heard a ferocious growling, and, looking up, saw the head of an enormous bull-dog at the opening of the hut. It was a dog-kennel! He was himself vigorous and formidable. Seizing his stick, he made a shield of his knapsack, and got out of the hut as best he could, but not without enlarging the rents of his already tattered garments. He made his way, also, out of the garden, but backward, being obliged, out of respect to the dog, to have recourse to that kind of manœuvre with his stick which adepts in this sort of fencing call *la rose couverte*.

When he had, not without difficulty, got over the fence, he again found himself alone in the street, without lodging, roof or shelter, driven even from the straw bed of that wretched dog-kennel. He threw himself rather than seated himself on a stone, and it appears that some one who was passing heard him exclaim, "I am not even a dog!" Then he arose and began to tramp again, taking his way out of the town, hoping to find some tree or haystack beneath which he could shelter himself. He walked on for

* Patois of the French Alps, "*chat de maraude*."

some time, his head bowed down. When he thought he was far away from all human habitation, he raised his eyes and looked about him inquiringly. He was in a field; before him was a low hillock covered with stubble, which after the harvest looks like a shaved head. The sky was very dark; it was not simply the darkness of night, but there were very low clouds which seemed to rest upon the hills and covered the whole heavens. A little of the twilight, however, lingered in the zenith; and, as the moon was about to rise, these clouds formed in mid-heaven a vault of whitish light, from which a glimmer fell upon the earth. The earth was then lighter than the sky, which produces a peculiarly sinister effect, and the hill, poor and mean in contour, loomed out dim and pale upon the gloomy horizon: the whole prospect was hideous, mean, lugubrious and insignificant. There was nothing in the field nor upon the hill but one ugly tree, a few steps from the traveller, which seemed to be twisting and contorting itself.

This man was evidently far from possessing those delicate perceptions of intelligence and feeling which produce a sensitiveness to the mysterious aspects of nature; still, there was in the sky, in this hillock, plain and tree, something so profoundly desolate that after a moment of motionless contemplation he turned back hastily to the road. There are moments when Nature appears hostile. He retraced his steps; the gates of D—— were closed. D——, which sustained sieges in the religious wars, was still surrounded in 1815 by old walls flanked by square towers, since demolished. He passed through a breach and entered the town. It

was about eight o'clock in the evening; as he did not know the streets, he walked at hazard. So he came to the prefecture, then to the seminary; on passing by the cathedral square, he shook his fist at the church. At the corner of this square stands a printing-office; there were first printed the proclamations of the emperor and the imperial guard to the army, brought from the island of Elba and dictated by Napoleon himself. Exhausted with fatigue and hoping for nothing better, he lay down on a stone bench in front of this printing-office.

Just then an old woman came out of the church. She saw the man lying there in the dark, and said,

"What are you doing there, my friend?"

He replied harshly and with anger in his tone:

"You see, my good woman, I am going to sleep."

The good woman, who really merited the name, was Madame la Marquise de R——.

"Upon the bench?" said she.

"For nineteen years I have had a wooden mattress," said the man: "to-night I have a stone one."

"You have been a soldier?"

"Yes, my good woman, a soldier."

"Why don't you go to the inn?"

"Because I have no money."

"Alas!" said Madame de R——; "I have only four sous in my purse."

"Give them, then."

The man took the four sous, and Madame de R—— continued:

"You cannot find lodging for so little in an inn. But have you tried? You cannot pass the night so. You must be cold

and hungry. They should give you lodging for charity."

"I have knocked at every door."

"Well, what then?"

"Everybody has driven me away."

The good woman touched the man's arm and pointed out to him, on the other side of the square, a little low house beside the bishop's palace.

"You have knocked at every door?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you knocked at that one there?"

"No."

"Knock there."

PRUDENCE COMMENDED TO WISDOM.

That evening after his walk in the town, the bishop of D—— remained quite late in his room. He was busy with his great work on duty, which, unfortunately, is left incomplete. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing, with some inconvenience, on little slips of paper, with a large book open on his knees, when Madame Magloire, as usual, came in to take the silver from the panel near the bed. A moment after, the bishop, knowing that the table was laid, and that his sister was perhaps waiting, closed his book and went into the dining-room. This dining-room was an oblong apartment with a fireplace, and with a door upon the street and a window opening into the garden.

Madame Magloire had just finished placing the plates. While she was arranging the table, she was talking with Mademoiselle Baptistine. The lamp was on the table, which was near the fireplace, where a good fire was burning.

Just as the bishop entered, Madame Magloire was speaking with some warmth. She was talking to mademoiselle upon a familiar subject, and one to which the bishop was quite accustomed. It was a discussion on the means of fastening the front door.

It seems that while Madame Magloire was out making provision for supper she had heard the news in sundry places. There was talk that an ill-favored runaway, a suspicious vagabond, had arrived and was lurking somewhere in the town, and that some unpleasant adventures might befall those who should come home late that night; besides, that the police was very bad, as the prefect and the mayor did not like one another and were hoping to injure each other by untoward events; that it was the part of wise people to be their own police and to protect their own persons; and that every one ought to be careful to shut up, bolt and bar his house properly and secure his doors thoroughly.

Madame Magloire dwelt upon these last words, but the bishop, having come from a cold room, seated himself before the fire and began to warm himself; and then he was thinking of something else. He did not hear a word of what was let fall by Madame Magloire, and she repeated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, endeavoring to satisfy Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say timidly,

"Brother, do you hear what Madame Magloire says?"

"I heard something of it indistinctly," said the bishop. Then, turning his chair half round, putting his hands on his knees and raising toward the old servant his cordial and good-humored face, which the fire-

light shone upon, he said, "Well, well! what is the matter? Are we in any great danger?"

Then Madame Magloire began her story again, unconsciously exaggerating it a little. It appeared that a barefooted gipsy man, a sort of dangerous beggar, was in the town. He had gone for lodging to Jacquin Labarre, who had refused to receive him; he had been seen to enter the town by the boulevard Gassendi, and to roam through the streets at dusk. A man with a knapsack and a rope and a terrible-looking face.

"Indeed?" said the bishop.

This readiness to question her encouraged Madame Magloire; it seemed to indicate that the bishop was really wellnigh alarmed. She continued triumphantly:

"Yes, monseigneur; it is true. There will something happen to-night in the town: everybody says so. The police is so badly organized" (a convenient repetition). "To live in this mountainous country, and not even to have street-lamps! If one goes out, it is dark as a pocket. And I say, monseigneur, and mademoiselle says also—"

"Me?" interrupted the sister; "I say nothing. Whatever my brother does is well done."

Madame Magloire went on as if she had not heard this protestation:

"We say that this house is not safe at all; and if monseigneur will permit me, I will go and tell Paulin Musebois, the locksmith, to come and put the old bolts in the door again; they are there, and it will take but a minute. I say we must have bolts, were it only for to-night; for I say that a door which opens by a latch on the outside to the first comer—nothing could be more

horrible. And then monseigneur has the habit of always saying 'Come in!' even at midnight. But my goodness! there is no need even to ask leave—"

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door opened. It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by some one boldly and with energy.

A man entered. That man we know already; it was the traveller we have seen wandering about in search of a lodging. He came in, took one step and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, tired and fierce look in his eyes, as seen by the fire-light. He was hideous. It was an apparition of ill omen.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to scream. She stood trembling, with her mouth open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned, saw the man enter and started up half alarmed; then, slowly turning back again toward the fire, she looked at her brother, and her face resumed its usual calmness and serenity.

The bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye. As he was opening his mouth to speak, doubtless to ask the stranger what he wanted, the man, leaning with both hands on his club, glanced from one to another in turn, and without waiting for the bishop to speak said in a loud voice,

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier, which is

my destination; during those four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office, as was necessary. I went to another inn; they said, 'Get out!' It was the same with one as with another; nobody would have me. I went to the prison, and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog-kennel: the dog bit me, and drove me away as if he had been a man; you would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields to sleep beneath the stars. There were no stars. I thought it would rain, and there was no good God to stop the drops; so I came back to the town to get the shelter of some doorway. There in the square I lay down upon a stone; a good woman showed me your house and said, 'Knock there.' I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money—my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous—which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money. I am very tired—twelve leagues on foot—and I am so hungry. Can I stay?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, as if he had not been understood; "not that. Did you understand me? I am a galley-slave—a convict; I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "There is my

passport—yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? I know how to read, I do; I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who care for it. See, here is what they have put in the passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, native of —,' you don't care for that, 'has been nineteen years in the galleys—five years for burglary, fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous.' There! you have it. Everybody has thrust me out; will you receive me? Is this an inn? Can you give me something to eat and a place to sleep? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire went out to fulfil her orders.

The bishop turned to the man:

"Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself. We are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

At last the man quite understood; his face, the expression of which till then had been gloomy and hard, now expressed stupefaction, doubt and joy, and became absolutely wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman:

"True? What! You will keep me? You won't drive me away? A convict! You call me 'monsieur' and don't say 'Get out, dog!' as everybody else does. I thought that you would send me away, so I told first off who I am. Oh the fine woman who sent me here! I shall have a supper, a bed like other people, with mattress and sheets. A bed! It is nineteen years that I have not

slept on a bed. You are really willing that I should stay? You are good people. Besides, I have money: I will pay well,—I beg your pardon, Monsieur Innkeeper; what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, ain't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money? You are the curé, ain't you—the curé of this big church? Yes, that's it. How stupid I am! I didn't notice your cap."

While speaking he had deposited his knapsack and stick in the corner, replaced his passport in his pocket and sat down. Mademoiselle Baptistine looked at him pleasantly. He continued:

"You are humane, Monsieur Curé; you don't despise me. A good priest is a good thing. Then you don't want me to pay you?"

"No," said the bishop; "keep your money. How much have you? You said a hundred and nine francs, I think."

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" The bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued:

"I have all my money yet. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous, which I earned by unloading wagons at Grasse. As you are an abbé, I must tell you we have an almoner in the galleys. And then one day I saw a bishop—'mon-

seigneur,' they called him. It was the bishop of Mojore, from Marseilles. He is the curé who is over the curés. You see—Beg pardon: how I bungle saying it! but for me it is so far off! You know what we are. He said mass in the centre of the place, on an altar; he had a pointed gold thing on his head that shone in the sun; it was noon. We were drawn up in line on three sides, with cannons and matches lighted before us. We could not see him well. He spoke to us, but he was not near enough; we did not understand him. That is what a bishop is."

While he was talking the bishop shut the door, which he had left wide open,

Madame Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put this plate as near the fire as you can." Then, turning toward his guest, he added, "The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Every time he said this word "monsieur" with his gently solemn and heartily hospitable voice, the man's countenance lighted up. "Monsieur" to a convict is as a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"The lamp," said the bishop, "gives a very poor light."

Madame Magloire understood him, and, going to his bedchamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"Monsieur Curé," said the man, "you are good; you don't despise me. You take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I come from and how miserable I am."

The bishop, who was sitting near him, touched his hand gently and said,

"You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house: it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty: be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the home of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment:

"Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop; "your name is my brother."

"Stop, stop, Monsieur Curé!" exclaimed the man. "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said,

"You have seen much suffering?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's crew, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs—the dogs are happier. Nineteen years! and I am forty-six. And now a yellow passport. That is all."

"Yes," answered the bishop; "you have left a place of suffering. But listen: there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger

against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good-will, gentleness and peace, you are better than any of us."

Meantime, Madame Magloire had served up supper; it consisted of soup made of water, oil, bread and salt, a little pork, a scrap of mutton, a few figs, a green cheese and a large loaf of rye bread. She had, without asking, added to the usual dinner of the bishop a bottle of fine old Mauves wine.

The bishop's countenance was lighted up with the expression of pleasure peculiar to hospitable natures.

"To supper!" he said, briskly, as was his habit when he had a guest.

He seated the man at his right; Mademoiselle Baptistine, perfectly quiet and natural, took her place at his left. The bishop said the blessing, and then served the soup himself, according to his usual custom. The man fell to, eating greedily.

Suddenly the bishop said,

"It seems to me something is lacking on the table."

The fact was that Madame Magloire had set out only the three plates which were necessary. Now, it was the custom of the house, when the bishop had any one to supper, to set all six of the silver plates on the table—an innocent display. This graceful appearance of luxury was a sort of child-likeness which was full of charm in this gentle but austere household, which elevated poverty to dignity.

Madame Magloire understood the remark; without a word she went out, and a moment afterward the three plates for which the bishop had asked were shining on the cloth, symmetrically arranged before each of three guests.

THE DAIRIES OF PONTARLIER.

Now, in order to give an idea of what passed at this table, we cannot do better than to transcribe here a passage in a letter from Mademoiselle Baptistine to Madame de Boischevron, in which the conversation between the convict and the bishop is related with charming minuteness: "This man paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. After supper, however, he said,

" 'Monsieur Curé, all this is too good for me, but I must say that the wagoners who wouldn't have me eat with them live better than you.'

" 'Between us, the remark shocked me a little. My brother answered,

" 'They are more fatigued than I am.'

" 'No,' responded this man; 'they have more money. You are poor, I can see. Perhaps you are not a curé even. Are you only a curé? Ah! if God is just, you well deserve to be a curé.'

" 'God is more than just,' said my brother.

"A moment after he added:

" 'Monsieur Jean Valjean, you are going to Pontarlier?'

" 'A compulsory journey.'

"I am pretty sure that is the expression the man used. Then he continued:

" 'I must be on the road to-morrow morning by daybreak. It is a hard journey. If the nights are cold, the days are warm.'

" 'You are going,' said my brother, 'to a fine country. During the Revolution, when my family was ruined, I took refuge at first in Franche-Comté, and supported myself there for some time by the labor of my hands. There I found plenty of work, and had only to make my choice. There are

paper-mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil-factories, large clock-making establishments, steel-manufactories, copper-foundries, at least twenty iron-foundries, four of which—at Lods, Châtillon, Audincourt and Beure—are very large.'

"I think I am not mistaken, and that these are the names that my brother mentioned! Then he broke off and addressed me:

" 'Dear sister, have we not relatives in that part of the country?'

"I answered:

" 'We had—among others Monsieur Lucenet, who was captain of the gates at Pontarlier under the old régime.'

" 'Yes,' replied my brother, 'but in '93 no one had relatives; every one depended upon his hands. I labored. They have in the region of Pontarlier—where you are going, Monsieur Valjean—a business which is quite patriarchal and very charming, sister. It is their dairies, which they call *fruitières*.'

"Then my brother, while helping this man at table, explained to him in detail what these *fruitières* were—that they were divided into two kinds: the *great barns*, belonging to the rich, and where there are forty or fifty cows, which produce from seven to eight thousand cheeses during the summer; and the associated *fruitières*, which belong to the poor: these comprise the peasants inhabiting the mountains, who put their cows into a common herd and divide the proceeds. They hire a cheesemaker, whom they call a *grurin*; the *grurin* receives the milk of the associates three times a day, and notes the quantities in duplicate. Toward the end of April the dairy work commences, and about the middle of June the cheesemakers drive their cows into the mountains.

"The man became animated even while he was eating. My brother gave him some good Mauves wine, which he does not drink himself, because he says it is too dear. My brother gave him all these details with that easy gayety which you know is peculiar to him, intermingling his words with compliments for me. He dwelt much upon the good condition of a *grurin*, as if he wished that this man should understand, without advising him directly and abruptly, that it would be an asylum for him. One thing struck me: this man was what I have told you. Well, my brother, during the supper and during the entire evening, with the exception of a few words about Jesus when he entered, did not say a word which could recall to this man who he himself was, nor indicate to him who my brother was. It was apparently a fine occasion to get in a little sermon, and to set up the bishop above the convict in order to make an impression upon his mind. It would perhaps have appeared to some to be a duty, having this unhappy man in hand, to feed the mind at the same time with the body, and to administer reproof seasoned with morality and advice, or at least a little pity accompanied by an exhortation to conduct himself better in future. My brother asked him neither his country nor his history; for his crime lay in his history, and my brother seemed to avoid everything which could recall it to him. At one time, as my brother was speaking of the mountaineers of Pontarlier, who have a *pleasant labor near heaven*, and *who*, he added, *are happy because they are innocent*, he stopped short, fearing there might have been in this word which had escaped him something which could wound the feelings of this man. Upon reflection, I

think I understand what was passing in my brother's mind. He thought, doubtless, that this man, who called himself Jean Valjean, had his wretchedness too constantly before his mind—that it was best not to distress him by referring to it, and to make him think, if it were only for a moment, that he was a common person like any one else by treating him thus in the ordinary way. Is not this really understanding charity? Is there not, dear madame, something truly evangelical in this delicacy, which abstains from sermonizing, moralizing and making allusions, and is it not the wisest sympathy, when a man has a suffering point, not to touch upon it at all? It seems to me that this was my brother's inmost thought. At any rate, all I can say is, if he had all these ideas, he did not show them even to me: he was, from beginning to end, the same as on other evenings, and he took supper with this Jean Valjean with the same air and manner that he would have supped with Monsieur Gédéon, the provost, or with the curé of the parish.

"Toward the end, as we were at dessert, some one pushed the door open. It was Mother Gerbaud with her child in her arms. My brother kissed the child, and borrowed fifteen *sous* that I had with me to give to Mother Gerbaud. The man, during this time, paid but little attention to what passed. He did not speak and appeared to be very tired. The poor old lady left, and my brother said grace, after which he turned toward this man and said,

" 'You must be in great need of sleep.'

"Madame Magloire quickly removed the cloth. I understood that we ought to retire in order that this traveller might sleep, and

we both went to our rooms. However, in a few moments afterward, I sent Madame Magloire to put on the bed of this man a roebuck skin from the Black Forest which is in my chamber. The nights are quite cold, and this skin retains the warmth. It is a pity that it is quite old and all the hair is gone. My brother bought it when he was in Germany, at Totlingen, near the sources of the Danube, as also the little ivory-handled knife which I use at table.

"Madame Magloire came back immediately. We said our prayers in the parlor which we use as a drying-room, and then we retired to our chambers without saying a word."

TRANQUILLITY.

After having said good-night to his sister, Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him,

"Monsieur, I will show you to your room."

The man followed him.

The house was so arranged that one could reach the alcove in the oratory only by passing through the bishop's sleeping-chamber. Just as they were passing through this room Madame Magloire was putting up the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest in the alcove, before a clean white bed. The man sat down the candlestick upon a small table.

"Come!" said the bishop; "a good night's rest to you. To-morrow morning, before you go, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the man.

Scarcely had he pronounced these words of peace when suddenly he made a singular motion which would have chilled the two good women of the house with horror had they witnessed it. Even now it is hard for us to understand what impulse he obeyed at that moment. Did he intend to give a warning or to throw out a menace? Or was he simply obeying a sort of instinctive impulse obscure even to himself? He turned abruptly toward the old man, crossed his arms, and, casting a wild look upon his host, exclaimed in a harsh voice,

"Ah, now, indeed! You lodge me in your house, as near you as that?" He checked himself, and added, with a laugh in which there was something horrible, "Have you reflected upon it? Who tells you that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop responded:

"God will take care of that."

Then, with gravity, moving his lips like one praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and blessed the man, who, however, did not bow, and without turning his head or looking behind him went into his chamber.

When the alcove was occupied, a heavy serge curtain was drawn in the oratory, concealing the altar. Before this curtain the bishop knelt as he passed out, and offered a short prayer. A moment afterward he was walking in the garden, surrendering mind and soul to a dreamy contemplation of those grand and mysterious works of God which night makes visible to the eye.

As to the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets; he blew out the candle with his nostril, after the manner of

convicts, and fell on the bed, dressed as he was, into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop came back to his chamber. A few moments afterward all in the house slept.

THE MAN AWAKES

As the cathedral clock struck two Jean Valjean awoke. What awakened him was too good a bed. For nearly twenty years he had not slept in a bed, and, although he had not undressed, the sensation was too novel not to disturb his sleep. He had slept something more than four hours. His fatigue had passed away: he was not accustomed to give many hours to repose.

He opened his eyes and looked for a moment into the obscurity about him. He was in one of those moods in which the ideas we have in our minds are perturbed. There was a kind of vague ebb and flow in his brain. His oldest and his latest memories floated about pell-mell and crossed each other confusedly, losing their own shapes, swelling beyond measure, then disappearing all at once, as if in a muddy and troubled stream. Many thoughts came to him, but there was one which continually presented itself, and which drove away all others. What that thought was we shall tell directly. He had noticed the six silver plates and the large ladle that Madame Magloire had put on the table. Those six silver plates took possession of him. There they were, within a few steps. At the very moment that he passed through the middle room to reach the one he was now in, the old servant was placing them in a little cupboard at the head of the bed. He had marked that cupboard well—on the right, coming from the dining-

room. They were solid, and old silver. With the big ladle, they would bring at least two hundred francs—double what he had got for nineteen years' labor. True, he would have got more if the *government* had not *robbed* him.

His mind wavered a whole hour, and a long one, in fluctuation and in struggle. The clock struck three. He opened his eyes, rose up hastily in bed, reached out his arm and felt his haversack, which he had put into the corner of the alcove; then he thrust out his legs and placed his feet on the ground, and found himself, he knew not how, seated on his bed. He remained for some time lost in thought in that attitude, which would have had a rather ominous look had any one seen him there in the dusk, he only awake in the slumbering house. All at once he stooped down, took off his shoes and put them softly upon the mat in front of the bed; then he resumed his thinking posture and was still again. In that hideous meditation the ideas which we have been pointing out troubled his brain without ceasing, entered, departed, returned and became a sort of weight upon him; and then he thought, too—he knew not why, and with that mechanical obstinacy that belongs to reverie—of a convict named Brevet whom he had known in the galleys, and whose trowsers were only held up by a single knit cotton suspender. The checked pattern of that suspender came continually before his mind.

He continued in this situation, and would perhaps have remained there until daybreak if the clock had not struck the quarter or the half hour. The clock seemed to say to him: "Come along!" He rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment longer and listened;

all was still in the house. He walked straight and cautiously toward the window, which he could discern. The night was not very dark; there was a full moon, across which large clouds were driving before the wind. This produced alternations of light and shade—out of doors eclipses and illuminations, and in doors a kind of glimmer. This glimmer—enough to enable him to find his way—changing with the passing clouds, resembled that sort of livid light which falls through the window of a dungeon before which men are passing and repassing.

On reaching the window, Jean Valjean examined it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened, according to the fashion of the country, with a little wedge only. He opened it; but, as the cold, keen air rushed into the room, he closed it again immediately. He looked into the garden with that absorbed look which studies rather than sees. The garden was enclosed with a white wall, quite low and readily scaled. Beyond, against the sky, he distinguished the tops of trees at equal distances apart, which showed that this wall separated the garden from an avenue or a lane planted with trees. When he had taken this observation, he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his haversack, opened it, fumbled in it, took out something which he laid upon the bed, put his shoes into one of his pockets, tied up his bundle, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap and pulled the visor down over his eyes, felt for his stick and went and put it in the corner of the window, then returned to the bed and resolutely took up the object which he had laid on it. It looked like a short iron bar pointed at one end like a spear.

It would have been hard to distinguish in the darkness for what use this piece of iron had been made. Could it be a lever? Could it be a club? In the daytime it would have been seen to be nothing but a miner's drill. At that time the convicts were sometimes employed in quarrying stone on the high hills that surround Toulon, and they often had miners' tools in their possession. Miners' drills are of solid iron, terminating at the lower end in a point, by means of which they are sunk into the rock. He took the drill in his right hand, and, holding his breath, with stealthy steps he moved toward the door of the next room, which was the bishop's. On reaching the door, he found it unlatched: the bishop had not closed it.

WHAT HE DOES.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound. He pushed the door. He pushed it lightly with the end of his finger with the stealthy and timorous carefulness of a cat. The door yielded to the pressure with a silent imperceptible movement, which made the opening a little wider. He waited a moment, and then pushed the door again more boldly. It yielded gradually and silently. The opening was now wide enough for him to pass through; but there was a small table near the door, with which it formed a troublesome angle and which barred the entrance. Jean Valjean saw the obstacle. At all hazards the opening must be made still wider. He so determined, and pushed the door a third time, harder than before. This time a rusty hinge suddenly sent out into the darkness a harsh and prolonged creak. Jean Valjean shivered. The noise of this hinge sounded in his ears as clear and terrible as the trum-

pet of the judgment-day. In the fantastic exaggeration of the first moment he almost imagined that this hinge had become animate and suddenly endowed with a terrible life, and that it was barking like a dog to warn everybody and rouse the sleepers. He stopped, shuddering and distracted, and dropped from his tip-toes to his feet. He felt the pulses of his temples beat like trip-hammers, and it appeared to him that his breath came from his chest with the roar of wind from a cavern. It seemed impossible that the horrible sound of this incensed hinge had not shaken the whole house with the shock of an earthquake: the door pushed by him had taken the alarm, and had called out; the old man would arise; the two old women would scream; help would come; in a quarter of an hour the town would be alive with it and the *gen-d'armes* in pursuit. For a moment he thought he was lost. He stood still, petrified like the pillar of salt, not daring to stir. Some minutes passed. The door was wide open; he ventured a look into the room. Nothing had moved. He listened. Nothing was stirring in the house. The noise of the rusty hinge had wakened nobody. This first danger was over, but still he felt within him a frightful tumult. Nevertheless, he did not flinch. Not even when he thought he was lost had he flinched. His only thought was to make an end of it quickly. He took one step and was in the room.

A deep calm filled the chamber. Here and there indistinct, confused forms could be distinguished, which by day were papers scattered over a table, open folios, books piled on a stool, an arm-chair with clothes on it, a *prie-Dieu*, but now were only dark corners and whitish spots. Jean Valjean

advanced, carefully avoiding the furniture. At the farther end of the room he could hear the equal and quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop. Suddenly he stopped. He was near the bed; he had reached it sooner than he thought.

Nature sometimes joins her effects and her appearances to our acts with a sort of serious and intelligent appropriateness, as if she would compel us to reflect. For nearly a half hour a great cloud had darkened the sky. At the moment when Jean Valjean paused before the bed the cloud broke, as if purposely, and a ray of moonlight, crossing the high window, suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. He was almost entirely dressed, though in bed, on account of the cold nights of the lower Alps, with a dark woollen garment which covered his arms to the wrists. His head had fallen on the pillow in the unstudied attitude of slumber; over the side of the bed hung his hand, ornamented with the pastoral ring, and which had done so many good deeds, so many pious acts. His entire countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope and happiness. It was more than a smile, and almost a radiance. On his forehead rested the indescribable reflection of an unseen light. The souls of the upright in sleep have vision of a mysterious heaven. A reflection from this heaven shone upon the bishop. But it was also a luminous transparency, for this heaven was within him: this heaven was his conscience. At the instant when the moonbeam overlay, so to speak, this inward radiance, the sleeping bishop appeared as if in a halo. But it was very mild and veiled in an ineffable twilight. The moon in the sky, nature drowsing, the garden without a pulse, the quiet house, the

hour, the moment, the silence, added something strangely solemn and unutterable to the venerable repose of this man, and enveloped his white locks and his closed eyes with a serene and majestic glory—this face where all was hope and confidence, this old man's head and infant's slumber. There was something of divinity almost in this man, thus unconsciously august.

Jean Valjean was in the shadow with the iron drill in his hand, erect, motionless, terrified, at this radiant figure. He had never seen anything comparable to it. This confidence filled him with fear. The moral world has no greater spectacle than this—a troubled and restless conscience, on the verge of committing an evil deed, contemplating the sleep of a good man. This sleep, in this solitude, with a neighbor such as he, contained a touch of the sublime which he felt vaguely but powerfully. None could have told what was within him, not even himself. To attempt to realize it, the utmost violence must be imagined in the presence of the most extreme mildness. In his face nothing could be distinguished with certainty. It was a sort of haggard astonishment. He saw it, that was all. But what were his thoughts? It would have been impossible to guess. It was clear that he was moved and agitated. But of what nature was this emotion? He did not remove his eyes from the old man. The only thing which was plain from his attitude and his countenance was a strange indecision. You would have said he was hesitating between two realms—that of the doomed, and that of the saved. He appeared ready either to cleave this skull or to kiss this hand. In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off

his hat; then, letting his hand fall with the same slowness, Jean Valjean resumed his contemplations, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right and his hair bristling on his fierce-looking head. Under this frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profoundest peace. The crucifix above the mantel-piece was dimly visible in the moonlight, apparently extending its arms toward both, with a benediction for one and a pardon for the other.

Suddenly, Jean Valjean put on his cap, then passed quickly, without looking at the bishop, along the bed, straight to the cupboard which he perceived near its head. He raised the drill to force the lock; the key was in it: he opened it. The first thing he saw was the basket of silver; he took it, crossed the room with hasty stride, careless of noise, reached the door, entered the oratory, took his stick, stepped out, put the silver in his knapsack, threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

THE BISHOP AT WORK.

The next day, at sunrise, Monseigneur Bienvenu was walking in the garden. Madame Magloire ran toward him quite beside herself.

"Monseigneur, monseigneur!" cried she; "does Your Greatness know where the silver-basket is?"

"Yes," said the bishop.

"God be praised!" said she; "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just found the basket on a flower-bed. He gave it to Madame Magloire and said,

"There it is."

"Yes," said she, "but there is nothing in it. The silver?"

"Ah!" said the bishop; "it is the silver, then, that troubles you? I do not know where that is."

"Good heavens! it is stolen. That man who came last night stole it;" and in the twinkling of an eye, with all the agility of which her age was capable, Madame Magloire ran to the oratory, went into the alcove and came back to the bishop.

The bishop was bending with some sadness over a cochlearia Des Guillons, which the basket had broken in falling. He looked up at Madame Magloire's cry:

"Monseigneur, the man has gone! The silver is stolen!" While she was uttering this exclamation her eyes fell on an angle of the garden where she saw traces of an escalade. A capstone of the wall had been thrown down. "See, there is where he got out; he jumped into Cocheffet lane. The abominable fellow! he has stolen our silver!"

The bishop was silent for a moment; then, raising his serious eyes, he said mildly to Madame Magloire,

"Now, first, did this silver belong to us?"

Madame Magloire did not answer.

After a moment the bishop continued:

"Madame Magloire, I have for a long time wrongfully withheld this silver: it belonged to the poor. Who was this man? A poor man, evidently."

"Alas, alas!" returned Madame Magloire; "it is not on my account or mademoiselle's—it is all the same to us—but it is on yours, monseigneur. What is monsieur going to eat from now?"

The bishop looked at her with amazement:

"How so? Have we no tin plates?"

Madame Magloire shrugged her shoulders:

"Tin smells."

"Well, then, iron plates."

Madame Magloire made an expressive gesture:

"Iron tastes."

"Well," said the bishop, "then wooden plates."

In a few minutes he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat the night before. While breakfasting, Monseigneur Bienvenu pleasantly remarked to his sister, who said nothing, and Madame Magloire, who was grumbling to herself, that there was really no need even of a wooden spoon or fork to dip a piece of bread into a cup of milk."

"Was there ever such an idea?" said Madame Magloire to herself as she went backward and forward. "To take in a man like that, and to give him a bed beside him! and yet what a blessing it was that he did nothing but steal! Oh my stars! it makes the chills run over me when I think of it!"

Just as the brother and sister were rising from the table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gen-d'armes; the fourth, Jean Valjean.

A brigadier of gen-d'armes, who appeared to head the group, was near the door. He advanced toward the bishop, giving a military salute.

"Monseigneur," said he.

At this word Jean Valjean, who was sullen and seemed entirely cast down, raised his head with a stupefied air.

"Monseigneur!" he murmured. "Then it is not the curé!"

"Silence!" said a gen-d'arme. "It is monseigneur the bishop."

In the mean time Monsieur Bienvenu had approached as quickly as his great age permitted.

"Ah! there you are!" said he, looking toward Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring two hundred francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression which no human tongue could describe.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was true? We met him. He was going like a man who was running away, and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop, with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," replied the bishop.

The gen-d'armes released Jean Valjean, who shrank back.

"Is it true that they let me go?" he said, in a voice almost inarticulate, as if he were speaking in his sleep.

"Yes; you can go. Do you not understand?" said a gen-d'arme.

"My friend," said the bishop, "before you go away, here are your candlesticks: take them."

He went to the mantel-piece, took the two candlesticks and brought them to Jean Valjean. The two women beheld the action without a word or gesture or look that might disturb the bishop.

Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically and with a wild appearance.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace. By the way, my friend, when you come again, you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, day or night."

Then, turning to the gen-d'armes, he said, "Messieurs, you can retire."

The gen-d'armes withdrew.

Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint. The bishop approached him and said in a low voice,

"Forget not—never forget—that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of this promise, stood confounded. The bishop had laid much stress upon these words as he uttered them. He continued solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

Translation of CHARLES E. WILBOUR
for G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE GOLD BUG.

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the tarantula.

ALL IN THE WRONG.



ANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family and had once been wealthy, but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea-sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the main land by a scarcely perceptible creek oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted during the summer by fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point and a line of hard white beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the

sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burdening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship, for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles in quest of shells or entomological specimens: his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdam. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced neither by threats nor by promises to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy into Jupiter

with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks, my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and repassage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and, getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of mine hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a scarabæus which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze and wishing the whole tribe of scarabæi at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand; "but it's so long since I saw you. And how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night, of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and very foolishly I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jupiter down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation."

"What? Sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no! The bug. It is of a brilliant gold color, about the size of a large hickory-nut, with two jet-black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The antennæ are—"

"Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a-tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep' him wing. Neber feel half so heavy a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jupiter," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded; "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit. But of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the mean time, I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none. "Never mind," said he at length; "this will answer;" and he drew from his waistcoat-pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and

made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly.

When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well," I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange scarabæus, I must confess. New to me. Never saw anything like it before, unless it was a skull or a death's-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under my observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand. "Oh yes! Well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth. And then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I. "But, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled; "I draw tolerably—*should* do it, at least. Have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a block-head."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking, then," said I. "This is a very passable skull—indeed, I may say that it is a very

excellent skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your scarabæus must be the queerest scarabæus in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *Scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind: there are many similar titles in the *Natural Histories*. But where are the antennæ you spoke of?"

"The antennæ?" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject. "I am sure you must see the antennæ. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have. Still, I don't see them;" and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper. But I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me, and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively no antennæ visible and the whole did bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red; in another, as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing,

however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat-pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor, but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before; but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but as I departed he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit at Charleston from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? How is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it! Him neber 'plain of nothin,' but him bery sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter! Why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he ain't; he ain't 'find nowhar. Dat's just whar de shoe pinch. My mind is got to be bery hebby 'bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick: hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to git mad about de matter. Massa Will say noffin' at all ain't de matter wid him, but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up and as white as a gose? And den he keep a-syphon all de time—"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a-syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I eber did see. Ise gittin' to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye 'pon him 'noovers. T'odder day he gib me slip 'fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beatin' when he did come, but Ise such a fool dat I hadn't de heart, arter all, he look so bery poorly."

"Eh? What? Ah yes! Upon the whole, I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow. Don't flog him, Jupiter: he can't very well stand it. But can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey ain't bin noffin' onpleasant *since* den: 'twas 'fore den, I'm 'feared. 'Twas de bery day you was dare."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug. Dar, now!"

"The what?"

"De bug. I'm bery sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere 'bout de head by dat goole bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I neber did see sich a deuced bug. He kick and he bite eberyting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go 'gin mighty quick, I tell you. Den was de tinie he must ha' got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff myself, nohow, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I wrap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff. Dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin' about it: I nose it. What make him dream 'bout de goole so much, if 'tain't 'cause he bit by de goole bug? Ise heerd 'bout dem goole bugs 'fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? Why, 'cause he talk about it in he sleep: dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"MY DEAR ——:

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish

as to take offence at any little *brusquerie* of mine? But no; that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me almost beyond endurance by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it? He had prepared a huge stick the other day with which to chastise me for giving him the slip and spending the day *solus* among the hills on the main land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can in any way make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could he possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had at length fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in

the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will 'sis' 'pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for 'em."

"But what, in the name of all that's mysterious, is your Massa Will going to do with scythe and spades?"

"Dat's more'n I know, and debbil take me if I don't b'lieve 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the scarabæus from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh yes," he replied, coloring violently; "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that scarabæus. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked. "This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile—"to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index.—Jupiter, bring me that scarabæus."

"What! De bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug: you mus' git him for your own self."

Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful scarabæus, and at that time unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle—"I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug."

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell and had bet-

ter use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed; in the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills upon the main land, and in this expedition we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied, "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! But stay! How long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me upon your honor that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business—good God!—settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise. And now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades, the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark-lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the scarabæus, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord, twirling it to and fro with the air of a conjurer as he went. When I observed this last plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy—at least, for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the

island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a north-westerly direction through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision, pausing only for an instant here and there to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines in various directions gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip tree which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter and asked him if he thought he could climb it.

The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa; Jup climb any tree he eber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus' go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go. And here! Stop! Take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will—de goole bug?" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay. "What for mus' tote de bug 'way up de tree? D——n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup—a great big negro like you—to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string; but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance. "Always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin', anyhow. *Me* 'feerd de bug? What I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth the tulip tree, or *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth and often rises to a great height without lat-

eral branches, but in its riper age the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension in the present case lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder as closely as possible with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The risk of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus' go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand.

The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble, ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo:

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Eber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, fibe. I done pass fibe big limb, massa, 'pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard

again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home.

While I was pondering upon what was best to be done Jupiter's voice was again heard:

"Mos' 'feerd for to ventur' 'pon dis limb bery far: 'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a dead limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand, in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail. Done up for sartain. Done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of Heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word; "why, come home and go to bed. Come, now! that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will; hear you eber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it very rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro, in a few moments, "but not so bery rotten as mought be. Mought ventur'

out leetle way 'pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis bery hebby bug. S'pose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel," cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter! do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa; needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well, now listen: if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will, 'deed I is," replied the negro, very promptly. "Mos' out to de end now."

"Out to the end!" here fairly screamed Legrand; "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de end, massa. O-o-o-o-h! Lor' gol a-marcy! what is dis here 'pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, 'tain't nuffin' but a skull. Somebody bin lef' him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say? Very well. How is it fastened to the limb? What holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus' look. Why, dis bery cur'ous sarcumstance, 'pon my word!

Dare's a great big nail in de skull what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well, now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then. Find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! Why, dare ain't no lef' eye at all."

"Curse your stupidity! Do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all 'bout dat: 'tis my lef' hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! You are left-handed, and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is de lef' eye ob de skull 'pon de same side as de lef' hand ob de skull, too? 'cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all. Nebber mind! I got de lef' eye now. Here de lef' eye. What mus' do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it as far as the string will reach, but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole. Look out for him dare below."

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen, but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened like a globe of burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The scarabæus hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen

at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg with great nicety into the ground at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet, Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle about four feet in diameter described. Taking now a spade himself and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and at that particular moment would most willingly have declined it, for the night was coming on and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force, but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the

innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the scarabæus, or perhaps by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas, and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and as the glare fell upon our persons and implements I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who by chance might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said, and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity. Or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand: for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was at length very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one

of his suspenders and then returned with a grave chuckle to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded slowly and reluctantly to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken perhaps a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel!" said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth; "you infernal black villain! Speak, I tell you! Answer me this instant without prevarication: which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will, ain't dis here my lef' eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so! I knew it! Hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! We must go back," said the latter. "The game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip tree. "Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here! Was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?" Here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef' eye, jis' as you tell me;" and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do. We must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking now the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle somewhat larger than in the former instance was now described, and we again set to work with the

spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought or of deliberation—which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking with something that very much resembled expectation for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion.

At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness in the first instance had been evidently but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and as we dug farther three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large

ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bi-chloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back, trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit there flashed upward a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore for some minutes as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunder-stricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up

to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

"And dis all come ob de goole bug, de putty goole bug, de poor little goole bug what I 'boosed in dat sabage kind ob style!—Ain't you 'shamed ob yourself, nigger? Answer me dat!"

It became necessary at last that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation, so confused were the ideas of all. We finally lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled with some trouble to remove it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither upon any pretence to stir from the spot nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two and had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterward armed with three stout sacks, which by good luck were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty as equally as might be among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down, but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose as if by preconcert to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day and the greater part of the next night in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, estimating the value of the pieces as accurately as we could by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all and not one of them small, eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy, three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful, and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments—nearly two hundred massive finger

and ear rings, rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes, five gold censers of great value, a prodigious golden punch-bowl ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures, with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches, three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old and as time-keepers valueless, the works having suffered more or less from corrosion, but all were richly jewelled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest that night at a million and a half of dollars, and upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use) it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarabæus. You recollect, also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion, I thought you were jesting; but afterward I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself

that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such; but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where it seemed to me I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this, although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and, seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse just as I had made it. My first idea now was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarabæus, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection

—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarabæus. I became perfectly certain of this, for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but even at that early moment there seemed to glimmer faintly within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect a glowworm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and, putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place, I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabæus was on the coast of the main land, about a mile eastward of the island and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf or something of that nature by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment,

which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while, for the resemblance to boat-timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it and gave it to me. Soon afterward we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat-pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once: you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with natural history. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession, for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful, but I had already established a kind of connection: I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parch-

ment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask, ‘Where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull, or death’s-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s-head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment, since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death’s-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the form of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been by some accident destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.”

“But,” I interposed, “you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How, then, do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull, since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarabæus?”

“Ah! hereupon turns the whole mystery, although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the scarabæus, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You,

therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

“At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh, rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise, and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but before I could speak you had withdrawn it and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that heat had been the agent in bringing to light upon the parchment the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia* and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed: a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt dissolved in spirit of nitre gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the

material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more distinct than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull, but upon persevering in the experiment there became visible at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I. "To be sure, I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain. You will not find any special connection between your pirates and a goat. Pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats: they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say 'signature,' because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had in the same manner the air of a stamp, or seal. But

I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument, of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature?"

"Something of that kind. The fact is I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief, but do you know that Jupiter's silly words about the bug being of solid gold had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the sole day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed. I am all impatience."

"Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat—about money buried somewhere upon the Atlantic coast by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still remaining entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time and afterward reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-find-

ers. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain because unguided attempts to regain it, had given first birth and then universal currency to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope nearly amounting to certainty that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and to my inexpressible joy found it spotted in several places with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another min-

ute. Upon taking it off the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced in a red tint between the death's-head and the goat:

53†††305))6*;4826)4†.)4†);806*;48†8¶60
))85;1†(:†*8†83(88)5*†;46(;;88*96*?;8)*†(:48
5);5*†2.*†(:4956*2(5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6
†8)4††;1(†9;48081;8:8†1;48†85;4)485†528
806*81(†9;48;(88;4(†?34;48)4†;161;:188;
†?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind at once that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear to the crude intellect of the sailor absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances and a certain bias of mind have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human inge-

nuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case—indeed, in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon and are varied by the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table, thus:

"Of the character 8 there are 33.

;	"	26.
4	"	19.
‡)	"	16.
*	"	13.
5	"	12.
6	"	11.
† 1	"	8.
0	"	6.
9 2	"	5.
: 3	"	4.
?	"	3.
¶	"	2.
— .	"	1.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterward the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y ð f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have in the very beginning the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious, but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples; for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there

are not repetitions of any three characters in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may therefore assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h* and 8 represents *e*, the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point—that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down thus by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown:

t ee.

"Here we are enabled at once to discard the *th* as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*, since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48,

and employ it by way of termination to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(†?34 the.

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr†?3h the.

"Now if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr . . . h the,

when the word 'through' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u* and *g*, represented by †? and 3.

"Looking now narrowly through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree' we perceive the combination

;48(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th . r tee . ,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination

53†††.

"Translating as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*,

and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5 represents a			6 represents i		
†	"	d	*	"	n
8	"	e	‡	"	o
3	"	g	(	"	r
4	"	h	;	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

"'A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'"

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the

natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a point with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters at this place more than usually close together. If you will observe the manuscript in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

"'A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the Devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'"

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days, during which I made diligent inquiry in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel;' for of course I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning it entered into my head quite suddenly that this 'bishop's hostel'

might have some reference to an old family of the name of Bessop which time out of mind had held possession of an ancient manor-house about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation and reinstituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as Bessop's Castle, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and after some demur she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks, one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the manuscript, and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now, here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point

of view, admitting no variation, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' and 'northeast and by north' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not at first distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the *enigma* solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted also of but one interpretation in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line—or, in other words, a straight

line—drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point; and beneath this point I thought it at least possible that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the bishop's hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left the 'devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterward, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact—for repeated experiment has convinced me it is a fact—that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the bishop's hotel I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some weeks past the abstraction of my demeanor and took especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night, my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull?"

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and, had the treasure been beneath the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment, but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction. Of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence and your conduct in swinging the beetle. How excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug instead of a bullet from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly in my own way by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive. And now there is only one point which puzzles me: What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them, and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But, this labor concluded, he may have

thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen. Who shall tell?"

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, a learned English judge, was born in London in 1723. In 1738 he was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford, and at the age of twenty composed a treatise on the elements of architecture. He also cultivated poetry, and obtained Mr. Benson's prize medal for the best verses on Milton. These pursuits, however, were abandoned for the study of the law, when he composed his well-known effusion called "The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse." In 1740 he was entered at the Middle Temple, and in 1744 chosen fellow of All Souls College. In 1749 he was appointed recorder of Wallingford, in Berkshire, and in the following year became LL. D. and published an *Essay on Collateral Consanguinity*, occasioned by the exclusive claim to fellowships made by the founders' kindred at All Souls. In 1758 he printed *Considerations on Copyholders*, and the same year was appointed Vinerian professor of the common law, his lectures in which capacity gave rise to his celebrated *Commentaries*. In 1759 he published *Reflections on the Opinions of Messrs. Pratt, Moreton and Wilbraham*, relating to Lord Lichfield's disqualifications. His Lordship being then candidate for the chancellorship. The same year appeared his edition of *The Great*

Charter and Charter of the Forest. Of this work it has been said that there is not a sentence in the composition that is not necessary to the whole, and that should not be perused. In 1761 he was made king's counsel and chosen member of Parliament for Hindon, in Wilts. The same year he vacated his fellowship by marriage, and was appointed principal of New-Inn Hall. In 1763 he was appointed solicitor-general to the queen and bencher of the Middle Temple. In the next year appeared the first volume of his *Commentaries*, which was followed by three others. It is upon these that his fame now principally rests; and, although opinion is divided as to the correctness and depth of the matter they contain, the beauty, precision and elegance of their style have called forth universal admiration. In 1766 he resigned his places at Oxford, and in 1768 was chosen member for Westbury, in Wiltshire. In 1770 he became one of the judges in the court of king's bench, whence he removed to the common pleas. He now fixed his residence in London, and attended to the duties of his office with great application until overtaken by death, in A. D. 1780.

S. O. BEETON.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS, born in Moorfields, London, in 1796, was apprenticed to a surgeon in his fifteenth year. During his apprenticeship he devoted most of his time to poetry, and in 1817 he published a volume of juvenile poems. This was followed in 1818 by his long poem "Endymion," which was severely censured by the *Quarterly Review*—an attack which has been somewhat erroneously described as the cause of his death. It is probable that it gave a rude

shock to Keats's highly sensitive nature, and to a physical condition much weakened by the attention which he had bestowed upon a dying brother. But he had a constitutional tendency to consumption which would most likely have developed itself under any circumstances. He went for the recovery of his health to Rome, where he died on the 24th of February, 1821. In the previous year he had published another volume of poems—"Lamia," "Isabella," etc.—in which was included the fragment of his remarkable poem entitled "Hyperion."

It was the misfortune of Keats to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. This arose on the one hand from the extreme partiality of friendship, and on the other from resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics and with peculiar views of society. That which is most remarkable in his works is the wonderful profusion of figurative language, often exquisitely beautiful and luxuriant, but sometimes purely fantastical and far-fetched. Keats deserves high praise for one very peculiar and original merit: he has treated the classical mythology in a way absolutely new, representing the pagan deities not as mere abstractions of art, nor as mere creatures of popular belief, but giving them passions and affections like our own, highly purified and idealized, however, and in exquisite accordance with the lovely scenery of ancient Greece and Italy, and with the golden atmosphere of primeval existence. This treatment of a subject which ordinary readers would consider hopelessly worn and threadbare is certainly not Homeric, nor is it Miltonic, nor is it in the manner of any of the great poets who have employed the mythological imagery

of antiquity; but it is productive of very exquisite pleasure, and must, therefore, be in accordance with true principles of art. In "Hyperion," in the "Ode to Pan," in the verses on a "Grecian Urn," we find a noble and airy strain of beautiful classic imagery combined with a perception of natural loveliness so luxuriant, so rich, so delicate, that the rosy dawn of Greek poetry seems combined with all that is most tenderly pensive in the calm sunset twilight of romance.

Keats was a true poet. If we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by hostile and powerful critics, and, above all, the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young poets, resembling the Milton of "Lycidas" or the Spenser of the "Tears of the Muses." THOMAS BUDD SHAW.

CHARLES LEVER.

THIS novelist was born on the 31st of August, 1806, at Dublin. He studied for the medical profession at Trinity College, but received his degree at Göttingen. He afterward had the title of LL.D. conferred upon him. After his graduation he was attached to the legation at Brussels, which he resigned to become editor of the Dublin *University Magazine*. His earliest writings are full of humor and incident. Among these, *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley* are the popular favorites. His novels are numerous. Those of his later days are less amusing, but are more artistic in their delineation of character. He died at Trieste, June 1, 1872.

OUR EXISTENCE MUST WE MEASURE.

The author of this poem, Hon. William Forster, was born in Madras in 1818, but removed to Australia when eleven years of age. He was for a time Premier of New South Wales. He died about 1886.

OUR existence must we measure
By the flight of years or days?
Look what portion most we treasure,
Ah! how brief a time it stays!
Always when we're least at leisure
Pass we through the blissful ways.

Great events alone be reckoned,
Let the passion and the power
Stamp itself on every second,
Making ages of an hour.
In our front by them we're beckoned,
From behind they grandly tower.

Great events our souls enlighten,
Piercing through the haze of time;
Past they still in interest heighten,
By the shadows made sublime,
As the stars grow clear and brighten
To the zenith as they climb.

But our infinite apprehensions
Always great and small confound,
Foolish hopes and vain pretensions
Fog-like our horizon bound,
Until Time their right dimensions
Takes in his eternal round.

There are hopes and dreams that die not,
Colors ever bright and pure,
Voices from of old that lie not,
Lives which their own lives ensure,
Joys o'er which we groan and sigh not,
Since, though gone, they still endure:

So this hour, whose bitter ending
Racks our hearts with fatal strain,
Shall appear through memory blending,
Purged of life's ephemeral pain;
And to stars serene ascending
Shine among them not in vain.

HON. WILLIAM FORSTER.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Adam Lindsay Gordon, the popular Australian poet, was born at Fayal, one of the Azores, in 1833. At twenty years of age he went to Adelaide, and afterward lived at Melbourne and Ballarat. He died by suicide at Brighton, Victoria, June 24, 1870.

THE ocean heaves around us still
With long and measured swell,
The autumn gales our canvas fill,
Our ship rides smooth and well.
The broad Atlantic's bed of foam
Still breaks against our prow;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now.

Against the bulwarks on the poop
I lean and watch the sun
Behind the red horizon stoop—
His race is nearly run.
Those waves will never quench his light,
O'er which they seem to close;
To-morrow he will rise as bright
As he this morning rose.

How brightly gleams the orb of day
Across the trackless sea!
How lightly dance the waves that play
Like dolphins in our lee!
The restless waters seem to say
In smothered tones to me,
How many thousand miles away
My native land must be.

Speak, Ocean! Is my home the same,
 Now all is new to me?
 The tropic sky's resplendent flame,
 The vast expanse of sea?
 Does all around her, yet unchanged,
 The well-known aspect wear?
 Oh, can the leagues that I have ranged
 Have made no difference there?

How vivid Recollection's hand
 Recalls the scene once more!
 I see the same tall poplars stand
 Beside the garden-door;
 I see the bird-cage hanging still,
 And where my sister set
 The flowers in the window-sill—
 Can they be living yet?

Let woman's nature cherish grief,
 I rarely heave a sigh,
 Before emotion takes relief
 In listless apathy,
 While from my pipe the vapors curl
 Towards the evening sky,
 And 'neath my feet the billows whirl
 In dull monotony!

The sky still wears the crimson streak
 Of Sol's departing ray;
 Some briny drops are on my cheek—
 'Tis but the salt sea-spray!
 Then let our bark the ocean roam,
 Our keel the billows plough;
 I shed no tears at quitting home,
 Nor will I shed them now.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

WORDS.

WORDS are deeds. The words we hear
 May revolutionize or rear

A mighty state. The words we read
 May be a spiritual deed
 Excelling any fleshly one,
 As much as the celestial sun
 Transcends a bonfire, made to throw
 A light upon some raree-show.
 A simple proverb tagged with rhyme
 May color half the course of time:
 The pregnant saying of a sage
 May influence every coming age;
 A song in its effects may be
 More glorious than Thermopylæ,
 And many a lay that schoolboys scan
 A nobler feat than Inkerman.

CHARLES HARPUR.

ONWARD.

Charles Harpur, the author of this poem, is called the forefather of Australian poetry. He was born at New South Wales in 1811. He died in 1868, almost unknown.

HAVE the blasts of sorrow worn thee,
 Have the rocks of danger torn thee,
 And thus shifted, wreck-like drifted,
 Wouldst thou find a port in time?
 Vain the quest! That word sublime—
 God's great one word,
 Silent never, peaeth ever,
 Onward!

Hast thou done all loving duty,
 Hast thou clothed thy soul with beauty,
 And wouldst rest then, wholly blest then,
 In some sunny lapse of time?
 Vain the hope! That word sublime—
 God's great one word,
 Silent never, peaeth ever,
 Onward!

Hast thou won the heart of glory,
 Hast thou charmed the tongue of story,

And wouldst pause then, for applause then,
Underneath the stars of time?

Vain the lure! That word sublime—

God's great one word,
Silent never, pealeth ever,
Onward!

Truth and virtue hast thou wrought for,
Faith and freedom hast thou fought for,
And then shrinkest, for thou thinkest
Paid is all thy debt in time?
Vain the thought! That word sublime—

God's great *one* word,
Silent never, pealeth ever,
Onward!

From endeavor to endeavor,
Journeying with the hours for ever,
Or aspiring, or acquiring
This, O man, is life in time,
Urged by that primal word sublime—

God's great one word,
Silent never, pealing ever,
Onward!

CHARLES HARPUR.

THE AUSTRALIAN FEBRUARY.

Henry Clarence Kendall was born at Ulladulla, on the coast of New South Wales, in 1842. He died on the 1st of August, 1882, at Redfern, near Sydney.

THE bright-haired, blue-eyed last of
Summer! Lo!

Her clear song lives in all the winds that
blow;

The upland torrent and the lowland rill,
The stream of valley and the spring of hill,
The pools that slumber and the brooks that
run

Where dense the leaves are, green the light
of sun,

Take all her grace of voice and color. She,
With rich warm vine-blood splashed from
heel to knee,

Comes radiant through the yellow woodlands.
Far

And near her sweet gifts shine like star by
star.

She is the true Demeter. Life of root
Glow under her in gardens flushed with
fruit;

She fills the fields with strength and passion—
makes

A fire of lustre of the lawn-ringed lakes;
Her beauty awes the great wild sea; the
height

Of gray magnificence takes strange delight
And softens at her presence, at the dear
Sweet face whose memory beams through all
the year.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.

SHE has a beauty of her own,
A beauty of a paler tone
Than English belles.

The Southern sun and Southern air
Have kissed her cheeks until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
On rosy shells.

Her frank, clear eyes bespeak a mind
Old-world traditions fail to bind.

She is not shy
Or bold, but simply self-possessed;
Her independence adds a zest
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,
Her quaint reply.

O'er classic volumes she will pore
With joy ; and some scholastic lore
Will often gain.

In sports she bears away the bell,
Nor under music's siren spell
To dance divinely, flirt as well,
Does she disdain.

ETHEL CASTILLA, of Kew, Melbourne.

NO ROOM FOR THE DEAD.

The Author of these lines was the daughter of Rev. C. K. Baker of South Australia, and was brought to the colony a year after her birth. She was born in 1843, and died in 1868.

YES, the earth is bright,
And hearts are light ;
And none would know
That years ago
A grave was made,
And a loved one laid
Away from the sorrowing sight.
For flowers have grown
Where tears were sown
And memories die
As the years go by,
Till the living have said
"No room for the dead
In this beautiful world of our own ;
No room for the stars in a mid-day sky,
No room for the grass with the garden
flowers ;
No room for the tears in a joyful eye,
No room for the *dead* in this world of ours."

MRS. W. J. ANDERSON.

DISENCHANTED.

WHEN first I saw that smiling face,
And form of such bewitching grace,
I thought an angel from her place
Had come to bless this mortal.

E 294

I stood in rapture by her side
While she was being made my bride—
My heart so full of joy and pride—
My feet in heaven's portal.

I thought her all perfection then,
As many more will think again
Until they're disenchanted, when
They find we're all but human.

The honeymoon rolled quickly round,
And, to my sorrow, soon I found
That I was to a vixen bound—

My *angel* was a—woman !

J. G. EMMONS.

WHICH WILL HE CHOOSE?

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE
SAINTINE.

MY friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete, should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time, indeed, when he never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor ; for he was the crustiest bachelor that I ever knew. He lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took care of his garden or walked over the fields with his dog. Yes, he had a dog, a perfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Medor had belonged to a widow-lady living at St. Germain-en-Laye who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot ; for Medor was a born hunter, and the forest-park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again ; so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding for him a new mas-

ter. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends, and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together.

But one day, when Medor's nose was in his plate and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head and, trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang. Medor sprang forward; and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was, as you have guessed, his old mistress, who had moved from St. Germain to live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again; for, now that she lived in Paris, there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner. Give up his dog? Never!

"I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, madame."

The lady bitterly reproached him, and grew very angry, not because he had treated her so rudely, which was reason enough—she did not mind that—but because he was likely to make

Medor die of grief by refusing to give him up to her.

"See!" she cried; "he has never ceased to regret me. He still loves me, and no one else."

These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said,

"Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern; that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever of us he chooses to follow."

"Very well," said she; "I am agreed;" for she was confident that the dog would follow her.

Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarrelling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gambolling about them and petted by both. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose; and now, feeling some pity for the lady, who must be disappointed, he began to make himself quite agreeable, for she was his and Medor's guest, after all; and the widow-lady, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits and made herself quite entertaining.

When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill—the two, I mean; for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at

once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them; he ran back to him. Then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her; then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress, then to Cabassol, then to his mistress, then— And so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which to leave; he could not understand it at all. He went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten times more, while they, without turning about or saying a word, kept straight on in their separate paths. At last poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow—with his eyes, at least—the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side: she too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his

tail in a feeble manner to express his delight.

But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? If he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart.

Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that way—to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consists of a father and mother, son and daughter, and a dog.

Translation ANONYMOUS.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

THE presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that Columbus deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nina took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the 11th of October, 1492, after public prayers for suc-

cess, he ordered the sails to be furled and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently toward that quarter where they expected to discover the land which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and, calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day.

As soon as morning dawned all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen, about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum* as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with

reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and, passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed, in a rich dress, with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they

could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared, in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces and several parts of their body were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy, at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawks' bells, glass beads or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Toward evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many

of the islanders in their boats, which they called "canoes," and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.

Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view; the latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

SELF-INSTRUCTION.*

I CAN truly say that of all the paper I have blotted—which has been a great deal in my time—I have never written anything for the public without the intention of some public good. Whether I have succeeded or no is not my part to judge; and others, in what they tell me, may deceive either me or themselves. Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions, and every man ought to sow them and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether they come to fruit or no, and whether he or any other gather the fruit. I have chosen those subjects wherein I take human life to be most concerned, and which are of most common use or most necessary knowledge, and wherein, though I may not be able to inform men more than they know, yet I may perhaps give them the occasion to consider more than

* "Sir William Temple's style is the model by which the best prose-writers in the reign of Queen Anne formed theirs."—*Goldsmith*.

they do. This is a sort of instruction that no man can dislike, since it comes from himself and is made without envy or fear, constraint or obligation, which make us commonly dislike what is taught by others. All men would be glad to be their own masters, and should not be sorry to be their own scholars when they pay no more for their learning than their own thoughts, which they have commonly more store of about them than they know what to do with, and which, if they do not apply to something of good use, nor employ about something of ill, they will trifle away upon something vain or useless: their thoughts will be but waking dreams, as their dreams are sleeping thoughts. Yet, of all sorts of instructions, the best is gained from our own thoughts as well as experience; for though a man may grow learned by other men's thoughts, yet he will grow wise or happy only by his own. The use of other men's toward these ends is but to serve for one's own reflections; otherwise they are but like meat swallowed down for pleasure or greediness, which only loads the stomach or fumes into the brain if it be not well digested, and thereby turned into the very mass or substance of the body that received it.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE COMMON OF MUCKLESTANE MOOR.

THIS dreary common was called "Mucklestane Moor" from a huge column of unhewn granite which raised its massy head on a knoll near the centre of the heath, perhaps to tell of the mighty dead who slept beneath or to preserve the memory of some

bloody skirmish. The real cause of its existence had, however, passed away, and Tradition, which is as frequently an inventor of fiction as a preserver of truth, had supplied its place with a supplementary legend of her own. The ground about the pillar was strewed—or, rather, encumbered—with many large fragments of stone of the same consistence with the column, which, from their appearance as they lay scattered on the waste, were popularly called "the Gray Geese of Mucklestane Moor." The legend accounted for this name and appearance by the catastrophe of a noted and most formidable witch who frequented these hills in former days, causing the ewes to *keb* and the kine to cast their calves, and performing all the feats of mischief ascribed to these evil beings. On this moor she used to hold her revels with her sister-hags, and rings were still pointed out on which no grass nor heath ever grew, the turf being, as it were, calcined by the scorching hoofs of their diabolical partners.

Once on a time this old hag is said to have crossed the moor driving before her a flock of geese, which she proposed to sell to advantage at a neighboring fair; for it is well known that the fiend, however liberal in imparting his powers of doing mischief, ungenerously leaves his allies under the necessity of performing the meanest rustic labors for subsistence. The day was far advanced, and her chance of obtaining a good price depended on her being first at the market. But the geese, which had hitherto preceded her in a pretty orderly manner, when they came to this wide common interspersed with marshes and pools of water, scattered in every direction to plunge into the element in which they delighted. Incensed at the

obstinacy with which they defied all her efforts to collect them, and not remembering the precise terms of the contract by which the fiend was bound to obey her commands for a certain space, the sorceress exclaimed,

"Deevil, that neither I nor they ever stir from this spot more!"

The words were hardly uttered, when, by a metamorphosis as sudden as any in Ovid, the hag and her refractory flock were converted into stone, the angel whom she served, being a strict formalist, grasping eagerly at an opportunity of completing the ruin of her body and soul by a literal obedience to her orders. It is said that when she perceived and felt the transformation which was about to take place she exclaimed to the treacherous fiend,

"Ah, thou false thief! lang hast thou promised me a gray gown, and now I am getting ane that will last for ever."

The dimensions of the pillar and of the stones were often appealed to as a proof of the superior stature and size of old women and geese in the days of other years by those praisers of the past who held the comfortable opinion of the gradual degeneracy of mankind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BARON CUVIER.

IN some respects man appears to possess nothing resembling the instincts of animals. He is not stimulated to any regular continuous exertion of industry by innate ideas. All his knowledge is the consequence of his own sensation or of those of his predecessors. The result of human

experience, transmitted by language, modified by reflection and applied to our various wants and enjoyments, have originated all the arts of human life, whether useful or ornamental. Language and letters, by affording the means of preserving and communicating all acquired knowledge, form for our species an indefinite source of perfection.

The gradations, however, in the development of man are very distinct and numerous. The early hordes, obliged to live by hunting or fishing or on wild fruits, occupied altogether in the search of subsistence, could multiply but slowly and make but little progress toward civilization. Their arts were confined to the construction of huts and canoes, to covering themselves with the skins of beasts, and to the fabrication of arrows and of nets. They observed such stars only as guided them in their wanderings, and examined those natural objects alone whose properties were serviceable to themselves. They domesticated no animal but the dog, for this obvious reason—that nature had given him a tendency to that peculiar mode of life which they themselves pursued. When they had succeeded in taming the herbivorous animals, they found a more secure subsistence in the possession of numerous herds and flocks, and the consequent enjoyment of more leisure to extend the range of their acquisitions; more industry was then employed in the fabrication of clothes and dwellings, the ideas of property and barter became general, the unequal distribution of rank gave rise to virtuous or criminal emulation, but the necessity of seeking fresh pastures still condemned them to a wandering life, rendered them sub-

servient to the course of the seasons, and as yet confined within narrow limits the circle of their improvement.

The multiplication of the human species and the advancement of art and science have been carried to any great length only since the invention of agriculture and the division of the soil into hereditary possessions. By means of agriculture the manual labor of a portion of society has been found adequate to the sustenance of the whole, and thus has sufficient leisure been left for other occupations to those not engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The hope of securing by industry a comfortable subsistence for himself and his posterity has added a new spur to the emulation of man. The discovery of a circulating medium to represent property, by facilitating exchange and rendering private fortunes more independent and more susceptible of increase, has carried this emulation to the highest possible degree, but, by a necessary consequence, it has also carried to the highest degree the vices of effeminacy and the fury of ambition.

In the successive stages of social development the natural propensity to reduce everything to general principles and to trace the causes of the phenomena of nature has produced contemplative men who have added new ideas to the general mass of intellect. Such men have, for the most part, in unenlightened ages, sought to convert their mental superiority into the means of domination over their fellow-men, exaggerating their own merits and disguising their ignorance by the propagation of superstition.

An evil still more irremediable is the abuse of physical power. Man, who at the present day can bid defiance to the attacks of other

animals, yet constitutes the only species that is perpetually in a state of mutual warfare. The hunting tribes dispute for their tracts of forest, and the wandering shepherds for their range of pasture. Both, again, make perpetual inroads upon the cultivators of the soil to possess themselves of the fruits of agricultural labor without the trouble of industry. Even civilized nations, far from being satisfied with the blessings they enjoy, engage in warfare for the prerogatives of pride or the monopoly of commerce. From this propensity to combat results the necessity of governments for the direction of national wars and the repression or regulation of private quarrels.

Circumstances more or less favorable have either retarded the progress of civilization or accelerated its advancement in the different races of mankind. Thus, in both continents, the frozen climates of the North and the impenetrable forests of America are as yet inhabited only by wandering hordes of savages who subsist by fishing or the chase.

The immense sandy deserts or vast tracts of morass that extend over Central Asia and great part of Africa are covered with tribes of shepherds and, innumerable herds and flocks. These semi-barbarous hordes have assembled from time to time at the call of some enthusiastic chief and poured like an inundation upon the civilized countries which surrounded them, and whose inhabitants the baneful influence of luxury had rendered less capable of resistance. Having established themselves there and become effeminate in their turn, they remained in possession until some other warlike hordes arrived to subjugate or expel them. This is the cause of that despotism which, perpetually pressing

upon the people, has invariably crushed all the efforts of industry and talent in the beautiful climates of Persia, of India and of China.

Mild climates, soils abundantly supplied with moisture by the hand of nature and rich in vegetable productions, are the true cradles of agriculture and civilization. When the position of countries thus happily circumstanced shelters them against the irruptions of barbarian hordes, talent of every description is excited and mutual emulation carries every art and science to a high pitch of perfection. Such were the advantages possessed by Greece and Italy in ancient days, and such are the happy privileges at the present moment of by far the largest portion of Europe. There are, however, intrinsic and almost constitutional obstacles which appear to arrest the progress of certain races of mankind even in the very midst of circumstances the most favorable to improvement.

Translation of EDWARD GRIFFITH.

CUVIER.

CUVIER has performed for the kingdoms of animated nature the work which Newton wrought for the mechanism of the heavens. His generalizations now seem final and complete. They bind together all tribes of being in one vast and beautiful system pervaded by analogies and equivalent provisions, and reveal in the structure and adaptations of the animal economy numberless mysteries of divine wisdom which had been hidden from the foundation of the world. He reached these sublime results because his religious nature prompted him to look for unity and harmony

in the works of God, to search everywhere for traces of the all-pervading and all-perfect Mind, to seek in the humblest zoophyte the expression of an idea of God—the not unworthy type of the infinite Archetype. He wrought in glowing faith. He served at the altar of Science as a priest of the Most High. Infidelity went from his presence rebuked and humbled. His soul was kindled, his lips were touched ever more and more with the fire of heaven, as, with waning strength and under the burden of bereavement, he still drew bolder, fuller harmonies, unheard before, from the lyre of universal nature. Says one who was present at the lecture from which he went home to die, “In the whole of this lecture there was an omnipresence of the omnipotent and supreme Cause. The examination of the visible world seemed to touch upon the invisible. The search into creation invoked the presence of the Creator. It seemed as if the veil were to be torn from before us and Science was about to reveal eternal wisdom.”

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

THE CYNIC.

THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game.

The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon

your feelings is to chill and sear them—to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: "Yes, on Sundays." Mr. B has just joined the church: "Certainly; the elections are coming on." The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: "It is his trade." Such a man is generous: "Of other men's money." This man is obliging: "To lull suspicion and cheat you." That man is upright: "Because he is green."

Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy; honesty, a preparation for fraud; virtue, only a want of opportunity; and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder whose life is mischief and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers, and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man who is not himself morally diseased will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AMERICAN VALOR IN MEXICO.

FROM SPEECH IN THE SENATE, 1848

THERE is one point, sir, where we can all meet, and that is the gallantry and good conduct of our country. This is one of the high places to which we can come up together and, laying aside our party dissension, mingle our congratulations that our country has had such sons to go forth to battle, and that they have gathered such a harvest of renown in distant fields. The time has been—and there are those upon this floor who remember it well—when our national flag was said to be but striped bunting and our armed vessels but fir-built frigates. The feats of our army and navy in our last war with England redeemed us from this reproach, the offspring of foreign jealousy; and had they not, the events of the present war would have changed these epithets into terms of honor, for our flag has become a victorious standard borne by marching columns over the hills and valleys, and through the cities and towns and fields, of a powerful nation, in a career of success of which few examples can be found in ancient or modern warfare.

The movement of our army from Puebla was one of the most romantic and remarkable events which ever occurred in the military annals of any country. Our troops did not, indeed, burn their fleet, like the first conquerors of Mexico, for they needed not to gather courage from despair nor to stimulate their resolution by destroying all hopes of escape, but they voluntarily cut off all means of communication with their own country by throwing themselves among the armed thousands of another and advancing with stout hearts, but feeble numbers, into the midst of a hostile country. The uncertainty which

hung over the public mind and the anxiety everywhere felt when our gallant little army disappeared from our view will not be forgotten during the present generation. There was universal pause of expectation—hoping, but still fearing; and the eyes of twenty millions of people were anxiously fixed upon another country which a little band of its armed citizens had invaded. A veil concealed them from our view. They were lost to us for fifty days, for that period elapsed from the time when we heard of their departure from Puebla till accounts reached us of the issue of the movement. The shroud which enveloped them gave way, and we discovered our glorious flag waving in the breezes of the capital, and the city itself invested by our army.

LEWIS CASS.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

FROM THE GREEK OF HERODOTUS.

THE Persians, having brought Eretria into subjection, after waiting a few days made sail for Attica, greatly straitening the Athenians as they approached, and thinking to deal with them as they had dealt with the people of Eretria. And because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horse as Marathon, and it lay, moreover, quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither. When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their troops to Marathon and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals, of whom one was Miltiades.

Now, this man's father, Cimon, the son of Stesagoras, was banished from Athens by Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates. In

his banishment it was his fortune to win the four-horse chariot-race at Olympia, whereby he gained the very same honor which had before been carried off by Miltiades, his half brother on the mother's side. At the next Olympiad he won the prize again with the same mares; upon which he caused Pisistratus to be proclaimed the winner, having made an agreement with him that on yielding him this honor he should be allowed to come back to his country. Afterward, still with the same mares, he won the prize a third time; whereupon he was put to death by the sons of Pisistratus, whose father was no longer living. They set men to lie in wait for him secretly, and these men slew him near the government-house in the night-time. He was buried outside the city, beyond what is called "the Valley Road," and right opposite his tomb were buried the mares which had won the three prizes. The same success had likewise been achieved once previously—to wit, by the mares of Evagoras the Lacedæmonian, but never except by them. At the time of Cimon's death, Stesagoras, the elder of his two sons, was in the Chersonese, where he lived with Miltiades, his uncle; the younger, who was called Miltiades, after the founder of the Chersonesite colony, was with his father in Athens.

It was this Miltiades who now commanded the Athenians, after escaping from the Chersonese and twice nearly losing his life. First he was chased as far as Imbrus by the Phœnicians, who had a great desire to take him and carry him up to the king; and when he had avoided this danger, and, having reached his own country, thought himself to be altogether in safety, he found his enemies wait-

ing for him, and was cited by them before a court and impeached for his tyranny in the Chersonese. But he came off victorious here likewise, and was thereupon made general of the Athenians by the free choice of the people.

And first, before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Pheidippides, who was by birth an Athenian and by profession and practice a trained runner. This man, according to the account which he gave to the Athenians on his return, when he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name and bade him ask the Athenians "wherefore they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed toward them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come." The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and in return for the message which I have recorded established in his honor yearly sacrifices and a torch-race.

On the occasion of which we speak, when Pheidippides was sent by the Athenian generals, and, according to his own account, saw Pan on his journey, he reached Sparta on the very next day after quitting the city of Athens. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers and said to them,

"Men of Lacedæmon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state which is the most ancient in all Greece to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive, and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

Thus did Pheidippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present succor, as they did not like to break their established law. It was then the ninth day of the first decade, and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who the night before had seen a strange vision in his sleep. He dreamt of lying in his mother's arms, and conjectured the dream to mean that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterward live to a good old age in his native country. Such was the sense in which he interpreted the vision. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians, and in the first place he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called "Ægileia," a tract belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon and marshalled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked. As he was thus employed it chanced that he sneezed and at the same time coughed with more violence than was his wont. Now, as he was a man advanced in years and the greater number of his teeth were loose, it so happened that one of them was driven out with the force of the cough and fell down into the sand. Hippias took all the pains he could to find it, but the tooth was nowhere to be seen; whereupon he fetched a deep sigh and said to the bystanders,

"After all, the land is not ours, and we shall never be able to bring it under. All my share in it is the portion of which my

tooth has possession." So Hippias believed that in this way his dream was out.

The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a sacred close belonging to Hercules, when they were joined by the Platæans, who came in full force to their aid. Some time before, the Platæans had put themselves under the rule of the Athenians, and these last had already undertaken many labors on their behalf. The occasion of the surrender was the following: The Platæans suffered grievous things at the hands of the men of Thebes; so, as it chanced that Cleomenes, the son of Anaxandridas, and the Lacedæmonians were in their neighborhood, they first of all offered to surrender themselves to them. But the Lacedæmonians refused to receive them, and said,

"We dwell too far off from you, and ours would be but chill succor. Ye might oftentimes be carried into slavery before one of us heard of it. We counsel you rather to give yourselves up to the Athenians, who are your next neighbors and well able to shelter you."

This they said not so much out of goodwill toward the Platæans as because they wished to involve the Athenians in trouble by engaging them in wars with the Bœotians. The Platæans, however, when the Lacedæmonians gave them this counsel, complied at once; and when the sacrifice to the Twelve Gods was being offered at Athens, they came and sat as suppliants about the altar and gave themselves up to the Athenians. The Thebans no sooner learnt what the Platæans had done than instantly they marched out against them, while the Athenians sent troops to their aid. As the two armies were about to join battle, the Corinthians, who chanced to be at hand, would

not allow them to engage; both sides consented to take them for arbitrators, whereupon they made up the quarrel and fixed the boundary-line between the two states upon this condition—to wit, that if any of the Bœotians wished no longer to belong to Bœotia the Thebans should allow them to follow their own inclinations. The Corinthians, when they had thus decreed, forthwith departed to their homes; the Athenians likewise set off on their return; but the Bœotians fell upon them during the march, and a battle was fought wherein they were worsted by the Athenians. Hereupon these last would not be bound by the line which the Corinthians had fixed, but advanced beyond those limits and made the Asopus the boundary-line between the country of the Thebans and that of the Platæans and Hysians. Under such circumstances did the Platæans give themselves up to Athens, and now they were come to Marathon to bear the Athenians aid.

The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions, and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes, while others were for fighting at once; and among these last was Miltiades. He, therefore, seeing that opinions were thus divided and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; to him, therefore, Miltiades went and said,

"With thee it rests, Callimachus, either to bring Athens to slavery, or, by securing her freedom, to leave behind thee to all future generations a memory beyond even Harmodius and Aristogeiton. For never since the time that the Athenians became a people were they in so great a danger as now. If they bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Medes, the woes which they will have to suffer when given into the power of Hippias are already determined on; if, on the other hand, they fight and overcome, Athens may rise to be the very first city in Greece. How it comes to pass that these things are likely to happen, and how the determining of them in some sort rests with thee, I will now proceed to make clear. We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided: half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On thee, therefore, we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in thine own power. Thou hast only to add thy vote to my side and thy country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece. Or if thou preferrest to give thy vote to them who would decline the combat, then the reverse will follow."

Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus, and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favor of fighting. Hereupon all those generals who had been desirous of hazarding a battle, when their turn came to command the army, gave

up their right to Miltiades. He, however, though he accepted their offers, nevertheless waited, and would not fight until his own day of command arrived in due course. Then, at length, when his own turn was come, the Athenian battle was set in array, and this was the order of it: Callimachus, the polemarch, led the right wing; for it was at that time a rule with the Athenians to give the right wing to the polemarch. After this followed the tribes, according as they were numbered, in an unbroken line; while last of all came the Plataeans, forming the left wing. And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians, in the sacrifices and assemblies held each fifth year at Athens, for the Athenian herald to implore the blessing of the gods on the Plataeans conjointly with the Athenians. Now, as they marshalled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the centre were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

So, when the battle was set in array and the victims showed themselves favorable, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now, the distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers.

Such was the opinion of the barbarians, but the Athenians in close array fell upon them, and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks; so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time, and in the mid-battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacæ had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country, but on the two wings the Athenians and the Platæans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their ease, and, joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own centre, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore; on reaching which, they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

It was in the struggle here that Callimachus, the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaus, too, the son of Thrasilaus, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynægirus, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe, and so perished, as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name. Nevertheless, the Athenians secured in this way seven of the vessels, while with the remainder the barbarians pushed

off, and, taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them, doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians. The Alcmaeonidæ were accused by their countrymen of suggesting this course to them; they had, it was said, an understanding with the Persians, and made a signal to them by raising a shield after they were embarked in their ships.

The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium, but the Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defence of their city, and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians; and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Hercules, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting a while upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about six thousand and four hundred men; on that of the Athenians, one hundred and ninety-two. Such was the number of the slain on the one side and the other. A strange prodigy likewise happened at this fight. Epizelus, the son of Cuphagoras, an Athenian, was in the thick of the fray, and behaving himself as a brave man should, when suddenly he was stricken with blindness without blow of sword or dart, and this blindness continued thenceforth during the whole of his after-life. The following is the account which he himself, as I have heard, gave of the matter: he said that a gigantic warrior with a huge beard, which shaded all his shield, stood over

against him, but the ghostly semblance passed him by and slew the man at his side. Such, as I understand, was the tale which Epizelus told.

Datis, meanwhile, was on his way back to Asia, and had reached Myconus, when he saw in his sleep a vision. What it was is not known, but no sooner was day come than he caused strict search to be made throughout the whole fleet, and, finding on board a Phœnician vessel an image of Apollo overlaid with gold, he inquired from whence it had been taken, and, learning to what temple it belonged, he took it with him in his own ship to Delos and placed it in the temple there, enjoining the Delians, who had now come back to their island, to restore the image to the Theban Delium, which lies on the coast against Chalcis. Having left these injunctions, he sailed away; but the Delians failed to restore the statue, and it was not till twenty years afterward that the Thebans, warned by an oracle, themselves brought it back to Delium.

Translation of GEORGE RAWLINSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

VIRGIL.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born at the village of Andes, near Mantua, B. C. 69. The life recorded of him is stuffed with romantic superstitions and ridiculous fables which are no further worthy of notice than as they show the estimation in which his genius has been held. He is said to have excelled in medicine and geometry—probably with as much truth as in the Dark Ages he was supposed to have been a conjurer. His genius for mathematics has, however, been

thought to explain with great happiness the method and exactness of his poems—an idea seemingly borrowed from some literary professor in the flying island of Laputa.

It appears that, after the battle of Philippi, Virgil's farm was included in the lands allotted to the disbanded soldiery, but that he obtained its restoration from Octavius Cæsar. To this circumstance he alludes in one of his eclogues, in the person of a grateful shepherd who tells his story to an exile. He afterward rose by his genius to distinction at Rome. Macrobius has preserved the fragment of a letter from Virgil to Augustus on the subject of his *Æneid*, which, it seems, the latter had pressed to see: "As to my *Æneas*, if indeed I conceived him as yet worthy your ear, I would willingly send him, but the thing is so far imperfect that it seems to me as if I had undertaken so vast a work by some sort of mental infatuation." It is said that he was prevailed upon to give a reading of his poem, and that Octavia, the widow of Antony and the sister of Augustus, who was present, was so affected by the delicate prophetic allusion to the death of her son Marcellus that she fainted away; and the poet received ten sesterces for every line, or nearly four thousand dollars. Virgil was intimate with Horace, who addresses to him a beautiful ode on his sailing for Greece. He was taken ill on his return from Athens, and died at Brundisium, aged fifty-one. He was buried in the neighborhood of Naples, and his tomb is still in preservation.* It is said

* Mr. Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*, defends the genuineness of this sepulchre against the opinions of Cluverius and Addison. It stands on a precipice of the hill of Posilipo, and is shaded by the branches of an ilex that grows from the sides of an overhanging rock and by festoons of ivy and boughs of wild myrtle. The tomb is a plain

that on his death-bed he desired his *Æneid* might be burned, but that Augustus very properly prevented this sacrifice to a fastidious judgment, and directed Tucca and Varius to prepare it for publication.

Virgil is reported to have been of a tall stature and a swarthy complexion, delicate in his constitution, of shy and reserved manners and negligent in his dress. We are told that he composed his *Georgics* with a view to promote a taste for agriculture among the Romans after the devastation of their fields by the civil wars, and that he wrote his *Æneid* for the purpose of reconciling them to monarchy in the person of Augustus. But it is not in an age of polished civilization like that of the Romans that poetry produces such effects. The necessity of eating would of itself have set the plough in motion, without the intervention of hexameter verses. The notion of Pope—that “the *Æneid* was as

vaulted cell without urn or sarcophagus, or any inscription but the name of the poet. The distich which is well known to English readers in Dryden's translation,

“I sang flocks, tillage, horses; Mantua gave
Me life; Brundisium, death; Naples, a grave,”

is engraved on a marble slab fixed in the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb. Pietro de Stephano asserts that about the year 1520 he saw the urn that contained Virgil's ashes standing in the middle of the sepulchre, supported by nine small marble pillars, and the above inscription on the frieze, but the latter circumstance would seem to invalidate the genuineness of the urn, as the inscription, though ancient, is not authentic; and Mr. Eustace justly remarks that the pillars are inconsistent with the simple Augustan style. Eugenio, an author of 1625, speaks of a stone having been discovered in a neighboring villa, inscribed thus:

“Siste, viator, pauca legito;
Hic Maro situs est.”—

“Stop, traveller; read these few words:
Here Maro is laid.”

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much a party-piece as *Absalom* and *Achitophel*”—seems equally fanciful. The preponderance of successive powerful men, the formidable weight of the military body and the laxity of public principle had prepared the way for an absolute government, and there was little occasion for the interference of a poet; nor were they who, like Cato and Brutus, clung with the sternness of honorable patriotism to the free constitutions of their country, under which its greatness had grown, likely to be reconciled to the usurpation of an artful and ambitious boy by a versified tale about Venus and the pious *Æneas*. Virgil naturally chose a subject that flattered the national prejudices, and a Trojan origin was a favorite point of Roman history. Augustus, who was himself literary, and who, from taste as well as policy, encouraged literature in others, might be supposed to patronize a Roman epic poem without any deep design of state.

The Romans were highly gratified at the appearance of an epic poem by one of their countrymen, and were not slow in placing it on an equality with the *Iliad*, if not above it. Propertius exclaims,

“Ye Roman wits, ye Grecian bards, give way!
Some mightier *Iliad* rises into day.”

This exclamation of a pardonable national vanity has been echoed by many among the moderns, who have been unable to perceive that the deficiency of invention must alone depress the *Æneid* in comparison with the *Iliad*. Virgil has evidently worked after models with a servility that betrays a poverty of conception. Whole similes are translated from Homer, word for word.

But it is in the *Georgics* that Virgil shines forth in the strength of his genius and "rejoices like a giant to run his course." Taking his hint from the agricultural part of Hesiod's *Works and Days*, and having before him a splendid didactic model in the philosophical poem of Lucretius, he has produced a work in which natural history, the art of husbandry and moral philosophy are embellished with the most vivid graces of imagination, and the descriptive powers of the poet are carried to the highest pitch of attainable perfection. It may be said of the *Georgics*, as was said by Johnson of the English *Iliad* of Pope, that "the author has left a treasure-house of poetical elegances to posterity." He has left, also, examples of poetical imitation in his description of animal life and of the appearances of nature which have supplied to succeeding poets the coloring of their imagery and suggested the outlines of some of their finest creations.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

HORACE.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was born at Venusium, in Apulia, B. C. 64. His father was a freedman and collector of the revenue, and gave his son a liberal education at Rome and Athens. Horace, when a young man, attached himself to Brutus, and was in the battle of Philippi with the rank of military tribune. He fled in the rout of that day and was taken prisoner, but obtained a pardon, and afterward was distinguished by the favor and friendship of Mæcenas. He filled the office of a clerk to the treasury and assisted the emperor as his private amanuensis. This appears from the fragment of a letter from Augustus to his

minister: "I used to be equal to the writing of my own letters, but I am now so pressed with a multiplicity of business, and so infirm, that I wish you to bring me our friend Horace. Let him come, then, and leave that parasitical table for my palace and assist me in writing my letters." Another fragment of a letter from Augustus to Horace is expressed in terms of the most easy and playful familiarity: "Dionysius has conveyed your little volume to me, which, not to quarrel with its brevity, I take in good part. But you seem to me fearful lest your works should be bigger than yourself. However, what you want in height is made up to you by that little round body of yours. You should, therefore, write such a roll as may go, not round a stick, but a quart-measure, and then the circumference of your volume may be squab and swollen, like the roundity of your little belly." This is a pleasing personal trait.

Horace has himself given us some interesting hints of both his person and his manners. He was gray before his time, fond of basking in the sun and of taking a *siesta* on the bank of a river. He speaks of breaking stones and turning up the ground when in the country, and when in town of sauntering in the market or riding out on a dock-tailed mule, which he sat awkwardly. He dined on a pancake and vegetables, and divided the rest of the day between reading and writing, the bath and the tennis-court. He was subject to a defluxion in the eyes, as was Virgil to a complaint of asthma; and Augustus used to rally the two poets by saying "that he sat between sighs and tears." He had a farm in the country of the Sabines and a house at Tibur, now Tivoli, the ruins of

which are still shown to strangers. He died in his fifty-ninth year—so suddenly that he left no will, and his property therefore reverted to the emperor. He was buried in the cemetery on the Esquiline Hill, near the tomb of Mécænas.

The writings of Horace have an air of frankness and openness about them—a manly simplicity and a contempt of affectation or the little pride of a vain and mean concealment—which at once takes hold on our confidence. We can believe the account which he gives of his own character without scruple or suspicion. That he was fond of pleasure is confessed, but, generally speaking, he was moderate and temperate in his pleasures; and his convivial hours seem to have been far more mental and more enlightened by social wit and wisdom than are those of the common herd of Epicurean poets.

Horace, of all the writers of antiquity, most abounds with that practical good sense and familiar observation of life and manners which render an author in a more emphatic sense the reader's companion. Good sense, in fact, seems the most distinguishing feature of his *Satires*, for his wit seems to me rather forced, and it is their tone of sound understanding, added to their easy conversational air and a certain turn for fine raillery, that forms the secret by which they please. His metre is even studiously careless; he explicitly disclaims the fabrication of polished verse, and speaks of his "pedestrian Muse." Swift is a far better copyist of his manner than Pope, who should have imitated Juvenal. But the lyrical poetry of Horace displays an entire command of all the graces and powers of metre. Elegance and justness of thought and felicity of expression

rather than sublimity seem to be its general character, though he sometimes rises to considerable grandeur of sentiment and imagery. In variety and versatility his lyric genius is unrivalled by that of any poet with whom we are acquainted, and there are no marks of inequality or of inferiority to himself. Whether his odes be of the moral and philosophic kind, or the heroic, the descriptive or the amatory, the light and the joyous, each separate species would seem to be his peculiar province.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,

WHOSE original name was Prat, poet and historian, first saw the light at Macon in 1790. His father was an officer of cavalry under the Bourbons, and his mother a daughter of Madame de Rois, under-governess to the Orleans family. The most distant recollections of the gifted historian refer to a gloomy guard-house, where he was taken to visit his father during the terrible days of the French Revolution, and his memory carries him back to the suggestive period when the Temple was occupied by royal captives, when the king and queen were executed, when the dauphin was brutalized and sacrificed, and when a youthful princess—afterward the duchess of Angoulême—was left in the vaults of a prison worse than a sepulchre to weep over the miseries of her royal race.

After the worst days of terror had passed, Lamartine's family retired to an obscure estate at Milly, and there his childhood glided by in tranquillity. The embryo poet and historian was sent to complete his education at Belley, in the college of the Pères de la Foi,

within the cloisters of which the religious germs implanted by an affectionate mother in his young breast were fully developed. After having left this seminary, spent some time at Lyons and made a short tour in Italy, he repaired to Paris during the first days of the Empire, when he is said to have divided his time between study and dissipation, and to have made the acquaintance of the celebrated Talma, to whom he had the gratification of reading the fragments of *Saul*, an unpublished tragedy. On the fall of the Empire he offered his services to the restored Bourbons and entered the Gardes du Corps, but after the Hundred Days quitted the army. In 1818 he went a second time to Italy, gave himself up to the cultivation of the divine art, and in 1820 published his *Méditations Poétiques*, which circulated to the number of forty-five thousand and won general recognition for his poetic genius.

This literary success, which was one of the most brilliant of the day, opened up a diplomatic career for its author; and the poet became attaché to the embassy of Florence, where he resided till 1825. Having accepted subsequently the post of secretary to the embassy in London, he espoused Miss Birch, an English lady of fortune, and his means, already considerable, were increased by the legacy of an opulent uncle, in compliance with the provisions of whose will he adopted the cognomen of "Lamartine." He then returned to Florence as chargé d'affaires.

At this time, while composing, under the cloudless sky of Italy, his *Harmonies Poétiques*, Lamartine was involved in an affair of honor. In one of his poems he had described the Italians as but "the dust of the dead," and General Pepé, since

renowned for his gallant defence of Venice, retaliated with some remarks derogatory to the glory of France. This was more than the flesh and blood of the poet and patriot could brook. He challenged the Italian; a duel ensued and Lamartine was severely wounded, but even while his precious life was hanging on a thread the poet manifested the generosity of his soul by imploring and receiving a promise from the grand duke that his military antagonist should not be punished.

On the eve of that revolution which drove the Bourbons a second time from France, the future historian of the Restoration, being in Paris, was nominated minister plenipotentiary of Greece, and before Charles X. had sought safety in exile Lamartine had an interview with that inadequate representative of the hero of Ivry whose house he and his father had both served. Lamartine's position, after Louis Philippe had ascended the throne, was such as he felt to be somewhat anomalous. "By the family and services of my father," he wrote to a friend, "I belong to Charles X.; by the services of my mother, I belong to the House of Orleans." The Citizen-King offered to confirm Lamartine's appointment to the Greek embassy, but the proposal was rejected. "I loved that old Bourbon family," the poet once said, "because it had the love and blood of my father and of all my dearest relatives." He now resolved on the execution of a long-pondered project, bought a ship, fitted it out at Marseilles, and fared forth, with his family, on a poetical pilgrimage to the East. At Beyrout he had the misfortune to lose his eldest daughter, whose beauty and promise had inspired him with paternal hopes, and whose

untimely death, although it saddened the heart of the poetic pilgrim, elicited some of the most pathetic odes that ever flowed from his inspired pen. Leaving Madame de Lamartine at Beyrout, he travelled through Syria and the Holy Land, and was at Jerusalem when intelligence arrived that he had been elected deputy for the department of the North. The poet thereupon returned to France to try his powers as an orator and politician. His friends, of course, persisting in the popular error, so often refuted, that a man of genius cannot deal with matters of fact, were under the impression that he would prove out of place in a legislative chamber, but he speedily dissipated their delusions. When he ascended the tribune, the rapidity with which he could glance over a subject, the simple manner with which he went direct to the point, and the eloquence with which he adorned whatever he touched, made him as useful and practical a member as any trader or manufacturer, and won for him general admiration.

While valuing little what he calls "the vulgar utility" of Louis Philippe's reign, and rather scorning his pretensions, Lamartine, on entering upon his duties as a deputy, embraced the Conservative cause and took his seat in the ranks headed by Guizot, but he soon gave indications of holding opinions of a much more progressive character than those maintained by that eminent minister. Though in his heart the love of the Bourbon dynasty contended with the republican principles which his reason recommended, Lamartine's politics gradually assumed a more liberal color; and the longer he devoted his attention to public affairs, the more convinced he became that the French nation had been

deluded, and that the king and his ministers were the foes, and not the friends, of the people. From the tribune he warned the government to exhibit a spirit of concession to the popular wants and wishes; but, finding his words disregarded, he withdrew his support from men whose measures aroused his suspicions and whose policy filled him with alarm. The Opposition in 1845 received him with exultation as a new champion, and he avowed with his wonted eloquence his adhesion to the liberal cause. He was, indeed, a formidable opponent to the government, and wielded a two-edged sword. While from the tribune he incessantly called upon the king and his minister to yield to the national demand for reform, and, moreover, urged his views on that head in the columns of the *Bien Public*, he took up his pen, painted in bright words the most precious recollections of the first French Revolution, produced his *History of the Girondins*, and thus prepared the public mind for the coming events which were casting their shadows before, and in which he was to play so conspicuous a part. His orations pronounced in 1848, with surpassing eloquence, at the reform banquets which he insisted should be celebrated in spite of the ministry, marked him out as a hero of the coming struggle; and when solicited to concur in a scheme for preserving the throne which had in 1830 been erected on barricades by the installation of the duchess of Orleans as regent during her son's minority, he expressed in decided language his regret that any one should have counted on the historian of the Girondins, and significantly added that he was not for half measures which would leave the work to be begun afresh.

At length, on the 24th of February, when the red flag had been unfurled and the populace had made themselves masters of Paris, and the chamber was discussing the proposed regency in the presence of the duchess of Orleans and her son, the count of Paris, Lamartine ascended the tribune and addressed the audience. "I have shared," he said, "in the sentiments of grief which a short time ago agitated this assembly when it saw the saddest sight that has been offered in human annals—that of a princess presenting herself with her innocent son and leaving her palace to seek the protection of the chamber. But if I shared in this respect a great misfortune, I also share the solicitude and the admiration which must be excited at the sight of a people which has been fighting for the last two days against a perfidious government in order to re-establish the empire of order and liberty. Let there be no illusion. Do not think that an acclamation in this chamber can replace the united will of thirty-five million of men. Another kind of acclamation must be heard, and, whatever may be the government which this country will adopt, it must be cemented by solid and definite guarantees. How will you do it? How will you find the conditions necessary for such a government in the floating elements which surround us? By descending into the very depth of the country itself, boldly sounding the great mystery of the right of nations. Instead of having recourse to subterfuges to maintain one of those fictions which have nothing durable, I ask you, first, to form a provisional government whose duty it will be to stop the flow of blood and put a stop to the civil war—a government which we institute without giv-

ing up the rights for our anger, or that of the great mission of establishing peace between citizens; a government on which we will impose the duty of convoking the whole of the people." At the time when Lamartine was thus endeavoring "to stay the plague both ways" a loud noise was heard in one of the tribunes, and forthwith a body of men armed with muskets, rushing in, forced their way to the front seats and pointed their weapons, first at the deputies, and then at the royal party, with so menacing an aspect that the perplexed princess with her son quitted the chamber.

It having now become evident that compromise was out of the question, a provisional government, including Lamartine was formed, the chamber of peers was forbidden to meet, the chamber of deputies was dissolved, and Louis Philippe was fain to escape in a craven manner, in a one-horse brougham, from the people whom his policy had exasperated to insurrection. The republic which was thus brought into existence was immediately exposed to peril, for the populace were in a state of fierce excitement and suspicious of all public men. At this crisis Lamartine had the enviable distinction of saving his country from dreadful and sanguinary anarchy. Under his auspices the provisional government adopted resolutions against capital punishment for political offences, and substituted the tri-color for the ill-omened red flag. These measures, which were proposed by Lamartine, owed their success entirely to his courage and eloquence. In one day the Parisian populace, mad with excitement, assembled five times in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and as often Lamartine addressed them in words whose influence

proved him the master of their passions and his own. "You are led," he said, "from calumny to calumny against the men who have devoted themselves, head and heart, to give you a real republic—the republic of all rights, all interests, all the legitimate rights of the people. Yesterday you asked us to usurp in the name of the people of Paris the rights of thirty-five million Frenchmen—to vote them an absolute republic instead of one invested with the strength of their consent. To-day you demand from us the red instead of the tricolor flag. Citizens, for my part I never will adopt the red flag, and I will explain why I will oppose it with all the strength of my patriotism. It is because the tricolor flag has made the tour of the world, under the republic and the empire, with our liberties and our glories, whilst the red flag has only made the tour of the Champs de Mars trailed through torrents of the blood of the people." The effect of this speech was quite magical: the crowd clapped their hands, shed tears, embraced the orator, shook his hands and carried him aloft in triumph.

But a moment afterward fresh masses of the people, armed with sabres and bayonets, surrounded the building, knocked at the doors and filled the *salles*. A cry arose that all was lost, that the mob was about to fire on the members of the provisional government, and that only one voice could allay their wrath. Lamartine appeared. He was raised on the staircase, but for a whole hour the crowd continued to vociferate and brandish their weapons without even deigning to listen. Lamartine at length folded his arms, commenced his address, and by softening and appeasing the people did all that orator

could do to induce them to become the guardians of the provisional government. The Parisians, however, were anything but docile, and the lives of the republican chiefs were never in any degree of safety until they had put it beyond all doubt that the cause of the people would be secure in their keeping. Remembering how they had been duped in 1830, they distrusted all professions of liberalism, however sincere, and, often as they were soothed and charmed by Lamartine's eloquence, their suspicions would still return as soon as his voice had ceased to delight their ears. The more the orator had enchanted them, the more enraged they felt at the idea that all his fine words might be nothing but cajolery. Their perplexity would have been in the highest degree comic had it not threatened a most tragic catastrophe. They insisted that the provisional government should every quarter of an hour report their proceedings to the people.

On one occasion Lamartine came forward and said,

"Citizens, I come to impart to you the ideas of the provisional government."

"We won't have any ideas! Down with ideas!" shouted the mob.

Another time Lamartine began thus:

"The first necessity of the republic is order."

"We won't have any order! Down with order!" exclaimed the impatient populace.

Meanwhile, Lamartine's first act in his capacity of foreign minister was to send a document explaining the principles which would in future govern the intercourse of France with other nations. The effect of this state-paper—eloquent, temperate and

dignified—was generally to inspire confidence. The same moderate and self-possessed language was held by him to the various deputations of foreigners who came to seek the aid of the republic in their projected attempts to revolutionize their respective countries, especially to those of the Poles and Italians.

But, with all his genius, Lamartine could not accomplish the great achievement of establishing a safe and permanent republic. While he was discharging with a firmness and temperance worthy of all praise the high functions with which he had been entrusted, the populace, incited by some designing men who for the misfortune of the nation had found a place in the provisional government, were preparing those disorders which resulted in the catastrophe of June. Lamartine, with the prescience of genius, foresaw the storm, and prepared to meet it. "We are approaching a crisis," said he in council, "and it will not be a riot or a battle, but a campaign of several days, and of several factions combined. The National Assembly may perhaps be forced for a while to quit Paris. We must provide for these contingencies with the energy of a republican power. The fifty-five thousand men sufficient for Paris would not suffice to bring back the national representation into the capital. I demand, besides, a series of decrees of public security—that the minister of war immediately order up to Paris twenty thousand more men."

This proposal was unanimously agreed to, and thus, a fortnight before the insurrection broke out, the government had made arrangements to bring seventy-five thousand bayonets to the support of the National Guard

of one hundred and ninety thousand men. General Cavaignac carried the orders of the government into execution as rapidly as quarters could be provided. Lamartine every day inquired as to the arrival of the troops, and was told, "The orders have been given, and the troops are in movement." Taking into account the effective strength of the *Garde Mobile*, the *Garde Républicaine* and the *Gardiens de Paris*, the effective number of the garrison in and around the capital at the end of June was forty-five thousand men. The steps taken by government to break up the useless *Ateliers Nationaux* precipitated the struggle, and on the 23d of June the insurrection commenced. Its obstinacy and protracted duration, together with its suppression by Cavaignac, are well known. From this time forward the government of the republic was administered in a repressive spirit, and the nation, frightened into retrogression, hastened to elect a chamber the majority of which was opposed to the views of Lamartine.

On the 21st of December, Louis Napoleon was installed as president of the republic, having been chosen by a majority of six million; while the candidature of Lamartine—formerly the idol of the people, and who had been returned to the Assembly by six constituencies—could only secure a few thousand votes. Lamartine met his fate after the manner of a man who at a terrible crisis had done his duty. He had failed in reconciling order with freedom; but as he had risen with temper, so he fell with dignity, carrying with him the admiration of his friends and the respect of his opponents.

After that date Lamartine's principal works

were the *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*, *History of the Constituent Assembly*, *History of Turkey* and *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*, all of which are more or less characterized by a rich, picturesque and fascinating style animated by the inspirations of a fervid, poetical spirit and irradiated with the beams of a refined and brilliant imagination. He died in 1869.

THOMPSON COOPER.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND,

WHO divides with Tieck the reputation of being the greatest of the living poets of Germany, was born on the 26th of April, 1787, at Tübingen. Having studied law, he took his degree in 1810. He afterward visited Paris, where he applied himself to the study of the old French poets.

After his return home, Uhland was employed in the department of the minister of justice in Würtemberg, was elected to the second chamber in 1816, became professor at Tübingen in 1829, but resigned his post in consequence of not being admitted to the chamber. At the regeneration of Germany, in March, 1848, the discarded name of Uhland again assumed political weight. The Würtemberg ministry having sent him as a delegate to Frankfort, he took part in the reorganization of the congress.

During the height of the Romantic period Uhland wrote his earlier poems, but the brightness of the imagery and the purity and simplicity of the thoughts elevated them above the ruling influences. He sought materials for his poems among the traditions of all the nations of the West of Europe, but always invested them with the pure German character and expression.

E 31

Uhland was always quite as much of a politician as a poet, and entered into and expressed himself strongly on the various phases of politics that in turn agitated the German people. His principal works are *Ernest, Duke of Swabia*, a tragedy; *Louis the Bavarian*, a drama; *Dramatic Poems*, *Walter of the Vogelweide*. Several of his ballads—"The Black Knight," "The Castle by the Sea," etc.—are familiar to English readers by the admirable translations in Longfellow's *Hyperion*.

Uhland died in the year 1862.

THOMPSON COOPER.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS,

A POET, critic and journalist of considerable talent, was born in Portland, January 20, 1807. While a child he was removed to Boston, and received his first education at the Latin school of that city and the Phillips Academy at Andover. He entered Yale College in the seventeenth year of his age, and about the same time produced a series of poems on sacred subjects which obtained for him some reputation. Immediately after he had graduated, in 1827, he was engaged by Mr. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") to edit *The Legendary* and *The Token*. In 1828 he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted for two years and a half, when it was merged in the *New York Mirror*, and Willis went to Europe. On his arrival in France he was attached to the American legation by Mr. Rives, then minister to the court of Versailles, and with a diplomatic passport he travelled in that country, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Turkey, and, last of all, in England, where he mar-

ried. The letters he wrote while abroad, under the title of "Pencillings by the Way," first appeared in the *New York Mirror*. In 1835 he published *Inklings of Adventure*, a series of tales, which appeared originally in a London magazine under the signature of "Peter Slingsby." In 1837 he returned to the United States and retired to a pleasant seat on the Susquehanna, where he resided two years. Early in 1839 he became one of the editors of the *Corsair*, a literary gazette in New York, and in the autumn of the same year he went again to London, where, in the following winter, he published *Loiterings of Travel*, in two volumes, and *Two Ways of Dying for a Husband*. In 1840 appeared his *Poems* and *Letters from Under a Bridge*. About the same time he wrote the descriptive portions of some pictorial works on American scenery and Ireland. In 1843, with Mr. G. P. Morris, he revived the *New York Mirror*, which had been discontinued for several years, first as a weekly, then as a daily gazette, but withdrew from it upon the death of his wife, in 1844, and made another visit to England, where he published *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil*, consisting of stories and sketches of European and American society. On his return to New York he issued his complete works, which filled a closely-printed imperial octavo volume of several hundred pages. In October, 1846, he married a daughter of the Hon. Mr. Gunnell and settled in New York, where he was associated with Mr. Morris as editor of the *Home Journal*, a weekly gazette of literature.

Mr. Willis belonged to what has been styled the Venetian school in letters. There is no drawing, but much coloring, in his pictures.

His stories have little probability, coherence or consistency, but the abundance of ornamental details scattered over his writings have gained for him considerable popularity. A sister of Mr. Willis also gained a considerable amount of literary reputation under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern." He died Jan. 21, 1867. THOMPSON COOPER.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED THE GREAT was the youngest son of Ethelwolf, king of the West Saxons, and Osburga, daughter of Oslac the Goth, who inherited the blood of the sub-kings of the isle of Wight. At the age of five he was sent to Rome, where Leo IV. anointed him with the royal unction. When only twenty-two years of age, he found himself the monarch of a distracted kingdom. After several unfortunate battles with the Danes he disbanded his followers and wandered about the woods, and finally found shelter in the cottage of a herdsman named Denulf, at Athelney, in Somersetshire. Here occurred the interesting event which has pleased so many boys and girls—the burning of the cakes. Receiving information that Odun, earl of Devon, had obtained a victory over the Danes in Devonshire and had taken their magical standard, he disguised himself as a harper and obtained admission to the Danish camp, where his skill was so much admired that he was retained a considerable time, and was admitted to play before King Gorm, or Guthrum, and his chiefs. Having by these means gained a knowledge of his enemy, he collected his vassals and nobles, surprised the Danes at Eddington, and completely defeated them in May, 878. The king behaved with

great magnanimity to his foes, giving up the kingdom of East Anglia to those of the Danes who embraced the Christian religion. He now put his kingdom into a state of defence and greatly increased his navy, and by his energy, activity, bravery and wisdom the country became exceedingly prosperous. He is said to have fought fifty-six battles by sea and land, although his valor as a warrior has excited less admiration than his wisdom as a legislator. He composed a body of statutes, instituted trial by jury, divided the kingdom into shires and tithings. He was so exact in his government that robbery was unheard of, and gold chains might be left in the highways untouched. He also formed a Parliament, which met in London twice a year. There was so little learning in his time that from the Thames to the Humber hardly a man could be found who understood Latin. To remedy this state of things, he invited learned men from all parts and endowed schools throughout the kingdom; and if, indeed, he was not the founder of the University of Oxford, he raised it to a reputation which it had never before enjoyed. Among other acts of munificence to that seat of learning, he founded University College. He himself was a learned prince, composed several works, translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, some religious and moral treatises, perhaps *Æsop's* fables and the Psalms of David, also the metres of Boëthius. He divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts; one he devoted to the service of God, another to public affairs, and the third to rest and refreshment. In private life he was benevolent, pious, cheerful and affable; the story of his giving the poor beggar half his loaf

when famished himself is one of the many things which have won for him the love and admiration of all true Englishmen. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, 849; died 900.

S. O. BEETON.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THIS noble-minded patriot and poet, the friend of Milton, the Abdiel of a dark and corrupt age—"faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he"—was born in Hull in 1620. He was educated at Cambridge. We know little more about the early days of our poet. When only twenty, he lost his father in remarkable circumstances. In 1640 he had embarked on the Humber in company with a youthful pair whom he was to marry at Barrow, in Lincolnshire. The weather was calm, but Marvell, seized with a sudden presentiment of danger, threw his staff ashore and cried out, "Ho for heaven!" A storm came on, and the whole company perished. In consequence of this sad event, the gentleman whose daughter was to have been married, conceiving that the father had sacrificed his life while performing an act of friendship, adopted young Marvell as his son. Owing to this he received a better education, and was sent abroad to travel. It is said that at Rome he met and formed a friendship with Milton, then engaged on his immortal continental tour.

We find Marvell next at Constantinople as secretary to the English embassy at that court. We then lose sight of him till 1653, when he was engaged by the Protector to superintend the education of a Mr. Dutton at Eton. For a year and a half after Cromwell's death Marvell assisted Milton as Latin secretary to the Protector. Our readers are

all familiar with the print of Cromwell and Milton seated together at the council-table—the one the express image of active power and rugged grandeur, the other of thoughtful majesty and ethereal grace. Marvell might have been added as a third, and become the emblem of strong English sense and incorruptible integrity. A letter of Milton's was not long since discovered, dated February, 1652, in which he speaks of Marvell as fitted by his knowledge of Latin and his experience of teaching to be his assistant. He was not appointed, however, till 1657. In 1660 he became member for Hull, and was re-elected as long as he lived. He was absent, however, from England for two years, in the beginning of the reign, in Germany and Holland. Afterward he sought leave from his constituents to act as ambassador's secretary to Lord Carlisle at the Northern courts, but from the year 1665 to his death his attention to his parliamentary duties was unremitting. He constantly corresponded with his constituents, and after the longest sittings he used to write out for their use a minute account of public proceedings ere he went to bed or took any refreshment. He was one of the last members who received pay from the town he represented (two shillings a day was probably the sum), and his constituents were wont, besides, to send him barrels of ale as tokens of their regard.

Marvell spoke little in the House, but his heart and vote were always in the right place. Even Prince Rupert continually consulted him, and was sometimes persuaded by him to support the popular side; and King Charles, having met him once in private, was so delighted with his wit and agreeable manners that he thought

him worth trying to bribe. He sent Lord Danby to offer him a mark of His Majesty's consideration. Marvell, who was seated in a dingy room up several flights of stairs, declined the proffer, and, it is said, called his servant to witness that he had dined for three successive days on the same shoulder of mutton, and was not likely, therefore, to care for or need a bribe. When the treasurer was gone, he had to send a friend to borrow a guinea. Although a silent senator, Marvell was a copious and popular writer. He attacked Bishop Parker for his slavish principles in a piece entitled *The Rehearsal Transposed*, in which he takes occasion to vindicate and panegyryze his old colleague, Milton. His anonymous *Account of the Growth of Arbitrary Power* excited a sensation, and a reward was offered for the apprehension of the author and printer. Marvell had many of the elements of a first-rate political pamphleteer. He had wit of a most pungent kind, great though coarse fertility of fancy and a spirit of independence that nothing could subdue or damp. He was the undoubted ancestor of the Defoes, Swifts, Steeles, Juniuses and Burkes, in whom this kind of authorship reached its perfection, ceased to be fugitive and assumed classical rank.

Marvell had been repeatedly threatened with assassination, and hence, when he died suddenly on the 16th of August, 1678, it was surmised that he had been removed by poison. The corporation of Hull voted a sum to defray his funeral expenses and for raising a monument to his memory, but, owing to the interference of the court through the rector of the parish, this votive tablet was not at the time erected. He was buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness," saith the Hebrew record; and so from the sturdy Andrew Marvell have proceeded such soft and lovely strains as "The Emigrants," "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," "Young Love," etc. The statue of Memnon became musical at the dawn, and the stern patriot whom no bribe could buy and no flattery melt is found sympathizing in song with a boatful of banished Englishmen in the remote Bermudas, and inditing "Thoughts in a Garden," from which you might suppose that he had spent his life more with melons than with men, and was better acquainted with the motions of a beehive than with the contests of Parliament and the distractions of a most distracted age. It was said (not with thorough truth) of Milton that he could cut out a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones—a task which his assistant may be said to have performed in his stead, in his small but delectable copies of verse.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND, the first Scotch poet who wrote well in English, was born A. D. 1585 at Hawthornden (Southey), near Edinburgh. His father, Sir John Drummond, held a situation about the person of James VI. The poet in his youth studied law, but, relinquishing that profession, he retired to a life of ease and literature on his "delightful" patrimonial estate. His happiness was suddenly interrupted by the death of a lady to whom he was betrothed; he spent several years in seeking by travel a refuge from his sorrow. He married, late in life, Elizabeth Logan, attracted to her, it is said, by her re-

semblance to his first love. He was warmly attached to Charles I.; grief for the king's death, it is alleged, shortened his life.

Drummond's works consist of sonnets, madrigals and religious and occasional poems; among the latter is the ludicrous Latin doggerel "Polemo-Middinia." His sonnets are estimated by Hazlitt as the finest in the language, and approaching nearest to the Italian model. Drummond's fancy is luxuriant, but tinged with frigid conceits. His versification is flowing and harmonious. Even Ben Jonson's arrogance condescended to "envy" the author of *The Forth Feasting*. He is the writer of a forgotten history of the Jameses. He died 1649.

S. O. BEETON.

ERATOSTHENES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHRISTIAN C. J. BUNSEN.

ERATOSTHENES, next to Aristotle the most illustrious among Greek men of learning, and as far superior to him in the extent of his knowledge as inferior in grasp of intellect, was an African by birth, from the Greek colony of Cyrene. Strabo calls him and Callimachus the pride of that city; "for," he adds, "if there ever was a man who combined skill in the art of poetry and grammar—common to him and to Callimachus—with philosophy and general learning, Eratosthenes was that man." He reduced to a system two sciences, both of which he found in their infancy, geography and chronology. His calculation of the size of the globe, when submitted to the stricter test of modern science, proved the most correct hitherto made. His adjustment

of the leading points in Grecian history on the basis of the Olympic era—upward to the time of the Heraclidæ, and downward to that of Alexander the Great—was, and continued to be, the groundwork of all the chronological researches of the old world. In geography he was the guide and authority of Strabo and Ptolemy; in chronology, of Apollodorus and the later calculators. He was the founder of historical criticism for the primitive ages of Greece. Lastly, he ventured to doubt the historical truth of the Homeric legend. "I will believe in it," said he, "when I have been shown the currier who made the wind-bags which Ulysses on his voyage homeward received from Æolus." The extent and depth of his geographical researches as known to us through Strabo prove that his historical inquiries were not limited to the world of Hellas, but in this latter department he is more especially distinguished as the first and greatest critical investigator of Egyptian antiquity. His remark upon the tyrant Busiris, as recorded by Strabo, and the ridicule with which he treated the popular Greek legend concerning him and his human sacrifices, may here be cited as peculiarly characteristic. "By Jupiter," said he, "there never was such a tyrant as Busiris—not even a king of that name." In two other passages of still greater importance in their critical bearing on Egyptian history, though hitherto little appreciated, he elucidates the historical connection between the native tribes of South Africa and Asia

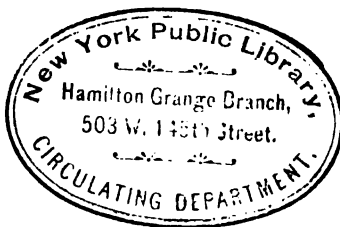
toward India and the Egyptians. "The four principal races of South Africa," he remarked, according to Strabo, "have not only a well-regulated monarchical constitution, but also stately temples and royal palaces; the beams in their houses are arranged like those of the Egyptians." In his description of the southern promontory of Arabia, at Babelmandeb, he says, "Here must have stood the pillars of Sesostris inscribed with hieroglyphics." This he follows up with a detail of the campaign of that conqueror in those parts. Born in the 126th Olympiad, about 276 B. C.—in the early part, consequently, of the reign of Philadelphus—he succeeded, probably under Euergetes, to the honorable post of director of the Alexandrian Library, which he filled up to the time of his death, in his eightieth or eighty-second year, in the 146th Olympiad.

Translation of CHARLES H. COTTRELL.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

"LIVE while you live!" the epicure would say,
 "And seize the pleasures of the present day;"
 "Live while you live!" the sacred preacher cries,
 "And give to God each moment as it flies."
 Lord, in my view let both united be:
 I live in pleasure while I live to thee.

PHILIP DODDGE.



THE BIRDS.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOPHANES.

EUELPIDES and Pisthetærus, two ancient Athenians, thoroughly weary of the folly, injustice and litigious temper of their countrymen, determine to leave Attica for good and all; and, having heard much of the fame of Epops, king of the birds, who was once a man under the name of Tereus and had married an Athenian lady, they pack up a few necessary utensils and set out for the court of that prince under the conduct of a jay and a raven, birds of great distinction in augury, without whose direction the Greeks never undertook anything of consequence. Their errand is to inquire of the birds, who are the greatest travellers of any nation, where they may meet with a quiet, easy settlement far from all prosecutions, lawsuits and sycophant informers, to pass the remainder of their lives in peace and liberty.

SELECTIONS.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

The Chorus rejoice in their own increasing power, and, as about the time of the Dionysia it was usual to make proclamation against the enemies of the republic, they set a price upon the head of a famous poulterer who had exercised infinite cruelties upon their friends and brethren; then they turn themselves to the judges and spectators, and promise if

this drama obtain the victory how propitious they will be to them.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS. O'er the wide world now I
sway,

And my subject realms survey;
Mortals all to me shall bring
Votive prayer and offering.
For the green earth I defend,
All her blooming fruitage tend,
And ruthless slay the ravening brood
That lurk within the closed bud
Or with their million fangs devour
The chalice of the opening flower,
Sit on the trees and suck their fruit,
Or, mining, sap the secret root.
Through the damask gardens I
Seize the reptile, chase the fly—
Whoe'er with harmful power presume
To waste the sweets or soil the bloom.
Crushed by my wing the felons lie,
And writhing in their mischief die.

Whereas this day is issued a new proclamation,

Designed for the safety and good of the nation,
That a talent the state to that citizen pays
Whoever the Melian Diagoras slays,
And another to him who kills over again
Any tyrant soe'er that already is slain,
We therefore hereby think it fit to declare
The rewards that our friends and avengers
shall share:

A talent to him who among you shall slay
 The poulterer Philocrates gladly we pay,
 And four to the man, whosoever he be,
 That shall take him alive and conduct him
 to me,
 For our sparrows he strings and sells seven
 a penny,
 Blows our thrushes hung up to be stared at
 by any;
 The plumes from the tails of our blackbirds
 he gathers,
 And thrusts through their nostrils obliquely
 the feathers;
 He catches our doves and imprisons a
 troop,
 Constrained to decoy while enclosed in their
 coop.
 And we further give notice, if any detain
 Fowls shut up in his yard, that he loose
 them again,
 On pain that yourselves by the birds shall
 be seized,
 And shut up to decoy till your thralls are
 released.

Blest the wingèd tribes that wear
 No fleece to fend the winter's air,
 Nor again doth sultry ray
 Scorch us through the summer day.
 Bosomed deep in leafy green,
 Then the flowery meadows screen,
 While the grasshopper doth sing
 With his shrill note clamoring
 All throughout the livelong noon,
 Loud and maddening with the sun.
 When the stormy season raves,
 Winter I in hollow caves,
 With the mountain nymphs disporting,
 Till, with spring again resorting

Once more to the myrtle bowers,
 We feed on snow-white virgin flowers,
 Dallying where the Graces play
 O'er the garden-alleys gay.

Ere we further proceed I have something to
 say
 To the judges about the success of our
 play—
 What gifts, if the conquest to us they
 decree,
 We will grant, such as Paris with envy might
 see.
 First, then, what 'tis known every judge
 would like best,
 The Laurian owls shall with you make their
 nest:
 They shall lurk in your purses, the delicate
 elves,
 And hatch little coins there as dear as them-
 selves;
 Next your houses with temples in splendor
 shall vie,
 Their roofs crowned with eagles that gaze on
 the sky;
 If in office you're placed and would aught
 filch away,
 Little hawks to your fists shall the rapine
 convey;
 And if anywhere you're invited to sup,
 We will send you such craws as ye scarce
 can fill up.
 Not so if the victory to us is denied:
 To your heads then like statues must plates
 be applied;
 For if you're without, though your raiment's
 like snow,
 Be sure we'll befoul you wherever you go.

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M.

A LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.

A TALE OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND WAR.

THE HERO OF THE TALE.



HENRY G—— was a strange character in the affairs of life: he was an active, practical man, yet possessing so much of the quiet spirit of the philosopher that no event, no matter how important or even alarming it might be, seemed to disturb the even tenor of his thoughts. The observer might say, "This man is a

stoic," but those who were acquainted with him and had a clearer insight into his character knew that this apparent stoicism was only on the surface, and that a strong human sympathy pervaded every fibre of his being. "What a calm, contented life," thought I, when I first made his acquaintance, "he must have led!" I did not then know his history, and had therefore to learn about him that

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more."

We met occasionally in our every-day life and sometimes spent an hour together discussing passing events, the wonders of science, or the works of authors of ancient and of modern times. One day our conversation turned upon the writings of the poet Keats. "What a wonderful line of his that is," said I:

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'

It haunts my brain; I cannot forget it; I

find myself repeating it again and again. What does Keats mean? If a thing of beauty produces endless joy, why may not a beautiful person also produce lasting joy?" I was so engrossed with my own soliloquy that I did not perceive the effect which my words had on my philosophic friend until I heard him exclaim, "No, no! beauty does not produce lasting joy." Rising from where he was seated, he turned quickly away and left without even bidding me good-by. His unceremonious departure and emotion over a trifling observation so surprised me that I could scarcely realize that he was gone.

When we met again a few days later, all his excitement had disappeared and he seemed once more the same calm philosopher which I had hitherto supposed him to be. He apologized for his late abrupt departure. "I frequently persuade myself," said he, "that I have completely mastered the passions that once filled my soul; but the truth is that notwithstanding my philosophy, even yet the smouldering fires of my youth will sometimes burst into a new flame."

At my earnest solicitation he narrated the story of his life. As he told it to me, I have written it out for your entertainment, my reader.

HENRY G——'S STORY.

PART I.—YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Life's pictured scenes, how beautiful they seem

In youthful days! In fancy's fairy dream

All earthly joys in brightest colors glow,
While fleeting hours with blissful pleasures
flow ;

Nature appears all lovely to our sight.
The frost of time those early joys may blight,
But memory will always treasure dear
The vanished raptures of each bygone year :
Our souls enshrine those happy hours of
youth,

So full of fancy, wonder, love, and truth ;
Nor can our after pleasures e'er repay
For lost illusions of our early day.

Within that dream-land lived I, as a child,
And there the morning dawn of life beguiled.

I was my mother's pensive, froward boy :
For me was all her trouble, all her joy.
Her tender love,—such love as mothers
know,

The purest, truest flame that earth can
show,—

That yearning love of my sweet mother mild
Would shield, from dreadful War, her way-
ward child ;

For longing I had yearned in early life
To mingle in the fields of martial strife,
And emulate in battle's conflict dire
Heroic deeds of my illustrious sire,
Who, brave, had fallen in the glorious fray
Leading his men where triumph crowned the
day :

Leaving a name amongst that gallant band
Who, conquering, perish for their native
land.

To change this spirit of my youthful dream,
Sweet human love was still my mother's
theme :

She prayed a truer light my soul might raise,
And pleasant, peaceful labor fill my days,

Weaning me from the thoughts of blood afar,
The gilded trappings of triumphant war,
The love of conquest, of a warrior's name,
The grand illusion of a hero's fame,
And anchor me on Heaven's eternal plan,—
Unfolding love to God from love to man ;
Her yearning cry, my heart with love to
bind,

That I might live the friend of human kind.
Uprose her gentle voice, her fervent prayer,
In vain : where glory called, my soul was
there.

With dreams of war thus passed my youth-
ful day,

My gentle mother fading fast away.
I saw her languid form, her drooping eye,—
I loved, but never thought that death was
nigh ;

And when one night she stood beside my
bed,

And with her boy for nobler thoughts she
plead,

My heart was hard ; but from her holy calm
Came tenderness, and to my soul a balm.
She, bending o'er me, that sweet mother dear,
Bedewed my cheek with many a falling tear,
And with a dying kiss almost divine
She breathed her gentle spirit into mine,
And there, reclining o'er me, on my bed,
My nearest, dearest, earthly friend lay dead.

I will not tell the story of my grief,
My pent-up woe which could not find relief ;
But I was changed : no more the thoughtless
boy,

The dreams of war no more my days employ ;
I learned to read the philosophic page,
And Nature's open book my thoughts en-
gage ;—

With my new spirit and my altered mind
 Became the friend and helper of my kind.
 I learned to prize the beautiful and grand,—
 The dear enchantments of my native land :
 What joy to hear, upon that rock-bound
 shore,

Wild Ocean's storms, her angry billows'
 roar ;

To see far, far around her dark rocks play
 The lightning's flash amidst her dashing
 spray.

And thus my soul was schooled to the sub-
 lime

Midst vast upheavals of some ancient time :
 For I was born where Nature's cliffs are piled
 In frowning, tow'ring, rugged grandeur wild,
 Whose stately forms and dusky shades are
 seen,

Telling what is, repeating what has been ;
 Bearing again in sweet remembrance round
 Each dying echo and each long-lost sound.
 Here, in the bud of life, in Spring's young
 day,

My youthful hours were wafted on their way,
 With scarce enough of hidden care to know
 This bright and beauteous world contained a
 woe ;

No cloud upon my azure sky was seen,
 My blooming bliss was lost midst vernal
 green.

When mother died, and my first grief was
 o'er,

I found a friend to comfort me once more.
 O Edgar ! in that hour of youth how free,
 How joyous was the converse held with thee
 When, linked together by that sacred flame
 Which blendeth soul with soul,—sweet
 Friendship's name !

Oft, when the studies of the day were o'er,
 We wandered free along that sea-girt shore,
 Or rambled far, from mountain unto glen,
 To stray secluded from the haunts of men,
 And pledged no coming storm or future
 strife

Should ever mar the concord of our life :
 For friendship's chain in golden color shone,—
 The baser metal was to me unknown.

Thus, from my boyhood unto manhood's
 dawn,

In pleasant converse early years fled on,
 When, o'er the day-dream of my youth there
 came,

With thoughts of happy home, a tender
 flame,

A dream of Eden ;—of a lovely form
 Which would earth's fairest palaces adorn,—
 A being made for me, and only mine,
 Whom in my inmost heart I would enshrine,
 Who should my very life, my all control,
 And ever be the centre of my soul.

While musing thus, there passed before my
 sight

A vision glorious as the morning light :
 A child of earth, but oh, how heavenly fair !
 Hers was a form of wondrous beauty rare.
 Enthralled I stood ; my soul was in a maze,
 Feeling that I could there unceasing gaze,
 To drink deep draughts from love's delicious
 stream,

And live forever in enchanted dream.
 Oft the sweet thrill of rapture I have felt
 While on the beautiful my soul hath dwelt,—
 All that in nature or in art adorns,
 Earth's fairest images, her grandest forms,—
 But naught so lovely ever met my sight
 As she, who thrilled me with a pure delight.

Oh could I paint!—but no, all art were vain
To bring that living picture back again!
Her lovely form is graven in my breast,
And there forever must her image rest.

She passed. Within her home and by her
side

I wooed, I won, fair Ellen for my bride.
Naught could my loving ardor then control,
I throned her deity within my soul,
And knelt and worshipped at that lovely
shrine,

Deeming the image to be all divine;
Believing in that maiden, witching fair,
Full every grace and virtue must be there,
Not counting she was but a child of clay,
The bright illusion of my youthful day;
Like Keats, I could not bliss from beauty
sever,

“A thing of beauty” seemed “a joy forever.”
Within her thrall I to her faults was blind,
Counting her beauty index of her mind;
How could I dream, within a form so fair,
A faithless spirit found its dwelling there?

Bliss keeps no record, notes no daily chime,
Alike a moment or an age of time;
Sorrow's slow creeping hours will numbered
go,

Joy drinks the sweets which from life's pleas-
ures flow.

I passed with Ellen months of calm delight,
Cared not to measure time nor mark his
flight:

How pure the bliss of our first youthful love!
Scarce purer may the blessed feel above.

My life seemed hallowed by a heavenly light,
Like some fair passing vision of the night,
Lifting my soul to live with angel kind,
That came and went, but left me here behind.

A day of Eden unto each is given,
Then we are banished from that earthly
heaven.

Few of the finer feelings may we trace
Where sloth and ignorance afflict our race;
In cultured natures, in the more refined,
The keener felt the anguish of the mind.
Had I been born within some lowly cot,
And life's hard struggle been my early lot,
Or wealth not flowed on me in golden
stream,

My youth would not have passed in fancy's
dream,
In love and friendship would have less be-
lieved,
Nor fondly trusted to have been deceived,
And, better fitted for a world of strife,
Calmer had flowed the current of my life.

Edgar, my early friend I deemed so true,
I parted from e'er I my Ellen knew,
But, when he came again, once more we
strayed

By those loved haunts where in our youth we
played;

And with my friend and Ellen by my side,
I roamed afar the verdant valley wide,
While Edgar told of scenes in distant land,
Of lovely fruitful plains and mountains grand,
Of passes narrow, in a rugged dell
Blood-dyed, where many gallant heroes fell;
And Ellen wondered while each tale he told,
Of modern valor and of deeds of old,—
Listened with bated breath and eye of flame,
Of fields that daring won in freedom's name;
And when, with altered mood, his theme
would change

To happy scenes where youthful pleasures
range,—

Of joyous song, of dance and minstrel's lay,
In festive halls where beauty held the sway,
Her soul, responsive to his every tone,
Would, thirsting, languish for these joys unknown.

From purest love our keenest pang will spring;
We to our bosoms press the blissful sting:
For who the beauty of the rose would scorn
Because beneath it grows the prickly thorn?
Oh, what is life, if love no longer smile!—
Not all earth's riches could our days beguile;
Without its magic light e'en heaven were
drear,

Vain were the glories of that holy sphere;
Or if within that pictured region's* gloom
Where erring, chastened spirits meet their
doom,

The purest love were there, its fires would glow
With flames of burning bliss, and not of woe:
Not all the riches of the salty main,
Love lost, could bring life's pleasures back
again.

There came a sudden change, I knew not how:
A dark cloud gathered on fair Ellen's brow,
Then passed away, and as in days gone by
I saw the love-light gleaming in her eye;
When trustingly her welcome smile I woo,
Then came that cloud again, and blacker grew.
A moment's sunshine, or a flickering lamp,
A gleam of warmth, then dark and chilly
damp;
And when I sought her clouded brow to clear
With loving words that once she liked to hear,
A rigid living statue cold she stood,
An icicle to me, in her strange mood:
All beautiful, each grace without alloy,
But to my frozen soul she brought no joy.

* Dante's *Inferno*.

Thus wild and tender thoughts o'er me had
power,

And love and frenzy ruled each passing hour.
A cruel doubt will plant the fiercest sting,
The sharpest anguish from a joy will spring:
With Ellen's smile the world to me was bright,
But from her frown there came a withering
blight.

At this the sage may smile, the cynic stare,
But human passions rule this world of care:
Beginning with our birth, they scarce decay
Till life's last closing hour has passed away.
On whirlwind tempests passion oft will ride,
But reason's province always is to guide.

Days many fleeting go,—we note them not;
In life there is a day that's ne'er forgot,—
Within our very souls its memories burn,
Through after years its scathing thoughts
return;

Like blazing comet in eternal flight,
It wends its endless way and sheds its light;
If dark that day, its shadow casts a gloom
O'er life's bright way which withers early
bloom:

Such unto me my promised bridal day,
When faithless friend and loved one fled away.

I cannot draw that scene; its thought still
flows

With fire, as crater's molten lava glows:
I felt the grief of ages o'er me roll,
Burning my youth, my life, my very soul,
Till, tearing from my heart the treasured
flame

Of faithless love and friendship, I became—
A cynic?—no, a cynic be who can,
For I was formed to love my fellow man,—
Became a weary man, unfit for strife,
Unfit to mingle in the joys of life.

What scenes within our days can fate provide !

In after time I stood by Ellen's side :
How changed !—a meekness o'er her spirit passed,

Bending, as lily bendeth to the blast ;
Her eye, once vying with the peerless gem,
Drooped like a flower severed from its stem :
For o'er her lustre and her youthful bloom
Was cast the shadow of an early tomb.
Virtues unseen will bud beneath His rod,
For the crushed spirit turneth to its God.

Beneath a little mound of new-heaped clay
Her first-born, only son in slumber lay ;
While he who lately hailed her as his bride
Had basely fled before their infant died.
Cold in that grave, in my deep sorrow wild
I laid fair Ellen by her buried child :
Resting in slumber sweet beneath the sod,
Within the care and mercy of their God.
And now in silence I will draw the veil
Forever o'er this portion of my tale.

PART II.—WAR'S ILLUSIONS DISPELLED.

To all unknown, a passion, sages tell,
Slumbering deep in countless hearts will dwell ;

Although unfelt, such passion when possessed,
And springing from some fierce forefather's breast

Who lived, perchance, a thousand years before,
May wake to life within our hearts once more.

And this might be : with thrilling nerves I know

The thirst for war within my soul did glow,
When men unfaithful to a nation's trust
Would hurl fair freedom's banner to the dust.

O Freedom ! ever precious in my sight,
Thy noble heroes were my soul's delight !
My heart has throbbed exultant to thy name,
And I have worshipped at thy altar's flame ;
Thy spirit's light has kindled in mine eye,
And I for thee enrolled have dared to die.

Hailed by the foeman's fiercest ringing yell,
Our flag, which floated free o'er Sumter, fell ;
The nation rose again to place it high
Or with their blood its silken threads to dye.
From Rocky Mountains' heights to Oceans' main

In wrath they came to wash away that stain,
And that dear flag with folds again unfurled
To float as freedom's emblem for the world.
Thy teachings, O my mother ! where were they ?—

By me forgotten on that trysting-day ;
For beautiful it seemed, that banner bright,—
Symbol of law, of freedom, and of right.

O War ! how terrible thy ranks appear !—
Thy charging columns with their ringing cheer ;

Thy bloody sod ; the raging, deadly strife
Of soldier thirsting for a soldier's life ;
Thy glitt'ring steel, thy hissing, shrieking shells,

Thy roaring gun, whose smoky thunder swells ;
The heaps of slaughtered on that fatal day ;
The wounded, dying midst thy surging fray,
Writhing in agony amongst the dead,
While yelling foemen fiercely o'er them tread :
The love of dear ones never more to share,
With unquenched thirst, they bravely perish there.

There may be glory for the conquering host,
But for the vanquished when the field is lost

There are no laurels—this the sum of all :
Rout, blood-stained garments for their funeral
pall.

Nigh to a struggling charger dying there,
Beside a putrid corse which taints the air,
Wounded, upon that battle-field laid low,
I was made captive by the vaunting foe,—
In that fraternal, cruel, fearful strife,
Where brother foemen sought their brothers'
life,—

And long immured within their prison-pen,
That filthy, loathsome tomb of living men :
Its horrid, deadly stench, our scanty food,
The crawling vermin feeding on our blood ;
With tattered garments and with unkempt
hair,

Pale breathing skeletons we huddled there.
O hours of youth ! where are thy visions now
Of conquering banners and of laurelled brow,
Of deeds of valor e'er the set of sun
Heralded records of thy triumph won ?
Through war's stern lesson they have passed
away,—

Those bright illusions of my boyhood day.

Time crawled. Exchanged from prison I
was free ;

But oh, what then was liberty to me !—
Borne to my home, a wreck, with feeble breath,
In pain, to struggle hard for life with death !
But healing came, and, casting off my load,
A healthy vigor through my sinews flowed ;
While o'er my days there crept a tranquil rest,
And hope returning throbbed within my
breast.

Too long the story of my life to tell ;
On after peaceful years I will not dwell.
In time, a loving wife upon me smiled,
And children fair my quiet days beguiled ;

Friendship again around me wove her chain,
And beauty, joy, and love resumed their reign.

Peace came. It was a thrilling sight to see
Our flag, redeemed, o'er Sumter floating free.
From Rocky Mountains' heights to Oceans'
main

The people hailed that flag without a stain,
Their country safe, with liberty and law,
While nations gazed in wonder and in awe.
All honor give to that heroic band

Who fought through fire to save dear Free-
dom's land !

Of those whose names shall live on history's
page,

Whose fame resoundeth far, from age to age,
I honored many, name but one bright star,
Whose loving heart would check thy horrors,
War !

LINCOLN, immortal Chief,—not nobler name
In all the annals of our nation's fame :
Who guided safely through that raging flood,
And sealed our country's freedom with his
blood.

Our flag shall wave, o'er all our land unfurled,
The beacon-sign of freedom for the world.

Though tranquil are my closing years of life,
No billows surging and no inward strife,
I would not wish, like Pennsylvania's sage,
To live again my days from youth to age.*
O Franklin ! though none wiser of thy race,
Remove a blot another may deface :
To change thy course upon life's stormy sea
Would not from coming error rescue thee.

* " When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition certain errors of the first."—BENJ. FRANKLIN.

Avoid the main where we were tempest-
tossed,
And lo! the current of our lives is lost;
Steer clear the shoals where we were wrecked
before,
We strike on hidden rock, on unknown shore;
For oh, upon life's ever-shifting tide
Are dangers new where'er our bark may
glide!

We live, upon this earth of constant change
From centre unto highest mountain-range,
As though it ever rolled amidst the spheres
Unchanged, unchangeable, through deathless
years!

Among those ever-shifting scenes of time
Our souls will languish for a life sublime,—
Midst rays divine of uncreated light
To bask forever in a calm delight.
While here, where Nature moves by those
fixed laws

For her created by the First Great Cause,
We humbly bow before that Lord of all,
Who guides by law, yet notes a sparrow's fall;
Though veiled from sight, God's providence
we own,
Working through wond'rous laws to us un-
known.

I would not tread life's rugged path again,
With all its joys, illusions, cares, and pain;
But rather onward, through eternal time,
Press toward a life more blessed, more sub-
lime,—

Forever reaching forward toward that goal
Of God, the centre of each living soul;
And by that crystal stream forever stray,
While purest love illumines an endless day
Where, in a tranquil bliss without alloy,
Beauty is wedded to eternal joy.

J. D. CARSON.

LOVE AND HATE.

(THE MONK OF MONTAUDON.)

His real name is not known, but it has been ascertained that he belonged to a noble family of Auvergne, and was born in the Château de Vic. He was prior of the monastery of Montaudon, and, at first, confined himself to the duties of his situation, which he well fulfilled; but his love of poetry at length induced him to leave the walls of his convent, and travel to courts and castles, where he was always well received. All the gifts presented to him he brought back to the priory at Montaudon. L'Abbé d'Orlac, his superior, permitted him to go to the court of the King of Arragon, subject to whatever the prince should enjoin. King Alphonso II. ordered him to abandon his convent to live in the world, and to compose and sing verses. The monk was very obedient. His agreeable qualities obtained for him the lordship of Pui Ste. Marie. He remained in favor till the monarch's death, and continued with his successor, Peter II., till the battle of Moret. During the frequent journeys which Alfonso made in Provence, the Monk of Montaudon visited the courts of Roussillon, Perigord, Gascony, and probably that of Poitiers, where reigned Prince Richard Cœur de Lion (afterward King of England). The Abbé d'Orlac finally gave him the priory of Villefranche, which he governed wisely and greatly benefited. He died there, about 1226.

I LOVE the court by wit and worth
adorned;
A man whose errors are abjured and mourned;
My gentle mistress by a streamlet clear;
Pleasure, a handsome present, and good
cheer;
I love fat salmon, richly dressed, at noon;
I love a faithful friend both late and soon.
I hate small gifts; a man that's poor and
proud;
The young who talk incessantly and loud;
I hate in low-bred company to be;
I hate a knight that has no courtesy;
I hate a lord with arms to war unknown;
I hate a priest or monk with beard o'ergrown;
A doting husband, or a tradesman's son
Who apes a noble and would pass for one;
I hate much water and too little wine,
A prosperous villain, and a false divine;

A niggard lout who sets the dice aside ;
 A flirting girl, all frippery and pride ;
 A cloth too narrow, and a board too wide ;
 He who exalts his handmaid to his wife,
 And she who makes her groom her lord for
 life ;
 The man who kills his horse with wanton
 speed,
 And he who fails his friend in time of need.

Translation of JOHN OXENFORD.

DUTY OF BAR ASSOCIATIONS.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR ASSOCIATION, A. D. 1895.

THE preparation of a code of ethics is properly the work of the State Bar Association, and in several States that work has been well done. The enforcement of such a code, however, belongs to the local Associations. In the endeavor to practise law strictly according to so-called business principles, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that the law is more than a business—it is a profession. The best traditions of the Bar require a higher standard than is ordinarily found in the transactions of life between rival business men. Courtesy of the highest grade and a close adherence to the principles of the “golden rule” are and should be as much expected of every lawyer as it is expected of him that he shall be honest. Yet even this latter is overlooked. The local Associations seem only to note the most flagrant breaches of duty on the part of the practitioner. Apparently he may be a sneak, unworthy of associating with respectable men ; he may lie to and deceive the court and client, as well as his adversary ; he may cite cases that never existed,

and those that have, for principles in no way decided by them ; he may be conveniently sick when his client does not wish to try ; he may prepare and permit his client to swear to affidavits of defence wherein the truth is studiously concealed ; he may swindle his client under the guise of charging fees ; and yet the average local Association does nothing until and unless the man is proved guilty of crime. And even when it is compelled to act, if the delinquent agrees to remove from the county, he is permitted to go elsewhere within the State to repeat his wrong-doing, as if he were worthy of all that the title of lawyer should imply. The Bar of every county, but particularly those in the large cities, have suffered from an influx of such scoundrels, often armed with certificates of good character from the judge of the county from which they came. Unsparing condemnation is required here. The local Bar Association, through its censors, should unflinchingly prosecute such cases. In no other way can the high standing of the profession be maintained. Temptation lies all along the path of every lawyer ; numerous opportunities for wrong-doing are afforded him at every turn, and these he will be less apt to overcome if he sees that others gain by their failure so to do and are yet unpunished. Thus this leniency increases the wrongs it fain would hide. Far be it from me to shut the door of hope upon the man who has once offended ; but it certainly should be closed, so far as the Bar is concerned, until the offender has shown works meet for repentance,—has shown that he is again able to meet and to overcome the temptation which the unbounded opportunities of the Bar afford. Can any one doubt

but that much good would result if the local Bar Association prosecuted every such case to its proper punishment, and, if that punishment were suspension or expulsion, certified the fact to this Association, which in turn certified it to the other local Associations throughout the State? It has been well said, that a lawyer should be as jealous of his professional standing as a maiden is of her honor; but the public will never believe that to be a characteristic of the Bar until it compels its members to live up to that standard. If the present status of the lawyer is to be maintained, common honesty requires that we shall fulfil our duty herein or publicly abandon the field to more vigilant censors.

The local Associations have another duty to perform which may be said to be wholly neglected. It is to see that improper men do not obtain or retain a position on the Bench. It is no part of their field of labor to nominate or suggest any one for the position of judge. This would only result in jealousy and disaster, as a recent attempt in Beaver county demonstrates. But if from any cause an improper man is named, or if after a trial the judge is found to be unfitted for the place, the Association should say so in unmistakable language. It is often urged in a cowardly way that the newspapers may be trusted to take care of such matters. But the newspapers may not be so trusted. They do not know, or are equally cowardly, for they rarely say anything on the subject if the judge is courteous, gentlemanly, and condescending to their editor and representative. Usually they are as superserviceable to the judge as the lawyer is himself, and are as afraid of offending him as is the *amicus*

curiae "for revenue only." They do not know, what every active lawyer in the county may know, viz., that those judges always "play to the galleries," and are not respected by the leaders of the Bar or by the Supreme Court. The bald fact of a judge who is reversed in over fifty per cent. of his cases, whose decisions are so generally wrong that it is commonly said to be only necessary to state to the Supreme Court that "this is an appeal from the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas of Blank county" to be reasonably certain of reversal, is by no means unknown throughout this Commonwealth; and yet the newspapers speak, with one voice, of "Judge Lightweight" as one of the ablest judges in the State. It is a wise rule that retains on the Bench, irrespective of his party affiliations, the judge who has been found fitted for the place, but it often happens that with the aid of the newspapers that rule has been misapplied to cases where the prerequisite of fitness has been wholly wanting. The lacking element in the local Association on this subject is courage, yet with united action the result would be reasonably certain.

Nor, as it seems to me, can this Association hold itself aloof when the test is to be applied to judges of the Supreme or Superior Courts. It is true our by-laws declare that we "shall not take any partisan political action, nor endorse or recommend any person for any official position," but this does not stand as a barrier to our putting ourselves on record in opposition to Maynardism in this State, nor hinder our condemning a judge of one of the higher courts who, originally supposed to have a judicial mind, is upon trial found to be wholly wanting. Be-

yond all other men the lawyer should bear upon his shield the invocation of Theodore Parker :

"Give me the power to labor for mankind ;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak ;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind ;
A conscience to the base ; and to the weak,
Let me be hands and feet ; and to the foolish, mind."

and, with a zeal greater than is shown in any other associated trade or profession, just as our opportunities for public good are greater, the Bar Associations, each in its appropriate sphere, should labor together in furtherance of our avowed purpose :

"To advance the science of jurisprudence, to promote the administration of justice, to secure proper legislation, to encourage a thorough legal education, to uphold the honor and dignity of the Bar, to cultivate cordial intercourse among the lawyers of Pennsylvania, and to perpetuate the history of the profession and the memory of its members."

ALEX. SIMPSON, JR.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

ON January 1, 1896, this writer was appointed Poet Laureate by Queen Victoria, the office having remained vacant since the death of Lord Tennyson in 1892. Alfred Austin was born on May 30, 1835, at Headingley, near Leeds, England, and in 1853 graduated at the University of London. In the year 1857 he was called to the bar of the Inner Temple, and continued to practise law until 1861, when his father died. At the age of eighteen he had published anonymously a poem entitled *Randolph*. In 1861 *The Season*, a satirical poem, appeared under his own name. Since that date he has pub-

lished quite a number of other poems, dramas, and novels. During the Franco-German war he was at the headquarters of the King of Prussia as war correspondent for the *London Standard*. In connection with Mr. W. J. Courthope he founded, in 1883, the *National Review*, and for some ten years continued to edit that periodical. As a poet he does not reach the first rank. We give below *The Last Redoubt*—a pleasing, spirited poem.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

KACELYEVO'S slope still felt
The cannon's bolt and the rifles' pelt ;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not
gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard,
His lips were clenched and his look was
weird ;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out !" he cried,
Then the name of "Allah !" echoed wide,
And the rifles were clutched and the bayo-
nets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and
dropped ;
The second—a third straight filled his place :
The third and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest,
Found Allah's throne and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered
That cheered up the brave and chid the
coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his temples bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving
sword;
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the
foe.

Then clung they about him and tugged and
knelt;
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled; but on
Clambered the rest, till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed—
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his
blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed,
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw,
"Make him a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead."

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground:
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,

No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade;
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an infidel
maid!

"Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's
smell.

Did the Muscovite men like their maidens
fight,

In their lines we had scarcely supped to-
night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug for the form as brave as fair,
And none, till the judgment trump and
shout,

Shall drive her out of the "Last Redoubt."

ALFRED AUSTIN.

IT IS NOT YOURS, O MOTHER!

IT is not yours, O mother! to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your
baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,
Mother and child, no more
We wander; and no more the birth
Of me whom once you bore
Seems still the brave reward that once it
seemed of yore;

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother! this delight,
This also disappears,
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs
and tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
 The acorn on the hill,
 Each for some separate end is born
 In season fit, and still
 Each must in strength arise to work the
 . almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
 By that almighty hand
 Austerely led; so one by sea
 Goes forth, and one by land;
 Nor aught of all man's sons escapes from
 that command.

So from the sally each obeys
 The unseen, almighty nod;
 So till the ending all their ways
 Blindfolded both have trod:
 Nor knew their task at all, but were the
 tools of God.

And as the fervent smith of yore
 Beat out the glowing blade,
 Nor wielded in the front of war
 The weapons that he made,
 But in the tower at home still plied his ring-
 ing trade;

So like a sword the son shall roam
 On nobler missions sent;
 And as the smith remained at home
 In peaceful turret pent,
 So sits the while at home the mother well
 content.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SHADOWS.

I LOOK at shadows in their play,
 Still wondering at their might,—
 And, call them nothing tho' we may,
 They oft our souls affright.

I think of those to memory dear
 Who in life's battle fell,
 And feel again the starting tear
 Answer to funeral knell.

I feel that in the years to come,
 When griefs may follow fast,
 There be in life's division-sum
 Small quotient to re-cast.

I think again of years misspent,
 Where nothing shows of weal,—
 Of youth's bright hopes, so vainly lent
 To crown ambition's zeal.

For lights and shades shall always be
 Still blended in our lives,
 But on life's troubled, restless sea
 Some harmony survives.

I know that there are skies of blue
 Behind these clouds of gray,
 And hope the morrow's morn anew
 May chase those clouds away.

MARY M. JUDSON-KENDAL.

THE DREAM.

A popular ballad of Iceland in the translation of which the characteristics of the original are preserved as nearly as possible. Each verse closes with the chorus, "Sweetly Swans are Singing."

SWEETLY swans are singing,
 In the summer time;
 Let us lightly laugh and play,
 Lily maiden!
 Sweetly swans are singing.

"Read my dream right, mother mine!
 In the summer time,—
 I will give thee golden shrine!
 Lily maiden!

First methought the moon did smile,
 In the summer time,
 Softly over Skáney isle.
 Lily maiden !

Then methought a rowan-tree,
 In the summer time,
 Louted lowly unto me.
 Lily maiden !

Then a swan, as silver white,
 In the summer time,
 Lay upon my bosom light.
 Lily maiden !

And I planets twain did see,
 In the summer time,
 Lie a-rocking on my knee.
 Lily maiden !

Next I saw the tide rise fleet,
 In the summer time,
 Sweeping o'er my little feet."
 Lily maiden !

"As thou saw'st the moon arise,
 In the summer time,
 Royal husband be thy prize.
 Lily maiden !

As the rowan's bent, I trow,
 In the summer time,
 Many folk to thee shall bow.
 Lily maiden !

As thou claspedst cygnet fair,
 In the summer time,
 Thou a princely son shalt bear.
 Lily maiden !

As thou saw'st two planets shine,
 In the summer time,
 Lovely daughters shall be thine.
 Lily maiden !

As around thee stole the flood,
 In the summer time,
 Shall thy lot be ever good.
 Lily maiden !

This thy dreaming, daughter mine,
 In the summer time ;
 Keep thyself thy golden shrine."
 Lily maiden !

Sweetly swans are singing.

Translated, A. D. 1863, by SABINE BARING-GOULD, M. A.

SHE CANNOT BE MINE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERTRAND DE BORN.

This fierce and warlike Troubadour, who flourished A. D. 1140-50 to 1190, is well known for the part which he took in fomenting the quarrels between Henry II. of England and his three sons. His turbulent and intriguing disposition have ensured him a conspicuous place in the *Inferno* of Dante, who represents him as suffering a strange and fearful punishment, being condemned to bear his own head in his hand in the manner of a lantern.

SHE cannot be mine ! her star is too bright—

It beams too gloriously ;
 She is radiant with majesty, beauty, and light,
 And I unmarked must die !

The more I gaze on her lovely face,
 The more my fate is proved ;
 To another she will accord her grace,
 More worthy to be loved.

Are there not crowds around her sighing ?
 And can I her pity wake,
 Whose only merit is in dying
 All hopeless for her sake ?

Translation of JOHN OXENFORD.

JUSTINIAN: HIS CODE OF LAWS.

THE emperor Justinian was of Slavonic origin. His native name was Uprauda, a word said to mean upright, and thus to have found an equivalent in the Latin Justinianus. He was born at Taurisium in Bulgaria, about the year A. D. 482, and having been adopted by his uncle, the emperor Justin, succeeded him as sole emperor in the year A. D. 527. He died in A. D. 565, after an eventful reign of thirty-eight years. Procopius, the secretary of his general Belisarius, has left us a secret memoir of the times, which, if we may rely upon his accuracy, would make us believe Justinian to have been a weak, avaricious, rapacious tyrant. His court, wholly under the influence of his wife Theodora, a degraded woman whom he had raised from the theatre to share his throne, was as corrupt as was customary in the empire of the East. Justinian would never have been distinguished from among the long list of Eastern emperors had it not been for the victories of his generals and the legislation to which he gave his name. The successes of Belisarius and Narses have shed the splendor of military glory over his reign. But his principal claim to be remembered by posterity is his having directed the execution of an undertaking which gave to Roman law a form that fitted it to descend to the modern world.

In the year A. D. 528, Justinian issued instructions for the compilation of a new Code which should embrace the Imperial constitutions down to the date of its promulgation. The task was entrusted to a body of ten commissioners, who completed their labors in the following year, and in the month of April, A. D. 529, the emperor gave it his

sanction, and abolished all preceding collections.

In the December of the following year, Tribonian, who had been one of the commission appointed to draw up the Code, and who had recommended himself to the emperor by the energy and ability he had shown, was instructed, in conjunction with a body of coadjutors whom he selected, to the number of sixteen, to make a selection from the writings of the elder jurists, which should comprehend all that was most valuable in them, and which should form a compendious exposition of the law. In spite of the foundation of schools of jurisprudence, of which those of Rome, Constantinople, and Barytus were the most famous, the knowledge which the lawyers of the time had of the writings of the old jurists was exceedingly limited. Justinian wished not only to promulgate a body of law which should not be too bulky and voluminous for general use, but also to provide a work the study of which should form a necessary part of legal education. The commissioners performed their task in the incredibly short space of three years, and on the 30th of December, A. D. 533, the emperor gave to the result of their labors the force of law. The compilation—termed *Digesta*, or *Pandectæ*, from its comprehensive character—was divided into fifty books, and was arranged on the model of the perpetual edict.

Justinian published a book of Fifty Decisions; and as the code of the year A. D. 529 was a very imperfect work, it was determined to revise that code, and to incorporate the Fifty Decisions in the revised edition. Tribonian was appointed to superintend the undertaking, and in November, A. D. 534,

the new code received the force of law. This is the code we now have; the former code, that of A. D. 529, having been carefully suppressed, and no trace of it remaining. The Code, which is divided into twelve books, is arranged nearly in the same manner as the Digest.

THOMAS COLLETT SANDERS, M. A.

ANCIENT JURISPRUDENCE.

FROM "THE INSTITUTES OF JUSTINIAN."

JUSTICE is the constant and perpetual wish to render every one his due. Jurisprudence is the knowledge of things divine and human; the science of the just and the unjust. The maxims of law are these: To live honestly, to hurt no one, to give every one his due.

The law of nature is that law which nature teaches to all animals. For this law does not belong exclusively to the human race, but belongs to all animals, whether of the earth, the air, or the water.

Civil law is thus distinguished from the law of nations: Every community governed by laws and customs uses partly its own law, partly laws common to all mankind. The law which a people makes for its own government belongs exclusively to that State, and is called the civil law, as being the law of the particular State. But the law which natural reason appoints for all mankind obtains equally among all nations, and is called the law of nations because all nations make use of it. Civil law takes its name from the State which it governs, as, for instance, from

Athens; for it would be very proper to speak of the laws of Solon or Draco as the civil law of Athens. And thus the law which the Roman people make use of, is called the civil law of the Romans. But whenever we speak of civil law without adding the name of any State, we mean our own law; just as the Greeks, when "the Poet" is spoken of without any name being expressed, mean the great Homer, and we Romans mean Virgil. The law of nations is common to all mankind, for nations have established certain laws as occasion and the necessities of human life required. Wars arose, and in their train followed captivity and slavery, both which are contrary to the law of nature; for by that law all men are originally born free. Further, by the law of nations almost all contracts were at first introduced, as, for instance, buying and selling, letting and hiring, partnership, bailments, loans, and very many others.

The unwritten law is that which usage has established; for ancient customs, being sanctioned by the consent of those who adopt them, are like laws. The laws of nature, which all nations observe alike, being established by a divine providence, remain ever fixed and immutable. But the laws which every State has enacted, undergo frequent changes, either by the tacit consent of the people, or by a new law being subsequently passed. Freedom, from which men are said to be free, is the natural power of doing what we each please, unless prevented by force or by law.

Translation of THOMAS COLLETT SANDERS, M. A.

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